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LETTERS
OF
MOLIERE.
VOL II

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THE LETTERS

OF

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

(1769 — 1791)

TRANSLATED, FROM THE COLLECTION OF LUDWIG NOHL,

BY

LADY WALLACE.

WITH A PORTRAIT AND FACSIMILE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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FIFTH PART.

VIENNA. DIE ENTFÜHRUNG. MARRIAGE.

March 1781 to August 1782.

MOZART'S LETTERS.

PART V.

The members of his household whom the Archbishop took with him to Vienna were: The Master of the Household, Count Arco; the Director of the Archives, Th. von Kleinmayrn; the Private Secretary, J. M. Bönike; the Prince's valets, Angerbauer and Schlauka; the Comptroller, Kölnberger; the Court Messenger, Zezi; the *musico* Cecarelli; the erratic violinist Brunetti, &c., &c. This summons of Mozart to Vienna decided his future life, for it was fated that he should never more leave the Imperial city. He announces his arrival to his father as follows: —

141.

Vienna, March 17, 1781.

Yesterday, the 16th, I am happy to say I arrived here all alone in a post-chaise. I forgot to mention the hour—9 o'clock in the morning. I reached St. Pölten on Thursday evening at seven o'clock, as tired as a dog, slept till two o'clock in the morning, and

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then proceeded direct to Vienna. Where do you think I am writing this? In Mesmer's garden in the Landstrasse [see page 3]. The old lady is not at home; but Fräulein Fränzl is now Frau von Lensch. Upon my word, I should scarcely have known her, she is grown so stout and fat. She has three children (two girls and a boy). One of the girls is named Nannerl; she is four years old, but looks like six; the young gentleman is three, and looks like seven; and the child of nine months might be taken for two years old—they are all so strong, and robust, and well-grown. Now as to the Archbishop. I have a charming room in his house; Brunetti and Cecarelli lodge in another—*che distinzione!* My neighbour is Herr von Kleinmayrn, who, on my arrival, loaded me with all sorts of civilities, and really is a charming man. We dine at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, unluckily rather too early an hour for me. Our party consists of the two valets, the Comptroller, Herr Zetti the confectioner, the two cooks, Cecarelli, Brunetti, and my insignificant self.—N. B. The two valets sit at the head of the table. I have, at all events, the honour to be placed above the cooks; I almost believe I am back in Salzburg! At table all kinds of coarse silly joking go on; but no one jokes with me, for I never say a word, or, if I am obliged to speak, I do so with the utmost gravity, and when I have dined I go away. There is no supper-table

at night, but we each receive three ducats, so we cannot be very prodigal. The Archbishop is so good as to add to his lustre by his household, whom he prevents earning their living, and yet never pays them an equivalent. Yesterday, at four o'clock, we had music; at least twenty persons of the highest rank were present. Cecarelli had previously sung at Palfi's. We are to go to-day to Prince Gallitzin's, who was at the Archbishop's yesterday. I shall now wait to see whether I receive any remuneration; if not, I mean to go to the Archbishop and say to him, in a straightforward manner, that if he does not choose that I should gain my own livelihood, he must supply me with money, for I cannot live on my own means. I must now conclude, as I intend to post this letter myself in passing, for I am going now to Prince Gallitzin's.

P.S.—I went to see the Fischers; I cannot describe their joy. The whole family desire to be remembered to you. I hear that they are giving concerts at Salzburg. What a terrible loss for me! Adieu! My address is, 'Im Deutschen Hause, Singerstrasse.'

142.

Vienna, March 24, 1781.

I have received your letter of the 20th, and hear with pleasure of your both being well and having arrived safely. You must blame my pen and ink

if you are obliged to spell out this letter rather than to read it. *Basta!* it must be written, and my pen-mender, Herr von Lirzer, has on this occasion left me in the lurch. You probably know him better than I do; and I cannot describe him more appropriately than by saying that he is, I believe, a Salzburger, and that I never in my life saw him, except once or twice at Robinig's eleven o'clock music. He, however, paid me a visit forthwith, and seems to me very civil (he mends my pens) and a most courteous gentleman. I think he is a secretary. I will tell you who surprised me by a visit—Gilofsky, Katherl's brother. Why surprised me? Because I had quite forgotten that he was in Vienna. How quickly a foreign city improves a man! Gilofsky will certainly become an upright, amiable person in his profession, as well as in his demeanour.

What you write as to my presence contributing to the vanity of the Archbishop is in so far just; but of what use is that to me? I cannot subsist on it. Believe me, I am right in saying that here he serves only as a *screen* to me. What distinction, pray, does he confer on me? Herr von Kleinmayrn and Bönike have a table apart with the illustrious Count Arco. It would be a distinction were I at this table; but not where I now am with the valets, who, when not occupying *the first seats at table*, light the lustres, open the doors, and wait in the ante-room (*when I*

am within), and with cooks too! If we are summoned to any house where there is a concert, Herr Angerbauer has orders to watch outside, and when the Salzburg gentlemen arrive, he then calls a lacquey to precede them that they may enter. On hearing Brunetti mention this in the course of conversation, I thought to myself, only wait till it is my turn! So the other day, when we were desired to go to Prince Gallitzin's, Brunetti said to me, in his usual polite manner, 'You must be here this evening at seven o'clock, that we may go together to Prince Gallitzin's. Angerbauer will take us there.' I answered, 'Very well; but if I am not here exactly at seven o'clock, pray proceed there yourself, and don't wait for me. I know where to find you; and we are sure to see each other at the concert.' I purposely went alone, because I really feel ashamed to go about with him. When I arrived, I found Angerbauer waiting to direct the lacquey to show me in. I, however, took no notice either of Angerbauer or the lacquey, but passed straight on through the rooms into the concert-room (all the doors being open), and going up at once to the Prince I made him my bow, and then remained standing and conversing with him. I had totally forgotten my friends Brunetti and Cecarelli, for they were nowhere to be seen, inasmuch as they were leaning on the wall hidden behind the orchestra, not daring to move a step in advance. If a lady

or a gentleman speaks to Cecarelli, he always laughs; and if any one addresses Brunetti, he colours and gives the shortest possible reply. Oh! I should have plenty to write about, if I cared to describe all the scenes that have occurred since I came here with the Archbishop and Cecarelli and Brunetti. I only wonder that he is not ashamed of Brunetti; but I am, instead of him. The fellow, too, dislikes being here, for the whole thing is on too noble a scale for his taste, except at dinner, which is his happiest hour. Prince Gallitzin asked Cecarelli to sing to-day; next time, I suppose, my turn will come. I am going this evening with Herr von Kleinmayrn to one of his intimate friends, Councillor Braun, whom we all consider to be one of the greatest enthusiasts here for the piano. I have dined twice with Countess Thun and go to see her almost every day. I do think she is the most charming and lovely person I ever saw in my life; and she has also a high opinion of me. Her husband is just the same singular but well-meaning honourable man that he always was. I also dined with Count Cobenzl. I owe this to his aunt, Countess von Rumbeck, sister of Cobenzl in the Pagerie, who was in Salzburg with her husband.

My chief object here is to find my way in a becoming manner into the presence of the Emperor, for I am quite resolved that he shall *know me*. It

would be a great pleasure to me to play over my opera to him, and then a lot of fugues, for these are his chief favourites. [See No. 74.] Oh! if I had only known that I was to be in Vienna at Easter, I would have written a short oratorio, and had it performed in the theatre for my benefit, as this is what every one does here. I should have found no difficulty in writing it previously, as I know all the voices here. How gladly would I give a public concert, which is customary in Vienna; but I know, only too well, that I could not obtain permission to do so. For just imagine! You are aware that there is a society here which gives concerts for the benefit of the widows of musicians, where every professional musician plays *gratis*. The orchestra is a hundred and eighty strong. No virtuoso, with any love for his neighbour, refuses to give his services when the society applies to him; besides, in this way popularity is gained both with the Emperor and with the public. Starzer was commissioned to ask me to play, to which I at once agreed, but said I must first take the good pleasure of my Prince on the subject; but that I had no doubt whatever of his consent, as it was an occasion worthy the support of the Church, and I was not to receive money but merely to perform a good work. *He would not permit it.* All the nobility here have taken this highly amiss. I regret it, because I did not intend to have played any concerto

(as the Emperor was to be in the proscenium box), but as Countess Thun was to lend me her fine Stein pianoforte, I would have first extemporised a fugue, and then played the variations on 'Je suis Lindor.' Whenever I have done so in public, I have gained the greatest applause, as there is such a contrast between each variation, and because each has its merit. But *pazienza!* Fiala stands at least two thousand times higher in my opinion for refusing to play for less than a ducat. Has my sister not yet been asked to perform? I hope she will ask two ducats, for as we have always been so different from the rest of the court musicians, I trust we shall be so on this occasion also. If they don't want her they may let it alone; but if they do, they must pay the money. *A propos*, what of the present from the Elector? Has he sent anything yet? Were you at Baumgarten's before you left? [see No. 127].

March 28th.—I could not finish my letter because Herr von Kleinmayrn called for me in a carriage to take me to a concert at Baron Braun's. I now write to say that the Archbishop has given me permission to play in the concert for the widows. It seems Starzer went to Gallitzin's concert, and he and all the nobility continued to urge the Prince till he gave his consent. *I am so glad.* Since I have been here I have only dined three times at home; the dinner-hour is too early and the dinners too bad. It is merely when

the weather is very detestable that I stay at home—as to-day for instance.

Write to me all that is going on in Salzburg, for I have been very closely cross-questioned on the subject. These gentlemen have far greater curiosity about Salzburg news than I have. Madame Mara is here, and gave a concert last Tuesday in the theatre. Her husband took care not to show himself, or else the orchestra would not have accompanied, because he published in the newspapers that in all Vienna there was not a single person capable of accompanying. Herr von Moll paid me a visit to-day; I am to breakfast with him to-morrow or next day, and to bring my opera with me. I intend to call on Herr von Aurnhammer and his fat daughter, as soon as the weather improves. Old Prince Colloredo (where we had a concert) gave each of us five ducats. Countess Rumbeck is now my pupil. Herr von Mesmer (normal school inspector) and his wife and son send you their remembrances. The son plays magnificently, but fancies that he knows quite enough already, so he is idle; he has also considerable genius for composition, only he is too indolent to study it as he ought, which his father highly disapproves of. Adieu!

143.

Vienna, April 4, 1780.

You wish to know how we are getting on in Vienna—or rather, I hope, how *I* am getting on; for

the other two, Cecarelli and Brunetti, I don't count as having anything to do with me. I lately wrote to you that the Archbishop is a great drawback to me here—indeed, he injures me, at all events to the extent of one hundred ducats, which I could certainly realise by a concert in the theatre, for the ladies have already *offered* to distribute the tickets themselves. I have good cause to say that I was quite delighted with the Vienna public yesterday. I played in the Kärnthnerthor theatre in the concert for the widows. I was obliged to begin all over again because there was no end of applause. Now that the public knows me, if I were to give a concert what a sum I should make! but our Archbishop will not allow it; he does not wish his people to have any profit—only loss. But this he cannot effect with regard to me; for if I have even two pupils here, I am better off than in Salzburg, and I don't want his board and lodging. Well! Brunetti said to-day, at dinner, that Arco had announced to him, on the part of the Archbishop, we were to receive money for our travelling expenses by the diligence, and were to leave this next Sunday; but that those who wished to remain (oh! how judicious!) might do so, but must live at their own expense, as he would no longer supply them with food and lodging. Brunetti, *qui ne demanda pas mieux*, was in the highest glee; Cecarelli, who would like to stay, but who is not so well known

here, or so well acquainted with the customs of the place as I am, means to make a push to get an allowance, and if he does not succeed he must depart in peace, for there is not a house in all Vienna where he can either dine or find a room without paying for it. When they asked me what I intended to do, I answered, 'I entirely ignore as yet the idea of our going away, for until Count Arco tells me so himself I shall not believe it, and when he does so I will then let him know my intentions.' Not a bad hit that? Bönike was there, and smiled. Oh! I certainly mean to play the Archbishop a nice little trick, to my great delight, and with the utmost politeness, for it seems he does not know me yet. In my next letter I will write further on the subject. Rest assured that unless I find my position a good one, and can see clearly that it is for my advantage, I shall not remain here. But if it be so, why should I not profit by it? You draw in the meantime two salaries, and I am not living at your expense. If I stay here, you may rely on my soon being able to send home money.* I speak seriously, and if it be not so, I shall return. Now adieu! In my next letter more of this and all that may occur.

P.S.—I assure you this is a splendid place, and for my profession the best place in the world. Every one will tell you the same. I like being here, but of course I strive, so far as I can, to derive benefit from it also.

* Which he very soon did, as the following letters show.

Believe me that my sole purpose is to make as much money as possible, which, next to health, is best of all. Pray think no more of my folly, of which I have indeed long ago repented. Sorrow brings wisdom, and my thoughts are now turned in a very different direction. Adieu!

144.

Vienna, April 8, 1781.

I began an interesting long letter to you, but I wrote too much about Brunetti in it, and was afraid that his curiosity might tempt him to open the letter, because Cecarelli is with me. I will send it by the next post, and write more fully than I can to-day. I wrote to you about the applause in the theatre, but I must add that what most of all delighted and surprised me was the extraordinary silence, and also the cries of bravo! while I was playing. This is certainly honour enough in Vienna, where there are such numbers and numbers of good pianists. To-day (for I am writing at eleven at night) we had a concert, where three of my pieces were performed—new ones, of course. The Rondo of a concerto for Brunetti, a sonata for myself, with violin accompaniment, which I composed last night between eleven and twelve o'clock, but in order to have it ready in time, I only wrote out the accompaniment for Brunetti, and retained my own part in my head. The third was a rondo for Cecarelli, which was encored. I must now beg you to send me a letter

as soon as possible, and to give me your fatherly and friendly advice on the following point. It is reported that we are to return to Salzburg a fortnight hence; by remaining here, I not only do myself no injury, but must derive benefit from it. I have, therefore, some intention of asking the Archbishop's permission to stay on here. Dearest father, I love you truly, which is proved by my renouncing for your sake my every wish and desire; for, were it not on your account, I give you my honour that I would not hesitate for a moment to give up my situation. I would announce a grand concert, take pupils, and, in the course of a twelvemonth, prosper so much in Vienna that I could make an income of 1,000 thalers. I assure you it often weighs on my mind heavily enough that I should thus throw away my luck. I am still young, as you say. True—but to squander one's youth away in such a beggarly place in inactivity is really too sad, besides being uprofitable also. I therefore entreat your kind and paternal counsel about this, and soon too, for I must decide. Above all, place confidence in me, for I think more prudently now. Farewell!

145.

Vienna, April 11, 1781.

Te Deum laudamus! at last that coarse, mean Brunetti is off, who disgraces his master, himself, and all the musicians; so say Cecarelli and I. Not a word

of truth in any of the Vienna news, except that Cecarelli is to sing at the opera in Venice during the ensuing Carnival. *Potz Himmel!* and all sorts of devils! I hope this is not swearing, for if so, I must at once go to confession again, from which I have just returned, because to-morrow (Maunday Thursday) the Archbishop is to administer the Sacrament to the whole court in his own gracious person.

Cecarelli and I went to the Theatine monastery to try to find Pater Froschauer, as he can speak Italian. A *pater* or *frater*, who was at the altar trimming the lights, assured us that the Pater, as well as another who perfectly knows Italian, were not at home, and would not return till four o'clock. So I resolved to take care of myself, and was shown up to a gentleman, while Cecarelli waited for me in the court below. What did please me was that, on my saying to the clerical candle-snuffer that eight years ago I had played a violin concerto in this very choir, he instantly named me. Now, so far as swearing goes, this letter is only a *pendant* to my former one, to which I hope to receive an answer by the next post. In short, next Sunday week, the 22nd, Cecarelli and I must go home! When I think that I must leave Vienna without bringing home at least 1,000 florins, I own it does go to my heart! So, for the sake of a malevolent Prince, who daily maltreats me for a pitiful salary of 400 gulden, I must actually throw away 1,000! for I should make that sum

at least if I were to give a concert. When we had our first grand concert here at home, the Archbishop sent us each four ducats. At the last, for which I composed a new rondo for Brunetti, a sonata for myself, and a rondo for Cecarelli, I received nothing. What, however, made me perfectly desperate was, that the very evening we had this music at home, we were invited to Countess Thun's, but of course could not go; and who should be there but the Emperor! Adamberger and Madame Weigl sang, and each received fifty ducats. Besides, what an opportunity! I cannot, of course, suggest to the Emperor that if he wishes to hear me he must do so without delay, as I leave this in a few days. Such a thing must be waited for; and I neither can nor will remain unless I am to give a concert. Still, I am better off here with only two pupils than at Salzburg; but if I had 1,000 or 1,200 florins in my pocket, I could afford both to be a little more solicited and also to exact better terms. Yet that misanthrope will not allow it! I must call him thus, for he is so, and all the nobility say the same of him; but enough. Oh! I do hope to hear by the next post whether I am to bury my youthful days and talents in Salzburg, or to be permitted to follow up my good fortune, and not wait till it is too late. I have, to be sure, as little chance of insuring success in the course of a fortnight or three weeks, as I should have in a thousand years in Salzburg; still it is more agreeable to wait and hope with 1,000

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gulden a year than with 400; for that I am now certain of when I choose. I have only to say that I am to remain here; for what I may compose is not included. Then look at the contrast—Vienna and Salzburg! When Bono dies [Capellmeister], Salieri becomes Capellmeister, and then Starzer will take his place in conducting the practice; there is no one to do so but Starzer. *Basta!* I leave it all to you, my kind father.

Have I called on Bono? We tried over my symphony there for the second time. I quite forgot to let you know, by the bye, that the symphony went magnificently, and had all possible success. There were forty violins, the wind instruments all doubled, ten tenors, ten double basses, eight violoncellos, and six bassoons. The Bono family send you their remembrances. They are sincerely glad to see me again; he is just the same as ever, a worthy honourable old man. Fräulein Nanette is married, and I have dined with her twice; she lives near me. A thousand compliments from the Fischers, on whom I called on my way from the Theatines. Farewell, and remember that your son's sole object is to establish himself permanently; for he can get 400 florins anywhere. Adieu!

P.S.—Be so good as to say to M. d'Yppold [Nannerl's unlucky wooer] that I will answer his letter by next post, and that I duly received it from his friend. My compliments to all who are not quite too Salzburgisch.

Councillor Gilofsky certainly played Katherl a regular Salzburg trick.

146.

Vienna, April 18, 1781.

I can't write much to-day, because it is nearly six o'clock, and I must forthwith deliver my letter to Zetti. I have just come from the Aurnhammers, with whom I dined, and where we all drank your health. With regard to your long letter, I can only say that you are both right and wrong; but the points where you are wrong far outweigh those in which you are right. Still I shall certainly come, and with the greatest pleasure, too, as I am fully convinced that you will never interfere to mar my fortune. Up to this moment I have not heard a word as to the day fixed for our journey. I positively will not go on Sunday, for from the first I declared that I would not travel by the diligence, but intend that my individual self shall go by the regular post-carriage. If Cecarelli will keep me company, so much the more agreeable for me, as then we might take extra post. The whole difference (so small as to be laughable) consists in a very few gulden; for we should travel day and night, in which case we should have to spend very little on the road. I make out that it is even dearer by the diligence, at all events about the same, as it is the custom to treat the conductor at all the inns. There is no hope of doing much at Linz,

for Cecarelli tells me he only made forty florins, and had to pay more than forty for the orchestra. It would neither be creditable nor worth the trouble, to give anything in so small a town, for the sake of such a bagatelle; better go straight on, unless the nobility were to get up something to make it worth while. You can send me the addresses.

I must now close, or I shall miss the parcel. As for Schachtner's operetta ['Zaide:' see first paragraph, Part IV.], nothing has come of it, from the same cause which I have so often told you. Stephanie junior [an actor] is to supply me with a new and, as he declares, good *libretto* ['Die Entführung aus dem Serail'], and if I am no longer here, he is to forward it to me. I could not be ungracious to Stephanie; I only said that with the exception of the long dialogues, which can, however, be easily altered, the piece is very good, but not suitable to Vienna, where they prefer comic pieces. Now adieu!

147.

Vienna, April 28, 1781.

You are joyfully expecting my return, dearest father, which is the only thing that could induce me to leave Vienna. I write this all in our native German tongue,* for the whole world may know, and I hope

* Usually, when things were discussed which the family wished to be private, they all wrote in a cipher invented by themselves; for many letters were opened at the post-office in Salzburg.

will know, that the Archbishop of Salzburg has only you to thank, my excellent father, that he did not yesterday lose me for ever—I mean as attached to his service. We had a grand concert yesterday, probably the last, which went off admirably, and in spite of all the impediments thrown in the way by his Grace the Archbishop, I had a better orchestra than Brunetti; Cecarelli will tell you the same; though I have had no end of vexation about this arrangement. But it is better to talk than to write about it. If anything similar, however, should occur (which I hope may not be the case), I do not hesitate to say that I must infallibly lose all patience, and you must forgive me for doing so. I do entreat you, dearest father, to allow me to return to Vienna next Easter, towards the end of the Carnival. This depends on you alone, and not on the Archbishop, for whether he thinks fit to grant me permission or not, I shall certainly go; no fear of its doing me any injury—assuredly not. Oh! if he could only read this, it would be just what I should like! You must promise me what I ask in your next letter, for it is only on this condition that I return to Salzburg, and it must be a *faithful promise*, so that I may pledge myself to the ladies here to return. Stephanie is to give me a German opera to compose. I shall eagerly expect your reply. I cannot yet say when or how I am to travel. It is so tiresome that nothing can ever be found out from this master of

ours. All of a sudden we shall hear *allons!* and be off. At one time we hear that a carriage is at the coachmaker's, in which the Comptroller, Cecarelli, and I are to travel home, and then we are told we are to go by the diligence, and again that each is to receive money for the diligence fare, and may travel as he likes best; and this last I should very much prefer. Sometimes we hear that we are to go in a week, and then in a fortnight or three weeks, or perhaps sooner. It is so difficult to know either what to do or what to believe; we can, in fact, do nothing. I trust, however, by the next post to be able to write *à peu près* what day we start.

I must now conclude, for I must go to Countess Schönborn's. After the concert was over yesterday, the ladies detained me a whole hour at the piano; I believe that if I had not stolen away I should still be there. I thought I really had played quite enough for nothing!

148.

Vienna, May 9, 1781.

I am still filled with the gall of bitterness; and I feel sure that you, my good kind father, will sympathise with me. My patience has been so long tried that it has at last given way. I have no longer the misfortune to be in the Salzburg service, and to-day is a happy day for me.

Three times already has this—I know not what to

call him—said the most insulting and impertinent things to my face, which I did not repeat to you, from the wish to spare your feelings, and I only refrained from taking my revenge on the spot because I always had you, my dear father, before my eyes. He called me a knave and a dissolute fellow, and told me to take myself off. And I endured it all, though I felt that not only my own honour but yours was aggrieved by this; but as you would have it so, I was silent. Now hear what passed. Eight days ago the messenger came to me quite unexpectedly, and said I must instantly leave my lodgings. Due notice had been given to the others, but not to me. I packed up my things hurriedly, and old Madame Weber * was so kind as to take me into her house, where I have a pretty room, and am with obliging people, ready to supply me at once with all that I require (not so easy to procure when quite alone). I fixed my journey for Wednesday the 9th (this very day) with the post-carriage. Not being able, however, in the interim to collect the money I have yet to receive, I postponed my journey till Saturday. When I went to the Archbishop to-day, the valet told me that the Prince meant to give me a packet to take charge of. I asked whether it was pressing, on which he said yes, that it was of great importance. 'Then I regret that I cannot have the

* Aloysia being engaged at the court theatre, the family were in Vienna; but the father was now dead.

honour of being of use to his Highness on this occasion; for, owing to particular reasons (which I mentioned), I am not to leave this till Saturday. I am no longer living in this house, and must pay my own way, so it is evident that I cannot set off till I have the means of doing so; for surely no one can wish me to be a loser.' Kleinmayrn, Moll, Brunetti, and the two valets, all said I was quite right. When I went in to the Archbishop—N.B., I must tell you that Schlauka, one of the valets, advised me to make the excuse that the post-carriage was full, for that would be a valid reason in his eyes—when I entered the room, the first thing he said was, 'Well! when are you going, young fellow?' I replied, 'I intended to have gone to-night, but every place in the post-carriage is already engaged.' Then came all in a breath that I was the most dissipated fellow he knew, no man served him so badly as I did, and he recommended me to set off the same day, or else he would write home to stop my salary. It was impossible to get in a syllable, for his words blazed away like a fire. I heard it all with calmness; he actually told me to my face the deliberate falsehood, that I had a salary of 500 florins—called me a ragamuffin, a scamp, a rogue. Oh! I really cannot write all he said. At last my blood began to boil, and I said, 'Your Grace does not appear to be satisfied with me.' 'How! do you dare to threaten me, you rascal? There is the door, and I tell you I will have

nothing more to do with such a low fellow!' At last I said, 'Nor I with you.' 'Begone!' said he; while I replied, as I left the room, 'The thing is settled, and you shall have it to-morrow in writing.' I put it to you, my dear father, if I was not rather too late in saying this than too soon. My honour is more precious to me than all else, and I know it is the same to you. Be under no anxiety on my account; I am so sure of success here, that for a much less cause I would have given up my situation. I have, besides, three different times had good reason to do so, till such treatment seemed to become quite a matter of course. I was twice called a cowardly fellow, so I was resolved not to deserve the name a third time.

So long as the Archbishop remains here, I will not give a concert. Your fear that this will bring me into bad odour with the Emperor and the nobility, is quite unfounded. The Archbishop is hated here, and most of all by the Emperor. In fact, not having been invited to Luxemburg is the very cause of his rage. By next post I mean to send you a little money, to show you that I am in no difficulty here. Moreover, I beg you to be cheerful, for my good fortune is now about to begin, and I hope my good fortune will always be yours also. Write to me by some private hand that you are satisfied—and in truth you may well be so—but publicly abuse me as much as you like, that none of the blame may fall on you. If, in spite of this, the

Archbishop should be guilty of the smallest impertinence towards you, then I beg you and my sister will come straight to me at Vienna, for I give you my word of honour that we can all three live here perfectly well. Still I should be glad if you could endure it for a year. Don't write to me again to the Deutsches Haus, nor enclose my letters in their parcel. I want to have nothing more to do with Salzburg. I hate the Archbishop to madness. Write to me at Peter's 'im Auge Gottes' on the second floor. Let me soon have your approval, for that alone is wanting to my present happiness.

149.

Vienna, May 12, 1781.

In the letter I sent by post, I wrote as if we were in the presence of the Archbishop, but now I am going to talk to you, dearest father, quite confidentially. Let us say nothing whatever of all the injustice with which the Archbishop has treated me from the very beginning of his reign to the present moment, of his incessant abuse, of all the impertinences and insults which he lavished on me to my face, nor of the undeniable right I have to leave him, for it cannot be denied. But I wish to speak of what would have induced me to leave him, even without any cause of offence. I have here the best and most useful acquaintances in the world; I am beloved and esteemed by the highest families; I am treated with every possible consideration, and well

paid into the bargain; and am I to pine away my life in Salzburg for the sake of 400 florins, to linger on without remuneration or encouragement, and unable to benefit you, which I shall certainly have it in my power to do here? What would be the result? Ever and always the same—I must either fret myself to death, or again go away. I need say no more, for you know it yourself. But this I must tell you, that every one in Vienna has heard the story, and all the nobility take my part, and say that I ought no longer to allow myself to be defrauded in this manner. Dearest father, no doubt they will try to beguile you by many kind words, but these people are snakes and vipers; all base souls are so—disgustingly proud, and yet always ready to crawl. How odious! The two valets know the whole obnoxious affair, and Schlauka in particular said to some one, 'As for me, I really cannot say that I think Mozart wrong—in fact, I think he is quite right. Only suppose the Archbishop had treated me in such a way! He spoke to him as if he had been some miserable beggar. I heard it all—infamous!' The Archbishop acknowledges his injustice, but has he not had frequent cause to do so? and has he ever behaved better in consequence? Never! So let us have done with it. If I had not been afraid of perhaps injuring you, things should long since have been on a very different footing; but, in fact, what can he do to you?—nothing! When you know

that all is going well with me, you can easily dispense with the Archbishop's favour. He cannot deprive you of your salary; besides, you always do your duty. I pledge myself to succeed, or I never would have taken this step, although I must confess to you that after such an insult I would have quitted his service, even if forced to beg my bread. For who would submit to be bullied, more especially when you can do far better? In the meantime, if you are afraid, pretend to be displeased with me, scold me well in your letters, and we two alone will know how the matter really stands; but do not allow yourself to be misled by flattery—be on your guard. By the next opportunity I shall send you the portrait, the ribbons, and the lawn. Adieu!

150.

Vienna, May 15, 1781.

You know by my last letter that I have demanded a formal dismission from the Prince, as in fact he himself discharged me. Indeed, in my first two audiences he said to me, 'If you can't serve me better, you may go about your business.' He will no doubt deny it, but it is as true as that there is a Providence above. Is it then surprising that at last (irritated to madness by such respectable epithets in the mouth of a Prince as rogue, rascal, ragamuffin, base fellow), the 'take yourself off' should have been accepted by me in its literal sense? Next day I brought Count Arco a me-

morial to present to the Archbishop, and also returned to him the money for my travelling expenses, consisting of 15 florins and 40 kreuzers for the diligence, and two ducats for my board. He refused to accept either, and declared that I had not the power to throw up my situation without your consent. He said, 'This is your duty.' I replied that I knew my duty towards my father as well, and perhaps better than he did, and I should very much regret were I obliged to learn it from him. 'Very well,' he replied; 'if he is satisfied, you can request your discharge, and if not—why, you can ask for it all the same.' A fine distinction! All the edifying things that the Archbishop had said to me in the last three audiences, especially in the last, and the pious epithets this admirable man of God applied to me afresh, had such an effect on my bodily frame, that the same evening at the opera I was obliged to go home in the middle of the first act in order to lie down, for I was very feverish, trembled in every limb, and staggered in the street like a drunken man. I stayed in the house both the following day and yesterday, and passed the whole forenoon in bed, having taken tamarind water. The Count was so friendly as to write all sorts of fine things about me to his father, which probably you have been obliged to gulp down. His letter no doubt contains many fabulous passages, but those who write comedies must somewhat exaggerate if they wish to gain applause,

and not adhere too closely to actual truth; and you cannot fail to appreciate the officiousness of this gentleman! Without flying into a passion, for I have too much regard for my health and life to do so (it pains me enough when I am forced to it), I will now tell you the chief reproach brought against my service. I did not know that I was a valet, and this was my ruin. I ought to have loitered every morning for a couple of hours in the anteroom. Indeed, I was often told that I ought to show myself more, but somehow I never could understand that it was part of my duty, so I only came punctually when the Archbishop summoned me.

I confide to you briefly my unalterable resolution, but still the whole world is welcome to hear it. If the Archbishop of Salzburg were to offer me a salary of 2,000 florins and any other person 1,000, I would accept the latter, because with the 1,000 I should enjoy health and peace of mind. By all the fatherly love you have invariably shown me since my childhood, and for which I never through life can be sufficiently grateful (though less so in Salzburg than elsewhere), I adjure you, as you wish to see your son enjoy health and happiness, not to write to me any more on the subject, but to bury it in the most profound oblivion, for one word more would suffice to rouse both my spleen and yours. You must yourself own this. Now farewell!

151.

Vienna, May 1781.

I could expect nothing else but that in your first burst of anger (having felt so sure of seeing me), the event having taken you quite by surprise, you would write in the very strain which I have been obliged to read. But by this time you must have thought better of the matter, and as a man of honour feel more strongly the insult, and must know and see that what you thought likely to occur had already occurred. To have got away from Salzburg would have become every day more difficult, for there *he* is lord and master, but here—a *nobody*—just as I am in his eyes; besides, believe me, such is my warm love for you that if the Archbishop had given me 100 gulden more, I would have accepted them, and then it would have been the old story over again.

I assure you, my good father, I need all my manly energy of mind to write to you what good sense dictates. God knows what a heavy blow it is to separate from you, but I would rather beg my bread than any longer serve such a master; so long as I live I can never forget the past. I implore you—I adjure you by all you hold dear in the world, to strengthen me in this resolution, instead of trying to dissuade me from it, for it only makes me miserable and idle. My wish and my hope is to gain honour, fame, and money, and I have every confidence that I shall be far more useful

to you in Vienna than if I were still in Salzburg. What you write of the Webers, I do assure you, is not the fact. I was a fool about Madame Lange, I own,* but what is a man *not* when he is in love? But I did love her truly, and even now I feel that she is not indifferent to me; it is perhaps, therefore, fortunate that her husband is a jealous booby, and never leaves her, so that I seldom have an opportunity of seeing her. Believe me when I say that old Madame Weber is a very obliging person, and I cannot serve her in return in proportion to her kindness to me, for indeed I have not time to do so.

I eagerly expect a letter from you, my good kind father. Cheer up your son, for the idea of displeasing you can alone make him unhappy under such promising circumstances. Adieu! A thousand good wishes. If you *can* believe that I have stayed here merely out of hatred to Salzburg and a foolish infatuation for Vienna, then make enquiry. Herr von Strack [in the service of the Emperor], who is a great friend of mine, will no doubt write you the truth.

152.

Vienna, May 19, 1781.

I really don't know how or what to write, my dearest father, for I have not yet recovered from my astonishment, and never shall if you persist in thinking and writing as you do. I must confess that I do not

* Aloysia had married the actor Lange, in Vienna.

recognise one feature of my father in your letter! A father, indeed—but not a kind loving father, concerned for the honour of his children and his own—in short, not *my* father. But it must have been a dream. You are now once more awake, and require no reply to your observations to be fully convinced that I shall *now more than ever* abide by my decision. Still, as my honour and my character are so grievously assailed in various quarters, I must allude to some points. 'You can never approve of my having given up my situation while in Vienna.' I think, if I had been so disposed (which I really was not at the time, or I would have taken this step previously), it was the most judicious thing to do so in a place where I am liked, and have the finest prospects in the world. It is very possible that you could not sanction this in the presence of the Archbishop, but to me you cannot do otherwise than approve. 'I can in no other way redeem my honour than by retracting my resolution.' How could you write such a fallacy? It did not occur to you when you did so, that such a revocation would prove me to be the most dastardly man living. All Vienna knows that I have left the Archbishop, and also knows why—from my honour having been attacked, and for the third time too, and I am publicly to prove the contrary; thus making myself out a pitiful sneak, and the Archbishop a worthy Prince! The former no man would like to do, and least of all would I. The latter

God alone can accomplish, if it be His will to enlighten him. 'I have never shown any love for you, and therefore ought to show it on this occasion.' Can you really say this? 'I have never sacrificed my own pleasures to yours.' What pleasures have I here? To be in trouble and anxiety to fill my purse. It seems to me that you really think I am revelling in pleasures and amusements. Oh! how completely are you mistaken—at all events, as matters now are! I have no more to spend than I absolutely require. The subscription for my six sonatas is going on, and then I shall get some money. It is all right, too, about the opera ['Die Entführung'], and in Advent I am to give a concert; after that, things will by degrees go on better, for a great deal is to be done here in winter. If pleasure means to have got away from a Prince who paid me badly and constantly bullied me, then it is true that my pleasure is great. If I were to do nothing but think and work from early dawn till night, I would gladly do so, rather than live on the favour of such a—but I will not trust myself to give him his right name. I was forced to take this step, and I will never deviate from it by a single hairsbreadth—impossible! All that I can say to you is how much I regret (for your sake—for yours alone, father) having been so badly treated; and I wish that the Archbishop had acted more judiciously, solely that I might have devoted my whole life to you. To please you, my kind father, I was

prepared to sacrifice my health, my happiness, and my life; but honour is to me, and ought to be to you, beyond all else. You may show this to Count Arco, and to all Salzburg too. After such an insult—such a threefold insult—if the Archbishop *in propria persona* were to offer me 1,200 florins, I would not accept them. I am no low fellow, no rascal; and had it not been for your sake, I would not have waited for him to say to me the third time, 'Take yourself off,' without showing that I understood it to be final on both sides. What do I say—waited? I would have said it first myself instead of him. I am only surprised that the Archbishop should behave so indiscreetly in such a place as Vienna; but he shall one day see how entirely he was mistaken. Prince Breiner and Count Arco stand in need of the Archbishop, but I do not; and if it comes to the worst, and he forgets all the duties of a prince—a *spiritual* prince—then come to me at Vienna. You can get 400 florins anywhere. Only think how he would disgrace himself in the eyes of the Emperor, who already hates him, if he were to act thus. This place too would suit my sister far better than Salzburg; there are many distinguished families here who are reluctant to engage a male teacher, but would give handsome terms to a lady. This may all come to pass some day.

The next time that Herr von Kleinmayrn, Bönike, or Zetti is going to Salzburg, I will send payment by

them for the matter in question. The Comptroller, who set off to-day, is to take the lawn to my sister. My dearest and kindest father, ask me what you will, only not *that*—anything but *that*. The very thoughts of it make me tremble with rage.

153.

Vienna, May 25, 1781.

I must really snatch a little time, that you may not wait too long for a letter. To-morrow our first concert takes place in the Augarten [Imperial pleasure grounds], and at half-past eight o'clock Martin is to come [Phil. Jac. Martin arranged the Augarten concerts with Mozart], and we have still six visits to make. I must get them over by eleven o'clock, as I then go to Countess Rumbeck's [his pupil]. Afterwards I dine with Countess Thun.—N.B., in her garden. The rehearsal of the music is to be in the evening; a symphony of Von Swieten's [Director of the Court Library], and one of mine, are to be given. A dilettante, Madlle. Berger, is to sing; a boy of the name of Türk is to play a violin concerto; and Fräulein von Aurnhammer and I are to play my concerto duett in E flat. [Constance Weber continues the letter.] 'Your good son has just been summoned by Countess Thun, and he has not time to finish the letter to his dear father, which he much regrets, and requests me to let you know this, for, being post-day, he does not

wish you to be without a letter from him. Next post he will write again. I hope you will excuse my P.S., which cannot be so agreeable to you as what your son would have written. I beg my compliments to your amiable daughter. I am your obedient friend,

'CONSTANCE WEBER.'

154.

Vienna, May 26, 1781.

You are quite right, and I am quite right too, dearest father. I know and admit all my faults, but why should not a man reform? May he indeed not have reformed already? Let me reflect as I will on this matter, I see that I can best serve you, my kind father, and my dear sister, by remaining in Vienna. It seems as if good fortune awaited me here, and as if I *must* stay. Indeed, such was my feeling before I left Munich; I always looked forward with delight to Vienna, without knowing why. You must have a little patience, for there is no doubt that I shall soon prove to you how beneficial Vienna is to us all. Be assured that I am entirely changed; next to health I think nothing so indispensable as money. I certainly am no miser, as it would be difficult for me to become stingy, yet the people here consider me more disposed to be a niggard than a spendthrift—which is enough surely for a beginning. As for pupils, I can have as many as I choose, but I do not choose to take many. I intend to be better paid than others, and so I wish to have

fewer scholars. It is advisable to hang back a little at first, or it is all over with you, and you must pursue the common highway with the rest. The subscription [for the sonatas] goes on well, and I don't know why I should make any difficulties about the opera. Count Rosenberg [Intendant of the Court Theatre] received me most politely when I twice called on him, and he heard my opera ['Idomeneo'] at Countess Thun's. Herr von Swieten and Herr von Sonnenfels were also present, and as Stephanie is one of my intimate friends all will go smoothly. Believe me, I do not like idleness, but work. I must confess that in Salzburg it did cost me an effort, and I could scarcely force myself to it—but why? Because my mind was not cheerful, and you cannot deny that in Salzburg (for me at least) there is not the smallest recreation. With many there I do not choose to associate, and most of the others do not think me good enough. No encouragement besides for my talent. When I play, or when any of my compositions are given, it is just as if the audience were all chairs and tables. If there was even a tolerable theatre—my sole amusement here! It is true that in Munich I involuntarily showed myself to you in a false light, for I had too much amusement there. But I pledge you my word that till my opera had been given, I had never been in any theatre, or gone anywhere but to the Cannabichs. It is true enough that at the last I had most severe and trying work to get through,

though not from idleness or negligence, but from being fourteen days without writing a note, simply because I found it to be *impossible*. I did indeed write, but not a fair copy. Much time was of course lost by this; but I do not regret it. That I was afterwards too merry arose only from youthful folly. I thought to myself, where am I going?—to Salzburg! Let me enjoy myself till then! I admit that I longed for a hundred amusements in Salzburg, but here not for one. To be in Vienna is in itself pleasure enough. You may safely trust me; I am no longer a fool, and still less can you believe that I am either a godless or an ungrateful son. You must now entirely rely on my head and on my good heart, and you shall never repent it. 'Where could I have learned the value of money, having had so little hitherto through my hands?' I know that at one time when I had twenty ducats I thought myself quite rich. Farewell, my dear kind father! My duty is, by my care and industry, to supply and to compensate what you believe you have lost by this occurrence. I shall certainly do so, and with great joy too.

P.S.—As soon as any of the Archbishop's people go to Salzburg, I will send the portrait. *Ho fatto fare la sopra scritta d' un altro, espresamente perchè non si può sapere.* You can be sure of no one.

155.

Vienna, end of May, 1781.

The day before yesterday Count Arco sent me a message to call on him at twelve o'clock, at which hour he would expect to see me. He repeatedly let me know he wished to see me, and so did Schlauka, but as I hate discussions when almost every word to which I am forced to listen is a lie, I punctually—avoided going, and I should have continued to do the same, if he had not said that he had a letter from you. I went there accordingly. I cannot detail the whole conversation, but (at my urgent request) it passed off without irritation on either side. In short, he placed everything before me in so friendly a manner, that really one could have sworn it all came from his heart. I believe, however, that on his part he would not swear that it came from mine. In reply to his plausible speeches, I told him with perfect calmness and courtesy, and in the most good-humoured way in the world, the simple truth; and he had not a word to say against it. The end of it all was, that I pressed him to take the memorial and the journey money (both of which I brought with me), but he assured me that it would be too distressing to him to interfere in such matters, so I had better give the memorial to one of the valets, and as for the money, he would not take it till all was finally settled.

The Archbishop disparages me to every human

being, and has not the sense to perceive that such a proceeding does him no credit; for I am more highly prized than he is in Vienna. He is only known as an arrogant, presumptuous priest, despising every one, whereas I am considered an obliging person. It is true that I am haughty when I see that any one wishes to treat me with contempt and *en bagatelle*; which is what the Archbishop invariably does towards me, while by kind words he could have made me do what he pleased. This is what I said to Count Arco also, and among other things that the Archbishop did not deserve you should think so highly of him; and at the close I added, what good would it do were I now to agree to return home? In the course of a few months (without any fresh insult) I was resolved to demand my discharge, for I neither would nor could serve any longer for such a salary. 'And pray why not?' 'Because,' said I, 'I never could live happily or contentedly in a place where I am so badly paid, that I should constantly be thinking, "Oh, if I were only there, or elsewhere!" But if I were to be paid in such a manner that I should not require to think of other places, then I should be perfectly satisfied; and if the Archbishop chooses to pay me at that rate, I am ready to set off to-day.' But how I rejoice that the Archbishop does not take me at my word! for there can be no doubt that my being here is both for your advantage and my own; and you will one day see that

it is so. Now farewell, my dear kind father! all will yet go well. I am not writing in a dream, for my own welfare also depends on it. Adieu!

156.

Vienna, June 2, 1781.

My last letter has told you that I had an interview with Count Arco, and, thank God! everything passed off well. Do not be uneasy; you have nothing whatever to fear from the Archbishop, for Count Arco did not say one word as to my weighing the matter well from the risk of injuring you, and when he told me that you had written to him complaining of my conduct, I interrupted him by saying, 'And have I not heard from him also? He has written to me in such a manner that I thought it would drive me crazy; but, reflect as I will, I find it impossible, &c., &c.' On this he said, 'Believe me, you allow yourself to be too easily dazzled; a man's fame here is of very short duration. At first you will have praise enough, and make a great deal too, no doubt; but how long will this last? After some months have elapsed, the Viennese will want something new.' 'You are right, Count,' said I; 'you don't suppose that I mean to settle in Vienna? Quite the reverse—I know where to go. This occurrence having taken place in Vienna is the fault of the Archbishop and not mine, and if he had known how to conduct himself towards men of talent, it never would have

happened at all. I am the best-tempered fellow in the world, Count Arco, when people are so with me.' 'Yet the Archbishop,' said he, 'considers you to be a most self-sufficient young man.' 'I dare say he does,' rejoined I, 'for I am so towards him; just as people behave to me, so do I behave to them. When I see that a person despises me and treats me with contempt, I can be as proud as any peacock.'

Among other things, he asked me whether I was not aware that he was himself often obliged to swallow very disagreeable words. I shrugged my shoulders, saying, 'You have no doubt your own reasons for submitting to such a thing, but I have also mine for refusing to do so.' All the rest you know from my last letter. Do not doubt, dearest father, that it is all for the best for me, and therefore for you also. The Viennese are certainly a fickle race, *but only at the theatre*, and my phase of art is so much liked here, that I feel I am on a sure basis. This is certainly the Pianoforte land! But even supposing they were to tire of me, it would certainly not be the case for some years at all events. By that time I shall have gained both renown and money; there are many other places, and who can tell what opportunities may occur before then? I have already spoken to Herr Zetti, who will be the bearer to you of a small sum; you must be satisfied with a little money this time, for I cannot send you more than thirty ducats. If I could have

foreseen this event, I would have accepted the pupils formerly offered to me, but at that time I thought I was to leave Vienna in a week, and now they are all in the country. The portrait shall follow.

157.

Vienna, June 9, 1781.

A pretty business Count Arco has now made of it! So this is the way to persuade me to follow his advice —to refuse to present a memorial through inborn stupidity—not to venture to say one word to his master from want of spirit and love of toadyism—to keep me in suspense for four weeks, and at last compel me to present the memorial myself, and instead of *at least* giving me free access to the Prince, to turn me out of doors with a kick! Such then is Count Arco, who (according to your last letter) has my interest so much at heart; such is the court I serve! When I arrive with a written document to present, instead of my wish being facilitated I am maltreated! The scene took place in the anteroom. Of course there was nothing to be done but to begone with all speed, not wishing to show disrespect for the Prince's apartments, though Arco had not scrupled to do so. I have written three different memorials, and which I five times endeavoured to present, and each time they have been refused. I have carefully preserved them, and whoever wishes to read them may do so, to convince himself

that they do not contain anything at all offensive. At last, on receiving back my memorial from Herr von Kleinmayrn in the evening (for this is his office), and the Archbishop's departure being fixed for the following day, I was perfectly frantic with rage; I could not possibly allow him to set off thus, and as I was told by Arco (at least so he assured me) that the Prince knew nothing of it, I felt how angry the Archbishop would be with me for being so long here, and then at the last moment coming with such a document. I therefore wrote another, in which I mentioned that it was now five weeks since I had prepared a similar paper, but finding myself, why I did not know, always put off, I was now forced to present it myself, though at the very last moment. This memorial procured me my discharge in the pleasant way I have above described, and who knows whether it was not done by command of the Archbishop himself? Herr von Kleinmayrn, if he still wishes to maintain the character of an honest man, and also the Archbishop's servants, can testify that his commands were fulfilled. I need forward no petition; the thing is at an end. I shall write no more on the subject, and if the Archbishop were now to offer me 1,200 florins of salary I would never serve him again after such treatment. How easily I might have been persuaded to remain!—by kindness, but not by insolence and violence. I sent a message to Count Arco, that *I would have nothing to*

say to him, because he spoke so harshly, behaving to me as if I had been a rogue, which he had no right to do; and, by heavens! as I already wrote to you, I never would have gone near him, if he had not sent me a message that he had a letter from you; but it is the last time. What is it to him if I wish to get my discharge? And if he had really been disposed to do me a good turn, he ought to have reasoned quietly with me, and allowed the affair to take its course, but not to bandy such words with me as clown and saucy fellow, and turn me out of the room with a kick; but I forget that this was probably by archiepiscopal command.

I shall now very briefly reply to your letter, for I am so sick of the whole affair that I never wish to hear a word more about it. As for the *original cause* of my leaving (which you know well), no father could possibly be displeased with his son for what I did; on the contrary, he must have been so *had I acted otherwise*. Moreover, you are well aware that even without any particular cause I had every inclination to leave. You cannot be in earnest, so I conclude you dissemble your real sentiments on account of the court, but I beg you, my dear father, not to be too obsequious, for the Archbishop can do you no harm; but let him do his worst. I almost wish he would; for this would be a scandal, a fresh scandal, which would be his finishing stroke in the Emperor's esti-

mation, who at this moment not only does not like him, but positively hates him. If you were to come to Vienna after such conduct towards you, and relate the story to the Emperor, you would at all events receive from him the same salary you now have, for in such cases the Emperor is much to be admired. Your comparing me to Madame Lange [Aloysia] causes me much surprise, and made me feel sad all day. This girl was a burden to her parents, when she could as yet earn nothing. Scarcely had the time arrived when she could show her gratitude to her parents (N.B., her father died before she could make anything here), when she deserted her poor mother, became attached to an actor, married him, and the mother never received a farthing from her.* God knows my only aim is to assist you and us all. Must I repeat it a hundred times that I can be of more use to you here than in Salzburg? I do beg, my dear good father, that you will spare me such letters in future. I conjure you to do so, for they only serve to irritate my mind, and to disturb my heart and spirit; and as I am now constantly occupied in composing, I require both a cheerful mind and a heart at rest. The Emperor is not here, nor is Count Rosenberg. The latter has commissioned Schröder [the celebrated actor] to look out for a good libretto, and to give it to me to compose.

* Lange, however, in his autobiography, mentions that he gave his mother-in-law an allowance of 700 gulden a year.

Herr von Zetti was unexpectedly obliged, by command, to set off so very early that I could neither send the portrait nor the ribbons for my sister, and *what you know of*, till to-morrow week by the diligence.

158.

Vienna, June 13, 1781.

My kindest of all fathers! How gladly would I still further sacrifice my best years to you in a place where I am so badly paid, if that were the only evil! But to be badly paid and scoffed at into the bargain, is really rather too much. For the Archbishop's concert I wrote a sonata for myself, a rondo for Brunetti, and one for Cecarelli. I played at each of the concerts twice, and the last time when all was over, I played variations for a whole hour (the Archbishop gave me the thema) with such universal applause, that if the Archbishop had any vestige of kindly feeling, he certainly must have been gratified; whereas, instead of expressing (or not expressing, if he thought fit) his satisfaction and pleasure, he treats me like a scamp, tells me to my face to take myself off, for that he could get a hundred to serve him better than I — and why? because I could not set off *the very day* he wished. I was obliged to leave his house, to live at my own expense, and not even be at liberty to delay my journey till my means admitted of travelling. Besides, I was not required in Salzburg, and the whole

difference was only two days. The Archbishop twice said the most insulting things to me, and I never said a word to him in return; nay, more, I played for him with the same zeal and assiduity as if nothing had occurred; and instead of acknowledging my exertions and my endeavours to please him, at the very moment when I might have expected very different conduct, he behaves to me for the *third* time in the most revolting manner imaginable. Still, to remove as it were even the least appearance of wrong on my part, they act as if resolved to get rid of me by force. Well, if they do not want me, that is exactly what I wish. Instead of Count Arco taking my memorial, or procuring me an audience, or advising me to forward the document afterwards, or persuading me to leave the matter as it was, and to reflect upon it—*enfin*, whatever he chose—he sends me off with a kick! I think this was a pretty broad hint that Salzburg was no longer a place for me, except to give me some favourable opportunity to return Count Arco's kick with interest, even should I meet him in the public street. I do not demand any satisfaction for such an insult from the Archbishop; he cannot procure it for me as well as I can for myself, but I intend to write to the Count to tell him what he may confidently expect as soon as fortune favours me by allowing me to meet him, wherever it may be—if not in a place that I am bound to respect.

Do not be uneasy, dear father, about the state of my

soul. I am a fallible young man, like others, but I can safely say that I wish all were as little so as myself. You perhaps believe things of me which I am not guilty of. My chief fault is that I sometimes act *apparently* as I ought not to act. It is not true that I boasted of eating meat on fast-days; but I did say that I cared little about it, and considered it no sin, for by fasting I understand short allowance, and eating less than usual. I attend mass every Sunday and every festival, and on weekdays also, when I can; and you know, dear father, that such is the case. My whole acquaintance with the person you mention was confined to the ball, and I talked to her long before I knew her character, solely with a view to securing a partner for the *contredanse*; and I could not afterwards suddenly avoid her without giving any reason, and who could give the real one to a person's face? Did I not at last pass her by, and dance with others?—on which account I also sincerely rejoiced when the Carnival was at an end. At all events, no one can say that I ever saw her elsewhere, or went to her house, without uttering a vile falsehood. Moreover, rest assured that I have certainly a real sense of religion; and if I ever have the misfortune (which may God forbid!) to fall into evil courses, I shall always absolve you, dearest father, from all responsibility. For, in such a case, I alone should be to blame; as I have to thank you for all the good that is in me, and for your care of my spiritual as well as temporal welfare.

159.

Vienna, June 16, 1781.

To-morrow the portrait and the ribbons for my sister are to be despatched. I don't know whether the ribbons will suit her taste, but they are in the very last fashion. If she wishes to have some more, or perhaps some plain ones, she has only to let me know, and if there is anything else that she thinks may be got better in Vienna, she must write to me. I hope she did not pay for the cloth, as it is already paid for. I forgot to mention this, for I had so much to write about that scandalous affair. I will remit the money as you direct.

I can at length write you something about Vienna, for hitherto I have been obliged to fill my letters with that vile history; but it is now over, God be praised! This present season is, as you know, the worst for any one who wishes to make money. The most distinguished families are in the country, so all I can do at this moment is to work, to be in readiness for the winter, when there is less time to do so. As soon as the sonatas are finished, I will look out for a short Italian cantata and write it, so that it may be given at the theatre during Advent, of course for my own benefit. There is a little cunning in this, for then I can give it twice, and with double profit, for when performed the second time I shall also perform on the

piano. I have only one pupil at present—Countess Rumbeck, Cobenzl's cousin. I could indeed have had many more if I had chosen to lower my terms, but by doing so I should have injured my credit. My terms are six ducats for twelve lessons, and I also make it understood that I do even this from complaisance. I would rather have three pupils who pay me well than six who pay badly. *I can just get on* by means of this one pupil, and that is enough for the present. I mention this that you may not think me guilty of selfishness in sending you only thirty ducats. Believe me, I would gladly deprive myself of everything, if I only had it; but it is sure to come in time, and it is best never to let people know how one really stands.

About the theatre. I think I wrote to you lately that Count Rosenberg, before his departure, requested Schröder to hunt out a libretto for me. It is now come, and Stephanie [junior] has it in his hands as supervisor of the opera. Bergobzoomer, a true and kind friend both of mine and Schröder's, gave me an immediate hint of the fact. So I went to Stephanie at once, as if for a mere visit, for we thought it possible that his partiality for Umlauf [court musician] might induce him to play me false; this suspicion proved, however, quite unfounded, for I afterwards heard by chance that he had begged some one to ask me to call on him, as he wished to speak to me; and the moment I came in he said, 'Here you come in the very nick

of time!' The opera is in four acts, and he tells me the first act is incomparable, but that it falls off very much. If Schröder will allow it to be altered as we think advisable, a good libretto may be made out of it. Stephanie does not like to give it to the directors as it now is, before having talked to Schröder on the subject, knowing beforehand that it would be rejected; so these two may settle the matter between them. After what Stephanie said, I did not express any desire to read it, for if it does not please me, I must say so plainly, or I should be the victim, and I do not wish to make Schröder unfriendly towards me, as he has great esteem for me at present; and as it is, I can always make the excuse that I have not read it.

I must explain why we were suspicious of Stephanie. I regret to say that he bears the worst reputation in Vienna, as a rude, false, calumnious person, not scrupling to commit the grossest injustice towards any one; but I don't mix myself up with such matters. There may be some truth in it, as he is found fault with by every one, but he is in great favour with the Emperor, and towards myself he was most friendly the very first time I saw him, saying, 'We are already old friends, and I shall be very glad if it be in my power to serve you in any way.' I believe and hope that he may write the libretto of an opera himself for me. Whether he wrote his own comedies, or did so with the aid of others, whether he plagiarised or originated, still he

understands the stage, and his plays are invariably popular. I have lately seen two new pieces of his, which are certainly excellent, 'Das Loch in der Thüre' and 'Der Oberamtmann und die Soldaten.' In the meantime, I will compose the cantata, for even if I had a libretto, I would not put pen to paper, as Count Rosenberg is not here; and if at the last moment he did not approve of the book, I should have had the honour of writing for nothing, so I mean to steer clear of it at present. I don't care what the subject is, provided the libretto be only good. Do you really suppose that I am likely to write an *opera comique* in the same style as an *opera seria*? There should be as little sprightliness in an *opera seria*, and as much learning and solidity, as there should be little learning in an *opera buffa*, but all the more sprightliness and gaiety. That people like to have a little comic music in an *opera seria* I cannot help; but here they draw the proper distinction on this point. I do certainly find that in music the merry-andrew is not yet got rid of, and in this respect the French are right.

I hope to receive my clothes safely by the next diligence. I don't know when it goes, but I think this letter will reach you first, so I beg you will keep the cane to oblige me. Canes are used here, but why? —to walk with, and for that purpose any one will do. So pray lean on the cane instead of on me, and always take it with you when you can. Who knows whether

it may not by your hand avenge its former master on Arco?—of course I mean accidentally, by mere chance! My *very practical* reply shall not fail that arrogant jackass, were it twenty years hence; for to see him and to return his kick without an instant's delay, will be one and the same thing, unless I am so unlucky as to see him first in some sacred place.

160.

Vienna, June 20, 1781.

That the court minions look at you askance I can easily believe, but what have you to do with such miserable menials? the more inimical they are to you, the more proudly and contemptuously ought you to look down on them. As for Arco, I take counsel solely from my own heart and good sense, and require no interference on the part of any lady or person of rank, to make me do what is right and fitting; neither too much nor too little.* *It is the heart that ennobles a man*; and though I am no Count, I have perhaps more honourable feeling than many a Count. But whether a man be a house-porter or a Count, from the moment that he insults me I consider him to be a scoundrel. Though I intend at first to represent to him quite coolly how badly and basely he managed the affair, yet I shall feel bound to add both a kick and a

* The father had suggested that, in this manner, the thing might be smoothed over.

couple of boxes on the ear from me; for if any one offends me I must have my revenge; and if I did no more to him than he has done to me, it would only be retaliation and not punishment, and I should moreover thus place myself on a level with him; but I really am too proud to measure myself with such a stupid oaf.

Unless something very pressing occurs, I shall now only write to you once a week, being at present so very much occupied. I must stop, as I have some variations to finish for my pupil. Adieu!

161.

Vienna, June 27, 1781.

As for Madame Rosa, I must tell you that I called on her three times, till at length I was so fortunate as to find her at home. You would scarcely know her again, she is grown so thin. When I enquired about the portrait, she offered to make me a present of it, adding that she did not require it, and would send it the following day. Three weeks however passed, and no portrait came. I went three times in vain, but one day so very early that I found her and her plebeian husband at breakfast. Instead of making me a present of the portrait, she had suddenly resolved not to let me have it at all. It occurred to me that in similar cases the best plan with Italians is to be very plain-spoken, so I told her that her defects were the same as ever, but that I did not choose to play the part of a

fool in my father's eyes, owing to her inborn failings, one day saying white and the next black, and that I could assure her I did not in the least want the portrait. She then spoke very civilly, and promised to send it the next day, which she did; but you must return it by the first opportunity.

I have just come from Herr von Hippe, Prince Kaunitz' private secretary, who is a thoroughly amiable man, and a very good friend of mine. He first came to visit me, when I played to him. We have two grand pianos in the house where I lodge—one for florid pieces, the other a machine which is tuned throughout to the low octave, like the one we had in London, consequently like an organ, so I played fugues, and extemporised on it. I am almost every afternoon with Herr von Aurnhammer. The young lady is a fright, but plays enchantingly, though in the *cantabile* she loses sight of true refined expression; she does not play smoothly. She (privately) told me her plan, which is to study music steadily for two or three years, and then to go to Paris and make it her profession. She says, 'I am not handsome; on the contrary, I am ugly. I have no wish to marry some clerk with 300 or 400 florins, and I have no chance of any one else, so I prefer remaining as I am, and gaining my livelihood by my talents.' And there she is right. She begged me to assist her in carrying out her project, but she will not mention it to any one as yet.

I will send you the opera ['Idomeneo'] as soon as possible. Countess Thun still has it, and she is in the country at present. Pray have copied for me the sonata in B flat, *à quatre mains*, and the two concertos for two pianos, and send them here without delay; I shall be very glad, too, to receive my masses by-and-by. Gluck has had a paralytic stroke, and his health seems to be in a precarious state.* Write to me whether it is true that a dog in Munich has nearly bitten Becke to death? I must now conclude, for I am going to dine with the Aurnhammers. Adieu!

Madame Bernasconi is here [a prima donna who was a particular favourite with Gluck.—See No. 168.] She has 500 ducats of salary, from being able to sing all arias an interval higher than others. This is really a talent, for she is always in tune. She has now promised to sing a quarter of a tone higher still, but she expects to be paid extra for that.

162.

Vienna, July 4, 1781.

I have not written to Count Arco, and shall not do so, as you beg me to desist on account of your peace of mind. It is just as I suspected; you really are too timid, and yet have nothing whatever to fear; but you are as much insulted as myself. I do not ask you to make a piece of work on the subject, or at all to inconvenience

* Gluck did not die till November 15, 1787.

yourself, but the Archbishop and his minions must dread speaking to you on the subject. You need have no scruples, my dear father, in saying boldly (if you are driven to it) that you would have felt ashamed of having educated a son who would have permitted such an infamous scoundrel as Arco to insult him so grossly with impunity; and you may assure every one that when I have the good fortune to meet him, I will treat him as he deserves, and he shall have cause to remember me as long as he lives. All I desire is, that the whole world should see that you have no cause for fear. Be silent if you choose; but when necessary I wish you to speak, and to speak to the purpose too. The Archbishop has privately offered Kozeluch [a favourite composer and pianist in Vienna, subsequently a zealous opponent of Mozart's] 1,000 florins; he, however, declined, saying that he was better off here, and unless he could improve his condition he would never leave Vienna. But to his friends he added, 'It is the affair with Mozart that chiefly deters me. When the Archbishop allows such a man as that to leave him, what might not I expect?' So you see how he knows me and appreciates my talents.

If M. Marchal or the Syndic of the Chapter come to Vienna, pray send me my favourite watch by them; I will return yours if you will let me have the small one, which I should particularly like. I wrote to you lately about the masses. I absolutely require the three

divertimentos, as I only have those in F and B; you had better have the one in D copied, and forwarded to me by some opportunity, the charge for copying here being so very heavy; besides, they do write music too atrociously. I must say a few words of Marchand, so far as I know about him.* The youngest boy, when his father one day corrected him at dinner, seized a knife and said, 'Look here, papa, if you say another word I will cut the joints of my fingers, and then I shall be a cripple on your hands, and you will have to feed me.' Both have repeatedly spoken ill of their father to different people. You no doubt well remember Madlle. Boudet, who is in their house? The old gentleman is rather partial to her, so these two youths speak most unbecomingly of her. When Hennerle was eight years old, he made a formal declaration of love and proposal of marriage to a girl, saying, 'I cannot exactly marry you at present, but when my father dies I shall have money, for he has plenty, and then we can live merrily together.' I know, too, that in Mannheim no one ever allowed their boys to go where the Marchands were. It is very sad, too, for the sake of the lad himself; but I believe, my dear father, that you might entirely reform him. Their father and mother being actors, they hear nothing all

* Marchand had been director of the theatre in Mannheim. Mozart's father took charge of his son Henry, to cultivate his talents, and subsequently also received the daughter Margarethe into his family.

day but rhapsodies about love, despair, murder, and death. The father is too indiscreet for his age, and sets the boys no good example.

163.

Vienna, July 13, 1781.

I cannot write much, for Count Cobenzl is just going to drive to the town, and I must give him this letter if I wish it to be posted. I am writing to you at an hour's distance from Vienna, at a place called Reisenberg. I was once before here for a night, and now I am to stay some days. The house is no great things, but nothing can be more charming or more splendid than the landscape, and the forest, where a grotto has been made, which looks just as if placed there by nature. I got your last letter. I have long intended to leave the Webers, and I shall now certainly do so. But I give you my honour that it is quite news to me to hear that I am to live with Herr von Aurnhammer. It is the fact that I did think of lodging with Mesmer, the writing-master, but rather than do so I would continue with the Webers. Mesmer has Righini in his house [formerly an opera *buffo* singer, and at that time a composer], and is his great friend and patron, but still more so of his lady. Until I can find a good, reasonable, and comfortable lodging, I shall not leave my present one; and even then I shall have to invent some plausible pretext to satisfy the excellent woman,

for I really have no cause to go away. Herr von Moll [a Salzburg acquaintance] has, I know not why, a very malicious tongue, which surprises me in him. He said that he hoped I would reflect, and soon return to Salzburg, for I should scarcely find things so agreeable here; but that I only stayed on account of the ladies. Fräulein von Aurnhammer repeated this to me, but the answers he everywhere receives on this point are very plain. I can pretty well guess why he talks in this strain; he is a very great patron of Kozeluch's. Oh! how silly! The story of Herr von Mölk caused me the most profound astonishment; I thought him capable of much, but I never could have believed him to be a rogue; I pity the poor family from my heart.

164.

Vienna, July 25, 1781.

I repeat that I have long had it in my head to remove to another lodging, solely from people's gossip, and very much do I regret being obliged to go on account of such nonsense, in which there is not a word of truth. I should really be glad to know why certain people take pleasure in spreading groundless reports. Because I live with them, I am to marry the daughter.* Nothing was said as to my being in love with her; that was entirely passed over—merely that I lodge in their house and am to be married! If ever there was

* Constanze, Aloysia's second sister, eventually Mozart's wife.

a time when I thought less of marriage in my life, it is at the present moment. I have no wish whatever to have a rich wife, but even if I could make my fortune by marriage, I could not pay my court to any one at present, having very different things in my head. God has not bestowed talents on me to invest them in a rich wife, and to waste my youth in idleness. I am just beginning to live, and shall I myself embitter my life? I certainly have nothing to say against matrimony, but it would be a misfortune to me at this time. To avoid then even the appearance of such a thing (false as it is), I must leave them; though even the appearance rests on nothing but the fact that I live there, for those who do not frequent the house cannot even say that I have as much intercourse with her as with the rest of God's creatures. The girls seldom go out, indeed never, except to the theatre, and I never escort them there, because generally I am not at home when the play begins. We went together twice to the Prater, but her mother was with us, and as I chanced to be in the house I could not well refuse to accompany them; besides, at that time I had heard none of these foolish rumours. I must also tell you that I was only allowed to pay *my own share*; and the mother having since then heard these reports from others, as well as from myself, does not wish us to go anywhere together, and herself advised me to remove to another house, in order to avoid any further unpleasantness. She says it

would grieve her to be the innocent cause of annoyance to me. This is the sole reason why I have for some little time (since people began to gossip) thought of changing my residence. So far as truth goes, I have as yet no other. These gossiping people are the only cause of the change; were it not for these reports, I should hardly think of going; for though I might easily procure a better room, I can scarcely expect so much comfort, and to meet with such friendly obliging people. I will not say that, living in the same house with the young lady to whom people have married me, I am ill-bred and do not speak to her, but I am not in love with her. I banter and jest with her when time permits (which is only in the evenings when I chance to be at home, for in the morning I write in my room, and in the afternoon am rarely in the house), but nothing more. If I were obliged to marry all those with whom I have jested, I should have at least two hundred wives.

Now as to money. My pupil remained three weeks in the country, so I received nothing, while my own expenses went on, so I could not send you the thirty ducats—only twenty. But as I was very sanguine about the subscription, I thought I would wait till I could make up the promised sum. Countess Thun, however, tells me that it is in vain to think of any subscription till the autumn, for all moneyed people are in the country: she has only got ten names for me

as yet, and my pupil seven. In the meantime I am having six sonatas engraved. Arataria, the music publisher, has already undertaken them, and as soon as their sale brings me any money I will send it to you.

I must now beg my sister to forgive me for not having written to congratulate her on her name-day, but the letter is lying half finished in my desk. After I had begun it on Saturday, Countess Rumbeck sent her servant to say that they were all going to the country, and to ask whether I would not also go. As I do not like to refuse any wish of Cobenzl's, I left my letter lying, got together my things hurriedly, and went with them. I thought to myself my sister will not take it amiss. I now wish her, before the festive week has passed away, all the possible good and advantage that a sincere and loving brother can from his heart desire for his sister, and embrace her most tenderly. I drove back here to-day with the Count, and I return with him to-morrow. Farewell, dear father! Have faith and trust in your son, who certainly has the most kindly feelings towards all good people, so why should he not have the same sentiments for his dear father and sister? Believe in him, and rely on him, more than on certain individuals who have no better occupation than to slander honest people.

165.

Vienna, August 1, 1781.

I went at once to get the sonatas arranged as duetts, as Frau von Schindl lives just opposite the Auge Gottes [the Webers' house]. If Madame Duschek [a singer and friend of Mozart's] happens to be in Salzburg, I beg you will give her my very kind regards, and ask whether, before she left Prague, a gentleman called on her, the bearer of a letter from me; if not, I shall write to him forthwith to forward it to Salzburg. I mean Rossi, of Munich, who begged me to assist him by a letter of introduction; he took some good letters with him from here to Prague. If my letter only concerned his introduction, I should certainly leave it at his disposal, but I asked Madame Duschek in it to assist me in my subscription for the six sonatas. I was glad to do this little service to Rossi, as he wrote the poetry of the cantata which I am to give for my benefit in Advent.

Stephanie brought me a libretto the day before yesterday to compose. I must say that if he does behave badly to other people, about which I know nothing, he is at all events a very kind friend to me. The libretto is very good indeed; the subject Turkish, and the title 'Belmont und Konstanze, oder die Verführung aus dem Serail.' I intend to write the symphony, the chorus in the first act, and the final chorus, with Turkish instrumentation. Madame Cavalieri, Madlle.

Teyber, M. Fischer, M. Adamberger, and M. Walter, are to sing in it. I am so delighted to write the opera, that I have already finished Cavalieri's first air, and that of Adamberger, as well as the terzett which closes the first act. No doubt the time is short, for it is to be performed in the middle of September; but the circumstances connected with the period when it is to be given, and in fact every other prospect, gladden my spirit to such an extent, that I eagerly hurry off to my writing-table, and remain seated there in the greatest delight. The Grand-Duke of Russia is coming here, so Stephanie entreated me, if possible, to complete the opera in that short space of time, for the Emperor and Count Rosenberg are soon expected, and their first question will be whether anything new is in preparation; when he can have the satisfaction of being able to reply that Umlauf will by that time have finished his opera (on which he has been long engaged), and that I am writing one for the occasion. No doubt, too, he will make it a merit on my part to have undertaken on this account to write it in so short a time. No one knows of this except Adamberger and Fischer; for Stephanie begged us to say nothing, inasmuch as, Rosenberg not being here, it might give rise to a great deal of gossip. Stephanie does not wish it to be thought that he has done this from being so very kind a friend of mine, but rather because Count Rosenberg

desires it, who certainly, at the time he left this, charged him to look out for a libretto.

I have nothing more to write about, for I have no news to give you. The lodging to which I am about to move is now ready, and I am going out to hire a piano, for until it is in my room I cannot live in it, having so much to write that I cannot afford a moment's delay. I shall miss a great many comforts in my new apartment, especially as to eating. When I had anything very urgent to finish, the Webers always waited dinner for me as long as I chose, and I could go on writing *without dressing*, and also go to dinner and supper through an inner door; whereas now, unless I pay additional, and have dinner served in my own room, I lose at least half an hour by dressing (which was usually my afternoon's task), and must go out, particularly for supper. You know that writing usually makes me very hungry, and the kind friends with whom I could sup do so at eight o'clock, or half-past eight at latest. Where I now am we have no supper till ten o'clock. Adieu! I must conclude, as I have to go in search of a piano.

166.

Vienna, August 8, 1781.

I must write quickly, for I have only this instant finished the Janissary chorus; it is past twelve o'clock, and I have promised to drive with the Aurnhammers

and Cavalieri, at two o'clock precisely, to Mingendorf, near Luxemburg, where the camp is. Adamberger, Cavalieri, and Fischer are exceedingly pleased with their arias. I dined yesterday with Countess Thun, and am to do so again to-morrow. I played to her the portions I have completed, and at the end she said she would stake her life that what I have written so far cannot *fail to please.* In a point of this kind I *place no value on any man's praise or censure,* before people hear and see it as a whole, and I continue simply to follow my own feelings. You may, however, see from this how pleased people must be to speak in such a manner.

As I have nothing of any consequence to write about, I will tell you a dreadful history; but perhaps you have heard it. It is called the Tyrolese story; it particularly interests me because I knew the unfortunate person to whom it occurred when I was in Munich, and he is also in the habit of coming to see us here every day. His name is Herr von Wiedmer, and he is a nobleman. Whether owing to misfortunes or to a natural inclination for the stage I know not, but some months ago he collected a company, with whom he went to Innspruck. One Sunday afternoon this worthy man was going quietly along the street, and some gentlemen were walking close behind him; one of these, a Baron Buffa, began to abuse the Director, saying, 'That impostor ought to teach his dancer to

walk before he produces her on the stage,' using all sorts of epithets. Herr von Wiedmer, having heard this for some time, at last naturally looked round; on which Buffa asked him what he was looking at. The former answered quite good-humouredly, 'Why, you are also looking at me; the street is free, any one can look round who chooses,' and went on his way. Baron Buffa, however, persisted in his abuse, which at last proving too much for the good man's patience, he asked him to whom he applied such terms. 'To you, you rascal!' was the reply, accompanied by a violent box on the ear, which Herr von Wiedmer instantly returned with interest. Neither had a sword, or Wiedmer would not have given blow for blow. Wiedmer went quietly home to arrange his hair (as Baron Buffa had seized him by it), intending to bring the case before the President (Count Wolkenstein). But he found his house filled with soldiers, who carried him off to the guard-house, and say what he would it was of no avail, he was condemned to receive twenty-five lashes on his back. At last he said, 'I am a nobleman, and will not submit to be struck when I am guiltless; I would rather enlist as a soldier that I may revenge myself.' For in Innspruck the stupid Tyrolese custom is, that no man can with impunity strike a privileged person, whatever provocation he may have received. On this they took him to the house of correction, where he received not only the twenty-five lashes, but

fifty. Before they were inflicted he said, 'I am innocent, and I shall appeal publicly to the Emperor.' But the corporal answered with a sneer, 'The gentleman must first receive his fifty lashes, and he can appeal afterwards.' The whole affair was over in two hours—that is, by two o'clock. It was a marvel that he was able to endure such a punishment, and indeed, when conveyed away, he was in a fainting state, and afterwards three weeks confined to bed. As soon as he was cured he went off straight to Vienna, where he now is, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Emperor, who has already been informed of the whole case, not only by people here, but by his sister the Archduchess Elizabeth in Innspruck. Wiedmer is himself the bearer of a letter from her to the Emperor. The day previous to this occurrence, the President had received orders to punish no one, be they who and what they might, without first apprising the authorities here—which makes the case still worse. The President must indeed be a stupid malicious dolt. But how can this poor man ever procure adequate compensation? The lashes must always remain. If I were Wiedmer, I would demand the following satisfaction from the Emperor—that the President should receive fifty lashes while I was present, and likewise pay me 6,000 ducats; and if I could not obtain this demand in full, I would accept no other, and stab him to the heart at the very first opportunity.—(N.B. Wiedmer has already been offered

3,000 ducats to stay away from Vienna and to hush up the affair.) No soul can bear the President, and his house has been guarded the whole time. There is a pamphlet out about him, and nothing is talked of but this affair.

I pity poor Wiedmer very much, for he is never well now, and complains of constant headaches and pains in his breast.

167.

Vienna, August 22, 1781.

I cannot send you the address of my new lodging, because I have not yet got one. I have heard of two, but am at issue about the price; one of these I must take, as I cannot stay here next month, and shall certainly have to move. It appears that Herr von Aurnhammer wrote to you that I had actually engaged his lodging. I certainly did take it, but such a one it was—fit for rats and mice, but not for human beings. At twelve o'clock at noon, a lantern was required to light me upstairs. The room might be called a closet, and to get at it I had to pass through the kitchen, and above my door there was a small window; they, indeed, promised to put up a curtain, at the same time requesting me to draw it aside again as soon as I was dressed, otherwise they could not see at all, either in the kitchen or in the adjoining rooms. The woman herself called the house a rat's nest—in short, it was miserable to behold. This would have been a fine

place for me to live in, when so many people of distinction come to see me. The worthy man certainly thought of nothing but himself and his daughter, who is the most tiresome creature I ever knew. As in your last letter you pass such a eulogium (in Count Daun's style) on this family, I must really give you further particulars of it. I would have passed over in silence all you are about to read as a matter of indifference, and only a private and personal annoyance, but as your letter shows me that you place reliance on this family, I think myself bound to tell you honestly both its good and bad aspect. He is the best-tempered man in the world—indeed, only too much so, for his wife, the most stupid gossiping woman imaginable, has quite the upper hand, so that when she speaks he does not venture to say a word. As we often went out to walk together, he begged me not to say before his wife that we had taken a *fiacre*, or gone to drink a glass of beer. Now really I can place no confidence in a man so utterly insignificant in his own family. He is a worthy creature and a kind friend of mine, and I could constantly dine with him, but I am always averse to my obligingness being paid for; though, indeed, I think it would be no payment. Such people, however, always make a marvel of what they do. I do not go to see them for my own benefit, but *for theirs*, for I can discover no good that it does me, and I never met one single person there worth even naming on this paper.

In other respects, worthy people, but nothing more, and who have sufficient shrewdness to see how useful my acquaintance is to their daughter, for all those who heard her play formerly declare that since I have taught her, her playing is quite changed. I give no description of the mother—let it suffice to say that at dinner it is hard work not to burst out laughing in her face. *Basta!* You know Frau Adlgasserin? [see No. 78]. Well, this woman is still more aggravating, for she is slanderous into the bargain, so that she is both stupid and malicious. As for the daughter, if a painter wished to depict the devil according to nature, he could not do better than have recourse to her face. She is as clumsy as a peasant girl, revolting to look at, dirty and untidy. I wrote to you how she plays the piano, and why she asked me to give her my assistance. I am happy to oblige people, but not to be plagued incessantly. She is not satisfied with my being two hours every day with her—I am to sit there the live-long day while she tries to be agreeable. But, worse still, she is seriously smitten with me. I thought at first it was a joke, but now I know it to be the fact. When I first observed it—by her beginning to take liberties, such as reproaching me tenderly if I came later than usual, or could not stay long, and similar things—I was obliged, to prevent her making a fool of herself, to tell her the truth in a civil manner. This, however, did no good, and she became more loving than

ever. At last I was always very polite, except when she began any of her pranks, and then I snubbed her bluntly; but one day she took my hand and said, 'Dear Mozart, don't be so cross; you may say what you please, but I shall always like you.' All the people here say that we are to be married, and great surprise is expressed at my choosing such a face. She told me that when she heard anything of the sort she always laughed at it. I know, however, from a third person that she confirms it, adding that we are to travel immediately afterwards. This did enrage me. I told her my opinion pretty plainly, and warned her not to take advantage of my good nature. Now I no longer go there every day, but only every two days, so the report will gradually die away. She is nothing but an amorous fool; for, before she was acquainted with me, on hearing me play in the theatre, she said, 'He is to call on me to-morrow, and then I will play his variations for him in the very same style.' On this account I did not go, for it was not only a conceited speech, but utterly untrue, as I never had heard a word about calling on her next day. Adieu! my paper is full. The first act of the opera is finished.

168.

Vienna, August 29, 1781.

I will now answer your questions. Madame Bernasconi [see No. 161] receives 500 ducats from the

directors, or, so far as I can tell, from the Emperor, but only for one year.—N.B. She grumbles, and has long been wishing herself away, but that is all her Italian duplicity; no doubt she thinks that the more she grumbles the more they will want her to stay here, or she would scarcely have left London to come to Vienna, for no one could guess why or how she came. I believe that Count Dietrichstein (Master of the Horse), her patron, knew about it previously, and Gluck also (wishing to have his French operas performed in German) lent her a helping hand. There is no doubt that she was in some degree forced on the Emperor. Most of the nobility are very well disposed towards her, but not the Emperor in his heart, as little as to Gluck. Nor is she a favourite with the public. It is true that in grand tragic parts she will always remain Bernasconi, but in small operettas she is a failure (for they no longer suit her); and then, as she herself admits, she is more an Italian than a German, and her accent on the stage is as thoroughly Viennese, as in the intercourse of daily life—so now you can picture her to yourself—and when she occasionally strives to counteract this, it is like hearing a Princess declaim in a puppet-show. Her singing, too, is now so bad that no one will write anything for her. But in order to do something for her 500 ducats, she has (with much difficulty) prevailed on the Emperor to have Gluck's 'Iphigenie' and 'Alceste' performed—the former in

German, the latter in Italian. I know nothing of Signor Righini's circumstances; he makes a great deal by teaching, and last Easter his cantata was successful, for he gave it twice in succession, and had good receipts on both occasions. He writes very prettily, though not very deep, and is a monstrous thief; he offers his stolen things again and again to the public in such profusion, and to such an extent, that people can really scarcely digest them. The Grand Duke of Russia does not come till November, so I can write my opera more deliberately. I am delighted at this. I will not have it performed before All Saints Day, for that is the best time, as so many people come in from the country then.

I have now engaged a very prettily furnished apartment in the Graben, and shall be in it when you receive this. I purposely chose one not looking on the street, on account of its quietness. As for Duschek, I already named in my letter the price of the sonatas—three ducats.

169.

Vienna, Sept. 1781.

I am writing to you in my new room 'auf den Graben,' No. 1175, third floor. I can unhappily discover from your answer to my last letter that (just as if I were an arch-reprobate, or blockhead, or both combined) you place entire faith in the written gossip of others, and thus show no confidence in me. But I do

assure you such things do not disturb me; people may write till they are blind, and you may approve of it as much as you please, but it will not make me alter one hair's breadth; I shall remain the same honest fellow that I have ever been. I give you my honour, that if you had not insisted on my engaging another apartment, I would never have left my former one; I feel just like a person who leaves his own comfortable travelling carriage for the diligence. But not another word, as it is all of no use, for the nonsense that God knows who put into your head, always outweighs my assurances. One thing I must beg: when you find fault with me, and when I write you my ideas in return (as I shall always think that any discussion between father and son ought to be private, and not be made known to others), I beg you will consider such matters as sacred to ourselves, and do not discuss them with others; for, by heavens! I would not give the smallest account of my actions to others--no, not if it were the Emperor himself! Always place confidence in me, for I deserve it; I have anxiety and worry enough here to maintain myself, and to read vexatious letters besides is very hard upon me. From the first moment I came here I have been obliged to live entirely on my own means, that is, by what I could make through my own exertions; my companions invariably drew their salary in addition. Cecarelli made more money than I did, but spent it all freely here; had I done the same, I

could not possibly have given up my situation. It is certainly not my fault, dearest father, that you have not hitherto got any money from me, but that of the present unproductive season. Only have patience, which I must also have, and trust me I never will forget you.

At the time of my affair with the Archbishop I wrote for clothes, having nothing with me but my black suit. The mourning was over, the weather hot, and no clothes came, so I was obliged to order some here, for I could not go about Vienna like a pauper, particularly at that time. My linen, too, was pitiful to see; no house-porter had shirts so coarse as mine, which is certainly the most unseemly thing of all in a man; so this was a fresh expense. I had only one pupil, and she stayed away three weeks, so there I lost again. The grand principle here is not to make oneself too cheap, for that is utter ruin. The most pretentious always obtain the preference. From all your letters I see that you believe I do nothing but amuse myself, but in this you are utterly mistaken. I can with truth say that I have no pleasures, not one except that of being no longer in Salzburg. I hope that all will go well in winter, and then, dearest father, I shall certainly not forget you. If I see that any good is to be done, I shall remain longer here; if not, I have some idea of going straight to Paris, and I hope you will give me your opinion on this point. P.S.—My compliments to the Duscheks. I beg you will send me by the first opportunity the aria that I wrote

for Madame Baumgarten [see No. 127], the rondo for Madame Duschek, and Cecarelli's also.

170.

Vienna, Sept. 12, 1781.

The serenata of Rust [a Salzburg musician] must have had a fine effect in the Rock Theatre [in Heilbrunn], especially as all the singers were seated, and sang from the music, which would not have been practicable in a hall or in a large room. I cannot help laughing when I hear the projects of concerts to be given in honour of the Grand-Duke, and no doubt the Grand-Duke will arrive here all of a sudden, and then we shall have no Rock Theatre. Herr Lipp [organist in Salzburg] must have made a fine exhibition before all the great dignitaries, a degree worse than even Haydn [Michael] if possible. The valour that Haydn displayed in the Lazareth grove was of no little benefit to my health. I pity the poor sufferers in Redstatt from my heart. Speaking of fire, I must tell you that the Magdalen Chapel in Stephan's Church has been blazing throughout the whole night. The smoke awoke the watchmen of the town at five o'clock in the morning, but till half-past five no one came to try to extinguish it, and it was fully six o'clock before they brought water and engines where it was blazing most fiercely; the whole altar with all its decorations, and the chairs, and everything in the chapel, is burnt. They were obliged to

drive the people with blows to assist in putting out the fire, and as no one seemed willing to help, gentlemen in laced coats and embroidered waistcoats volunteered their aid. It is said that since Vienna was a city, there never was seen such a disgraceful want of regulation as on this occasion. Of course the Emperor is not here. I do wish that Daubrawaick may soon arrive, so that I may get my music. Fräulein von Aurnhammer torments me incessantly about the double concerto. We have now rehearsals on rehearsals in the theatre; the ballet-master Antoine has been summoned from Munich, and *figurantes* are sought in all Vienna and its suburbs, for there is now only a melancholy residuum left of Noverre's troop [see No. 101]; besides, during the last eight years they have never danced a step, so their legs are now like actual sticks. I think I wrote to you lately that Gluck's 'Iphigénie' is to be given in German, and his 'Alceste' in Italian. If one of the two is performed, I shall think it all right, but *both* would annoy me, and I will tell you why: the person who has translated 'Iphigénie' into German is an admirable poet, and I would fain have given him my Munich opera to translate. I meant to have entirely rewritten the part of Idomeneo, and altered it to a bass part for Fischer, and would have made many other alterations, and arranged it more in the French style. Bernasconi, Adamberger, and Fischer would all have been glad to sing in it, but as they have now two operas to study,

and most difficult operas they are, I must give up this idea; besides, a third opera would be too much.

171.

Vienna, Sept. 19, 1781.

Ma très-chère Sœur,

By my dear father's last letter I find that you are ill, which causes me no little sorrow and anxiety; indeed, as you have been drinking mineral waters for the last fortnight, you must have been unwell for some time, and yet I never heard a word of it. Your frequently recurring indisposition induces me to write to you in all sincerity. Believe me, dearest sister, that I am quite in earnest when I say that I wish you had a good husband, for your state of mind influences your health very much; so I hope you may soon be married. You let me off only too easily in your last letter, and did not scold me as I deserved. I am ashamed when I think of my neglect, and can allege no single excuse, except that the last time I heard from you I began to write to you, but left the letter lying unfinished till I tore it up; for the time is not arrived when I may be able to give you more sure comfort, but I hope, and do not doubt, that it will come. Now listen to my suggestions.

You are aware that I am writing an opera; those portions that are already finished have met with universal praise. I know the nation, and I hope it will prove successful. If this be the case, I shall be as

much esteemed here for my compositions as for my pianoforte-playing. When I have got through this winter, I shall know better what my circumstances really are, and I do not doubt that they will be good. I think it hardly possible that anything should turn up in Salzburg for you and D'Yppold [her lover]—indeed, I feel certain of this. Could not D'Yppold manage to get something here? I suppose he has *some* means? Ask him about this, and if he thinks the thing might be brought about, he has only to point out to me what steps to take, and I will do my utmost, feeling so deeply interested in the result. If this were accomplished, you might marry at once, for I have no doubt that you would make a good deal of money here by playing, for instance, at private concerts, and be solicited to give lessons, and be well paid for them. In that case my father must also leave Salzburg and come with you, and then we might once more live happily together. I see no other expedient; and before I was aware that your affair with D'Yppold was serious, I had always this scheme in my head for you. Our dear father was the only obstacle, for I am anxious that he should enjoy rest and tranquillity, and no longer plague and torment himself; but I think in this way it might be managed, for by your husband's earnings, your own, and mine, we could surely gain a livelihood, and procure for our father rest and an agreeable life. Do speak to D'Yppold about this at once, and send me your in-

structions without delay, for the sooner I begin to press forward the matter the better. I can do most by means of the Cobenzls, but D'Yppold must write how and what.

M. Marchal sends you his compliments, and more particularly to D'Yppold, and begs again to return him his grateful thanks for his friendly services at the time he left. I must conclude, for I have still to write to papa. Farewell, dearest sister! I hope to have better accounts of your health in papa's next letter, and to see them confirmed soon by your own hand. Adieu! I embrace you a thousand times, and am ever your unalterably attached and loving brother.

172.

Vienna, Sept. 26, 1781.

The opera began with my monologue, so I asked Herr Stephanie to write an arietta for it, and then, after Osmin's little song, when the two talk together, to substitute a duett. We intend the part of Osmin for Herr Fischer, who certainly has a grand bass voice (although the Archbishop once assured me that he sang too low for a bass, and I in return promised that he should sing higher next time), so we must take advantage of this, especially as he has the whole public in his favour here. In the original libretto Osmin has only one song, and nothing else to sing except in the terzetto and finale; so now he has an aria in the first act,

and also one in the second. I have already indicated to Stephanie the words that I require for that air, the chief part of the music being finished before Stephanie heard a word on the subject. There is only a beginning and an end, which must have a good effect, and Osmin's rage is made comical by the accompaniment of the Turkish music. In working out the aria, I have given full scope to Fischer's fine deep tones to vibrate. The 'D'rum beim Barte des Propheten' is indeed in the same time, but with quick notes, and as his wrath gradually increases (when the aria appears to be at an end), the *allegro assai* follows in quite another measure and key, which must insure the best effect; for as a man in such a violent fit of passion transgresses all the bounds of order and propriety, and forgets himself in his fury, the same must be the case with the music too. But as the passions, whether violent or not, must never be expressed so as to become revolting, and the music even in the most appalling situations never offend the ear, but continue to please and be melodious, I did not go from F, in which the air is written, into a remote key, but into an analogous one, not however into its nearest relative D minor, but into the more remote A minor. Do you know how I have expressed Belmonte's aria in A major, 'O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig,' and the 'throbbing heart?' by octaves on the violins. This is the favourite aria of all those who have heard it, and mine also, and written expressly to suit Adamberger's

voice. You hear the trembling, throbbing, swelling breast expressed by a crescendo; while the whispers and sighs are rendered by the first violins with *sordini*, and a flute in unison. The Janissary chorus is, as such, all that can be desired—short and lively, and written entirely to please the Viennese. I have rather sacrificed Constanze's aria to the flexible throat of Madlle. Cavalieri—'Trennung war mein banges Loos' I have endeavoured to express so far as an Italian bravura air will admit of it. I have changed the *Hui* into *schnell*, so it now stands thus—'Doch wie schnell schwand meine Freude!' I don't know what our German poets think; even if they do not understand the theatre, or at all events operas, still they should not make their personages talk as if they were addressing a herd of swine.

Now about the terzetto at the close of the first act. Pedrillo has passed off his master as an architect, to give him an opportunity to meet his Constanze in the garden. The Pacha has taken him into his service. Osmin the superintendent knows nothing of this, and being a rude churl and a sworn foe to all strangers, he is insolent, and refuses to let them enter the garden. This beginning is very short, and as the words admitted of it I wrote it very passably for the three voices; then comes the major at once *pianissimo*; it must go very quick, and wind up noisily at the close, which is always appropriate at the conclusion of an act; the more noise

the better, the shorter the better, so that the people may not have time to cool in their applause. The overture is quite short with alternate *pianos* and *fortes*, the Turkish music always coming in at the *fortes*. It is modulated through different keys, and I think no one can well go to sleep over it, even if his previous night has been a sleepless one.

Now comes the rub! The first act has been ready for three weeks past, and likewise an aria in the second act, and the drunken duett, which in fact consists entirely of my Turkish tatoo, but I cannot go on with it just now, as the whole story is being altered, and by my own desire. At the beginning of the third act there is a charming quintett, or rather finale, but I should prefer having it at the end of the second act. In order to make this practicable, great changes must be made, and in fact an entirely new plot introduced; but Stephanie is already over head and ears in other work.

173.

Vienna, Oct. 6, 1781.

There was a rumour that the Archbishop intended to come here this month (with a numerous suite, too), but it is now contradicted. As for Cecarelli, I believe there is no doubt that he will get his appointment, and indeed I don't know where a better singer could be had *for the money*. You perhaps already know what occurred to two of the Salzburg travelling students on their arrival

at Strassburg? They were actually refused permission to pass through the gates, because they looked not only like beggars, but scamps. Herr von Aurnhammer told me that a cousin of one of these youths (who brought him a letter of introduction) related this to him, adding that he said to them, 'My good young men, you must stay in the house for four or five days with me, that I may have you decently dressed, for you cannot go out as you are, without the risk of the boys in the street mobbing you and pelting you with mud.' A flattering testimonial to his illustrious Highness! I must now *ex commissione* ask you a question just as it was put to me:—Who are the Counts of Klesheim? and what is become of them? Schmidt (my cousin's poor unfortunate adorer), who is now with Trattner the bookseller, begged me very urgently to obtain information for him on the point.

I have now lost all patience at not being able to continue my opera. I am, indeed, in the interim writing other things, but my passion is fixed on it, and what would at other times require fourteen days to write, I could now do in four. I composed in one day Adamberger's aria in A, that of Cavalieri in B, and the terzett, and wrote them out in a day and a half. It would, however, be of no avail if the whole opera were finished, for it would only be left on the shelf till Gluck has brought out his two operas, and the singers have a vast deal yet to study in them. Umlauf is also obliged

to wait with his opera—'Die Bergknappen'—which is completed, and which took him a whole year to write; you need not take it for granted, however, that having taken a whole year it must be good (*entre nous*). I should have supposed (between ourselves) that this opera had been the fruits of fourteen or fifteen days' work, especially as the man has evidently learnt so many operas *by heart*, so all he had to do was to write out the music, which is precisely what he did—you can hear at once that it is so. You must know that he invited me to visit him in the most polite manner (*c'est à dire*, in his own fashion) that I might hear his opera, saying, 'You must not think that it is worth your hearing; I am not so far advanced as that, but I make it as good as I can.' I heard he afterwards said, 'That Mozart is the very devil, both in head, body, and fingers; he played my opera (which is so wretchedly transcribed that I myself cannot read it) as if he had composed it himself.' Now adieu! I hope my dear sister, whom I cordially embrace, may speedily recover. As for you, my dear father, take some cartgrease, wrap it in paper, and wear it on your chest. Bruise the bone of a leg of veal, and add a kreuzer's worth of leopard's-bane in paper, and carry it in your pocket. I hope this will certainly cure you. Adieu!

174.

Vienna, Oct. 13, 1781.

Both Fräulein von Aurnhammer and I thank you for the concertos. M. Marchal brought young Herr von Mayer to my room yesterday morning, and in the afternoon I drove to his house and fetched my things. M. Marchal is in hopes of being placed as tutor in Count Jean Esterhazy's family. Count Cobenzl gave him a written recommendation to Count Esterhazy. He said to me, 'I gave a letter to your protégé,' and when he next saw Marchal he said, 'As soon as I have an answer, I will mention it to your friend M. Mozart.'

Now as to the libretto of the opera. So far as regards Stephanie's work you are quite right; still the poetry is strictly in keeping with the character of the stupid, surly, malicious Osmin. I am well aware that this species of verse is not the best, but it chimed in so admirably with my musical ideas (previously rambling about in my head) that it could not fail to please me, and I would lay a wager that when it is performed no deficiencies will be found. As for the poetry in the piece itself, I really do not consider it at all despicable. The aria of Belmonte, 'O wie ängstlich!' could not possibly be better written for the music. The 'Hui' and 'Kummer ruht in meinem Schoosz' excepted (as grief and repose are incompatible), the air is not badly written, particularly the first part, and I should say that in an opera the poetry must necessarily be the obedient

daughter of the music. Why do the Italian comic operas everywhere please—with all their wretched poetry —even in Paris, where I myself witnessed the fact? Because music rules there supreme, and all else is forgotten. An opera is certain to become popular when the plot is well worked out, the verse written expressly for the music, and not merely to suit some miserable rhyme (which never enhances the value of any theatrical performance, be it what it may, but rather detracts from it), bringing in words or even entire verses, which completely ruin the whole ideas of the composer. Versification is, indeed, indispensable for music, but rhyme, solely for rhyming's sake, most pernicious. Those gentlemen who set to work in this pedantic fashion will always insure the failure both of their book and of the music. It would be well if a good composer could be found who understood the stage, with talent enough to make suggestions, and combined with that true Phœnix — an intellectual poet; then no misgivings would be entertained about the applause even of the unlearned. Poets seem to me somewhat like trumpeters with their mechanical tricks! If we musical composers were to adhere as faithfully to our rules (which were very good at a time when no one knew any better), we should compose music as worthless as their libretti. But I think I have given you a pretty long digression, so I must now enquire about what I have always most at heart—your health, dearest father. I

proposed in my last letter two remedies for your vertigo, which, if you do not know them, you may not value, but I have been assured that they are certain to have a good effect; and the pleasure of thinking you might get quite well, made me so entirely believe this assurance, that I could not resist naming them to you at once. My most sincere wish is that you may not require them; but, on the other hand, they might contribute to your entire recovery. I trust my sister is now daily improving in health.

175.

Vienna, Nov. 3, 1781.

Pray forgive my not having acknowledged by the last post the receipt of the cadenzas, for which I thank you much. It was my name-day, so I performed my religious duties very early in the morning, and just as I was going to write to you, a number of congratulating friends besieged me. At twelve o'clock I drove to Baroness Waldstädten, in the Leopold Stadt,* where I spent my name-day. At eleven o'clock at night I was treated to a serenade of two clarionets, two horns, and two bassoons, and indeed it was a composition of my own which I wrote for the Theresa-day, for Frau von

* *Née* von Schäfer, one of the most distinguished pianistes in Vienna, and a kind patroness of Mozart's. Indeed, in order to forward his love-affair, and to rescue Constanze from her mother's ill-usage, she, at that time, repeatedly asked the girl to stay with her. See No. 182. This serenade is marked by Köchel as No. 375.

Hickl, sister-in-law of Herr von Hickl (court painter), where it was produced for the first time. The six men who executed it are poor fellows, but play right well together, particularly the first clarionet-player, and two of the horn-players. The chief reason why I composed it was that I wished Herr von Strack [one of the Emperor's gentlemen] (who goes there daily) to hear something of mine; so I wrote it rather carefully. It met with great applause, and was played in three different places on the Theresa-day; for after having finished in one place, they were paid to proceed to another and play it again. The musicians begged that the gates might be thrown open, and, placing themselves in the centre of the court-yard, surprised me (just about to undress) in the most agreeable way in the world by the first chord in E flat.

It would be a good thing if my opera were ready, for Umlauf cannot give his at present, Madlle. Weiss and Madlle. Schindler being both indisposed. I must go off to Stephanie at once, as he says that he has at last something ready for me. I have nothing new to write about, for trifles are not likely to interest you, and more important matters you know quite as well as we do in Vienna. It is striking three, so I must hurry off to Stephanie, or I may miss him, and then have to wait again. I hope you every day feel yourself better, and my dear sister also, whom I fondly embrace.

176.

Vienna, Nov. 16, 1781.

I thank you a thousand times for your congratulations on my name-day, and send you mine for Leopold-day. My dearest and kindest father, I wish you every imaginable good that can be devised, and indeed I do so for my own sake, even more than for yours. So I wish (*for my own sake*) that you may continue in health, and live for countless years to the increase of my peace and happiness. I wish that all I do and undertake may be in accordance with your desire and pleasure, or rather that I may never do anything which does not ultimately cause you happiness. I hope it may be so, for whatever contributes to your son's happiness must of course be welcome to you also. Herr von Aurnhammer (in whose house I am now writing), his wife, and the two young ladies, also send you their best wishes. The Duke of Würtemberg is expected to-day, so to-morrow there is to be a masked ball, and on the 25th a *public* Redoute at Schönbrunn. A considerable *embarras* has arisen about this, for according to general report the Grand Duke is to remain here only ten days, whereas St. Catharine's day (for which the ball has been fixed), according to the Greek calendar, falls on the 6th of December. No one knows yet what will be done. I must tell you a diverting incident. The actors were commanded by the Emperor each to select a part to perform before the Grand Duke. Lange [Aloysia's

husband] applied for that of Hamlet, but Count Rosenberg, who does not like Lange, said that could not be, because Brockmann had always played the part here. When this was repeated to Brockmann, he went to Rosenberg, and told him that he could not appear in the part, and that the play could not be performed at all. And why? Because the Grand Duke himself had all along *played the part of Hamlet too well!* The Emperor (they say—they say—they say) sent Brockmann fifty ducats on hearing it. Now I have no more news.

177.

Vienna, Nov. 17, 1781.

As for Cecarelli, it is quite out of the question. I cannot offer him a bed even for a single night; for I have only one room, which is not large, and so crammed with a chest of drawers, a table, and a piano, that I really don't know where a bed could be placed, but I could find a cheap lodging for him if I only knew precisely when he was to arrive.

All this time I have never seen Countess Schönborn [the Archbishop's sister]. I had no inclination to go to her, and I still feel just the same. *I know her well*; she would (to a certainty) say something that I could not digest or leave unanswered, and it is always better to avoid such things. At all events, she knows that I am here, and if she wishes to see me she can send for me. Czernin could not refrain from alluding to the Mölk

affair [see No. 163], and asked Mölk publicly at table what news he had of his brother the Councillor. Mölk was taken aback, and could not reply. I should certainly have given him some answer. He was corrupted in a house which the two brothers often frequented.

I have at last got something to work at for my opera. If we were always to trust and believe tale-bearers, how often should we injure ourselves! I cannot tell you how eagerly people strove to prejudice me against Stephanie. I really became quite uneasy on the subject, and if I had acted as I was advised, I should have converted a good friend into an enemy, who might have done me a great deal of harm, and certainly without any just cause.

Yesterday the Archduke Maximilian * sent for me at three o'clock in the afternoon. When I went in, he was standing beside the stove in the inner room waiting for me. He came straight up to me and asked if I had anything particular to do. 'Nothing, your Royal Highness, nothing whatever; and if I had, I should always esteem it a favour to be allowed to wait on your Royal Highness.' 'No, I never wish to inconvenience any man.' He then told me that he purposed giving a concert the same evening to the illustrious Würtemberg visitors, so he wished me to play and also to accompany the singing; that I was to come back at

* See note to Letter 100. He became Archbishop of Cologne, and was Beethoven's chief patron.

six o'clock, when all the others would be assembled. I therefore played there yesterday. When God gives a man a sacred office, He generally gives him understanding, and so it will be, I hope, in the case of the Archduke; but before he became a priest he was far wittier and more intellectual, and spoke less, but more to the purpose. You should see him now! Stupidity peers out of his eyes, he talks and holds forth incessantly, and always in falsetto—he has an enlarged throat—in short, the whole man seems entirely transformed. The Duke of Würtemberg is most charming, and so are the Duchess and the Princess; the Prince is a stick of eighteen, a regular calf. I must now conclude. Farewell, and be as cheerful as you can.

178.

Vienna, Nov. 24, 1781.

I was at a concert yesterday at Aurnhammer's, when Cecarelli called at my lodgings with the letter, but as he did not find me he left it with the Webers, who sent it to me directly. Countess Thun was at the concert (invited by me), Baron von Swieten, Baron Godenus, the rich converted Jew, Wetzlar, Count Firmian, and Herr von Daubrawaick and his son. We played the concerto *a due*, and a sonata *a due*, which I composed expressly for the occasion, and it was very successful [the short one in D major, Köchel, No. 381]. I will send you this sonata by Herr von Daubrawaick,

who said he would be proud to place it in his portmanteau. It was the son who said so, and, *nota bene*, a Salzburger! The father, however, when he was going away, said aloud to me, 'I am proud of being your countryman. You are doing Salzburg great honour, and I hope the times may change so that we may have you among us again, when we certainly shall not allow you to leave us.' I merely replied, 'My own country will always have the first claim upon me.' The Grand-Duke is now here, as large as life. To-morrow 'Alceste' is to be given (in Italian) at Schönbrunn, and a public ball. I have looked out some favourite Russian airs, and intend to play variations on them. My sonatas are published, and I will send them to you by the first opportunity [Köchel, Nos. 376—380].

Cecarelli will probably wish to give a concert with me; but that must not be, for I do not admire going shares with any one. All that I can do, as I shall give a concert in Easter, is to let him sing in it, and also to play for him *gratis* in his own. I must conclude, as I have to go to Fräulein von Trattner [his pupil].

179.

Vienna, Dec. 5, 1781.

I have no letter from you to-day, but I will write you all the news I have heard, which is, indeed, little enough, and that little consists chiefly of lies—and so I do not write you any, fearing to bring myself into disgrace

—as, for instance, that General Laudon was really dead, but (happily for the House of Austria) is now resuscitated. The Grand-Duke is to remain here till the new year, and the Emperor is concerned as to how he is to be amused for such a long period; so, to avoid all tribulation, he does not amuse him at all. He thinks it quite enough if he can amuse the Grand-Duchess; and for that purpose he himself suffices. There was a horrible confusion at the Schönbrunn ball. As such a result of the admirable arrangements could be easily foreseen without any witchcraft, *Herr Ego* did not go at all, not being partial to crowds, pushing, and blows, even if they chance to be Imperial ones. The court messenger, Strobel, had the distribution of the tickets; there were 3,000 applications. It was publicly announced that any one could be placed on the list by applying to Strobel. Everybody went, and Strobel wrote down the names, and all people had to do was to send for their tickets. Some, who were too well known, had their tickets sent to their own houses, this commission being intrusted to any boys loitering about. It so happened that a boy on the stairs asked a passer-by whether his name was *so-and-so*, who, in fun, said that it was, so he got the ticket. I know two families who, owing to this want of proper regulation, did not get any tickets; they were on the list, but, on sending for them, Strobel replied that they had long since been sent. In this way the ball was full of hairdressers and house-

maids. Now, however, comes the finest thing of all, at which the nobility are very indignant. The Emperor, the whole of the time, had the Grand-Duchess on his arm; there were two sets of *contredanses* of the nobility—Romans and Tartars. Into one of these the Vienna populace, who are never over-civil, pushed forward so rudely that they forced the Grand-Duchess to let go the Emperor's arm, shoving her forward among the dancers. The Emperor began to stamp furiously, swore like a lazzarone, drove back a crowd of people, and struck out right and left. Some of the Hungarian guards wished to go with him to clear a space, but he sent them off. He is very properly served, for it could not be otherwise—a mob will always be a mob.

I have this moment received your letter of the 27th November. It is quite true that the Emperor drove to meet the Duke of Würtemberg, out of love for the Princess. No soul here affects to make a mystery of this, but no one knows whether she is to be a prize for himself or for a Tuscan prince. The latter is the most probable. The Emperor is really too absurdly loving towards her, kissing her hands constantly, first one and then the other, and often both at once. This surprises me much, as she is still, in fact, a mere child; but if it be true, and what people predict takes place (and I suspect that with him 'charity begins at home') that she is to reside in a convent here for two years, probably if no evil spell intervenes, she will become my pupil on the piano.

I know the bassoon-player well whom they wish to foist on the Archbishop. He plays second to Ritter at the opera. You write that I must not forget you. That you rejoice to think I do not, gives me great pleasure; but if you could believe it possible I should forget you, it would indeed cause me the greatest pain. I am to remember that I have an immortal soul? Not only do I think of this, but I firmly believe in it. Were it not so, in what would consist the distinction between men and animals? Just because I both know and believe in this, have I been unable to fulfil all your wishes in the way you expected. Now farewell!

180.

Vienna, Dec. 15, 1781.

I have this moment received yours of the 12th. Herr von Daubrawaick will convey this letter to you, the watch, the Munich opera, the six published sonatas, the sonata for two pianos, and the cadenzas. All is over, so far as my hopes are concerned, as to the Princess of Würtemberg. The Emperor has entirely put an end to them, for he thinks Salieri all-in-all. The Archduke Maximilian suggested me as teacher to the Princess, and she replied that had it depended on her she would have engaged no other master, but the Emperor had recommended her to take Salieri on account of her singing, which she very much regretted. What you write about the House of Würtemberg and yourself might possibly be of use to me.

My very dearest father, you demand an explanation of the words in the closing sentence of my last letter. Oh! how gladly would I long ago have opened my heart to you, but I was deterred by the reproaches I dreaded for even thinking of such a thing at so unseasonable a time, although merely *thinking* can never be unseasonable. My endeavours are directed at present to securing a small but certain income, which, together with what chance may put in my way, may enable me to live and—to marry! You are alarmed at this idea; but I entreat you, my dearest, kindest father, to listen to me. I have been obliged to disclose to you my purpose; you must therefore allow me to disclose to you my reasons also, and very well grounded reasons they are. My feelings are strong, but I cannot live as many other young men do. In the first place, I have too great a sense of religion, too much love for my neighbour to do so, and too high a feeling of honour to deceive any innocent girl. [See No. 109.] My disposition has always inclined me more to domestic life than to excitement; I never from my youth upwards have been in the habit of taking any charge of my linen or clothes, &c., and I think nothing is more desirable for me than a wife. I assure you I am forced to spend a good deal owing to the want of proper care of what I possess. I am quite convinced that I should be far better off with a wife (and the same income I now have), for how many other superfluous expenses

would it save! Others come, to be sure, in their place, but I know what they are, and can regulate accordingly, and, in short, lead an orderly life. An unmarried man, in my opinion, enjoys only half a life. Such are my views, and such they will always remain. I have thought and reflected sufficiently, and I shall ever continue to think the same. But now who is the object of my love? Do not be startled, I entreat. Not one of the Webers, surely? Yes, one of the Webers—not Josepha, not Sophie, but the third daughter, Constanze. I never met with such diversity of dispositions in any family. The eldest is idle, coarse, and deceitful—crafty and cunning as a fox; Madame Lange [Aloysia] is false and unprincipled, and a coquette; the youngest is still too childish to have her character defined—she is merely a good-humoured, frivolous girl; may God guard her from temptation! The third, however, namely, my good and beloved Constanze, is the martyr of the family, and probably on this very account the kindest-hearted, the cleverest, and, in short, the best of them all; she takes charge of the whole house, and yet does nothing right in their eyes. Oh! my dear father, I could write you pages were I to describe to you all the scenes that I have witnessed in that house; but if you wish it I will do so in my next letter. Before, however, releasing you from this subject, I must make you better acquainted with the character of my Constanze. She is not plain, but at

the same time far from being handsome; her whole beauty consists in a pair of bright black eyes and a pretty figure. She is not witty, but has enough sound good sense to enable her to fulfil her duties as a wife and mother. It is utterly false that she is inclined to be extravagant; on the contrary, she is invariably very plainly dressed, for the little her mother can spend on her children she gives to the two others, but to Constanze nothing. It is true that her dress is always neat and nice, however simple, and she can herself make most of the things requisite for a young lady. She dresses her own hair, understands housekeeping, and has the best heart in the world. I love her with my whole soul, as she does me. Tell me if I could wish for a better wife. I must add that, at the time I gave up my situation, my love had not begun; it first arose (while living with them) from her tender care and attentions. All I now wish is that I may procure some permanent situation (and this, thank God, I have good hopes of), and then I shall never cease entreating your consent to my rescuing this poor girl, and thus making, I may say, all of us quite happy, as well as Constanze and myself; for, if I am happy, you are sure to be so, dearest father, and one half of the proceeds of my situation shall be yours.

I have thus opened my heart to you, and fully explained my words. I in turn beg you to explain those in your last letter: 'You do not believe that

I was aware of a proposal made to you, but to which you have given no answer?' I don't understand one word of this. I know of no proposal. Pray, have compassion on your son. Ever your dutiful son.

181.

Vienna, Dec. 15–22, 1781.

Ma très-chère Sœur,

I thank you for all the news you have written to me. I send you my six sonatas, but only four of these are unknown to you. It was impossible to send you the variations, for the copyist had too much to do, but as soon as I can manage it I will forward them to you.

22nd.—You no doubt received the envelope in which I enclosed my letter to my father. Herr von Daubrawaick has sent me back the opera, so I must look out for some other opportunity. Cecarelli would have been not a little perplexed had you accepted his offer, for when I spoke to him about it he replied, 'Oh! certainly; I would have brought her with me gladly.' So, when I asked him why then he did not do so, he could give no better reason than 'Where could I have deposited her here?' 'Oh! as to that,' said I, 'there would have been no difficulty, for I know plenty of houses where she would have been joyfully received.' And indeed it is quite true. If you can meet with a good opportunity to come here for a time, let me know a little beforehand. Is not 'Das Loch in der Thür'

[by Stephanie] a good comedy? But you ought to see it acted here. 'Die Gefahren der Verführung' is also a capital piece. 'Das öffentliche Geheimniss' ought only to be regarded as an Italian play, for the condescension of the Princess to her servant is both unseemly and unnatural. The best part of the play is the 'öffentliche Geheimniss' itself ['the public secret'] —I mean the way in which the two lovers, though preserving their secret, still contrive openly to communicate with each other.

I cannot write you any news, dear sister, because I don't know any. I must tell you as to some of our old acquaintances that I have only been once at Frau von Mesmer's; the house is no longer what it was. If my object were only to dine free of expense, I need not drive out to the Landstrasse for that purpose; there are plenty of places in the town where I am urged to go. The Fischers [also old friends of the year 1766] live in the *tiefen Graben*, where I scarcely ever chance to be, but when my way does lead me there I pay them a visit of a few minutes, for longer I could not endure the small overheated room, and the wine on the table. I am well aware that people of that class consider this as the greatest possible compliment, but I am no admirer of such compliments, and still less of such people. As for my shooting fund [for the Salzburg Crossbow Club] I don't know what is to be done; the money, no doubt, must be the interest of the

100 gulden. Perhaps next year I may be more fortunate. What of the target?

Good heavens! I have this instant received such a letter from my dear good father! What monsters there are in the world in the shape of men! But patience! My anger and fury are such that I can write no more, except that I will answer the letter by the next post, and prove to my father that there are men who are worse than devils. He may in the meantime be easy in his mind; his son is perhaps more worthy of him than he thinks.*

182.

Vienna, Dec. 22, 1781.

I am still full of wrath and indignation at the shameless lies of that arch-villain Winter. At the same time I feel calm and composed, because they do not affect me, and I am pleased and satisfied with you, my dearest and kindest of fathers. I never could expect anything else, however, from your good sense, and your kindness and love towards me. You have no doubt by this time received my last letter with the

* The young composer, Peter Winter (who afterwards composed the opera, the 'Unterbrochene Opferfest'), returned from Vienna to Munich by way of Salzburg, and told the father all kinds of evil reports about Mozart, but more especially about Constanze. The letters Wolfgang wrote from Mannheim showed what he thought of the Abbé Vogler; nor did he probably seek to conceal his opinion from the public. So Winter, being a pupil of Vogler, was never very partial to Mozart.

confession of my love and my intentions, and you will see by it that I am not such a fool as at the age of five-and-twenty to marry rashly without possessing any certain income. My reasons for wishing to marry soon are well grounded, and the picture I have drawn of my dear Constanze must show you how well fitted she is to become my wife, for she is just as I have described her, neither an atom better nor worse. As for the contract of marriage, I will make the most candid confession about it, thoroughly persuaded that you will forgive me this step, for had you been in my place you would most assuredly have done the same. For one thing alone I entreat your pardon—that is, for not having long ago written to you on the subject. In my last letter I apologised for the delay, and told you the cause that deterred me from writing. I do hope you will grant me your forgiveness, especially as no one was made more miserable by it than myself. Indeed, if you had not by your last letter given me an inducement to enter on the subject, I intended to have written to you and confessed everything; for no longer, no longer, by heavens! could I bear it.

But now in reference to the marriage contract, or rather to the written pledge of my honourable intentions with regard to the girl. You are well aware that her father being no longer alive (unhappily for the whole family as well as for Constanze and myself), a guardian stands in his place. To him (who is not

acquainted with me) busybodies and officious gentlemen like Winter and others, must have no doubt brought all sorts of reports, such as, that he must beware of me, that I had no fixed income, that I frequented her society too much, that I would perhaps leave her in the lurch, and thus make the girl miserable, &c., &c. The guardian became very uneasy at these insinuations. The mother, however, who knows me and my integrity, was perfectly satisfied, and never said a word to him. My whole intercourse consisted in living in the same house with her, and afterwards calling every day. No one ever saw me with her elsewhere. The guardian besieged the mother with his remonstrances till she told me of them, and begged me to speak to him myself, as he was to be there shortly. He came, and we conversed together, and the result was (as I did not explain myself so clearly as he desired) that he insisted on the mother putting an end to all intercourse between her daughter and myself until I had settled the affair with him in writing. The mother said, 'His whole intercourse consists in his calling here; I cannot forbid him my house; he is too good a friend of ours, and one to whom I am under great obligations. I am satisfied; I trust him. Settle it with him yourself.' So he forbade my seeing her at all, unless I gave him a written engagement. What could I do? I was forced either to give a contract in writing or renounce the girl. Who that sincerely and

truly loves can forsake his beloved? Would not the mother of the girl herself have placed the worst interpretation on such conduct? Such was my position. The contract was in this form:—'I bind myself to marry Madlle. Constanze Weber in the course of three years, and if it should so happen, which I consider impossible, that I change my mind, she shall be entitled to draw on me every year for 300 florins.' Nothing in the world could be easier than to write this, for I knew that the payment of the 300 florins never would be exacted, because I could never forsake her; and if unhappily I altered my views, I would only be too glad to get rid of her by paying the 300 florins; and Constanze, as I know her, would be too proud to let herself be sold in this way. But what did the angelic girl do when her guardian was gone? She desired her mother to give her the written paper, and saying to me 'Dear Mozart, I require no written contract from you, I rely on your promise,' she tore up the paper. This trait endeared Constanze still more to me, and by the destruction of the contract, and the faithful promise of the guardian to keep the affair secret, I was in so far at ease about you, dearest father. I was not uneasy about your consent to my marriage when the proper time arrived (as the girl has everything but money), for I know your rational ideas on these subjects. Will you then forgive me? I hope so. I do not doubt it.

I must now (however repugnant to me) speak of

those vile slanderers. I believe Herr Reiner's sole malady must have consisted in having gone wrong in the head. I saw him by chance in the theatre, where he gave me a letter from Ramm [formerly hautboy-player in Mannheim, and now in Munich]. I asked him where he lodged, but he could neither tell me the street nor the house, and grumbled at having been over-persuaded to come here. I offered to present him to the Countess and wherever I had the *entrée*, and told him that if he found he could not give a concert, I would present him to the Grand-Duke. He said, 'Pooh! nothing is to be done here; I shall go away at once.' 'Only have a little patience,' said I; 'as you can't tell me where your lodging is, I shall at all events tell you mine, which is easily found.' He never came to see me; I enquired where to find him, but when I at last discovered his address, he was gone. So much for this gentleman! As for Winter, I can with truth say that on account of Vogler he has always been my greatest enemy. In his manners he resembles the brutes, and in the rest of his conduct and actions he is a mere child; so I really feel ashamed to write a single word about him, for he thoroughly deserves the contempt of every man of honour. I shall not, therefore, tell infamous truths of him in return for the infamous lies he told about me, but rather give you an account of my general mode of life.

Every morning at six o'clock comes my hairdresser

and wakes me. I have finished dressing by seven, when I write till ten; I then give a lesson to Frau von Trattner. At eleven I go to Countess Rumbeck; each of these pupils gives me six ducats for twelve lessons, and I go there every day, unless they send to put me off, which always annoys me. I have settled with the Countess that she is never to put me off—that is, if she cannot receive me, I am to count the lesson all the same —but Frau von Trattner is too economical to do so. I don't owe any man a farthing. I never heard a word of any amateur concert where two persons played the piano beautifully, and I must frankly say that I do not think it worth while to answer all the trash repeated by such a miserable blockhead and gossip. If you can believe that I am hated at court and by all the nobility, or any part of them, you have only to write to Herr von Strack, Countess Thun, Countess Rumbeck, Baroness Waldstädten, Herr von Sonnenfels, Frau von Trattner—in short, to whom you choose. For the present I shall only say that recently during dinner the Emperor praised me to the highest degree, adding these words, '*c'est un talent décidé*;' and the day before yesterday, the 14th, I played at court. Another pianist has arrived here, an Italian whose name is Clementi, and he was also engaged to play. I received fifty ducats yesterday for this, which I at present stand greatly in need of. My dear kind father, you will see that things now daily go better with me. What avails a great

excitement? Sudden success is never lasting—*chi va piano va sano.* Let each cut his coat according to his cloth. Among all the shameful calumnies of Winter, the only thing that enrages me is that he disparages my Constanze! I have described her to you as she really is, and if you wish to know the opinion of others write to Herr von Aurnhammer, where she occasionally visits; she once dined there. Write to Baroness Waldstädten, with whom she was (unluckily) only one month, the Baroness being ill, and now her mother refuses to part with her. God grant I may soon be able to marry her! Cecarelli sends you his regards; he sang at court yesterday. Adieu!

183.

Vienna, Jan. 9, 1782.

I have as yet no answer to my last letter, which is the reason I did not write to you by the last post. I still hope to hear from you to-day. In my letter of the 28th I had partly answered yours beforehand (without being aware of it), so I must wait for your reply. I must inform you that the Pope is coming here, and the whole town is full of the news. I, however, don't believe it, for Count Cobenzl told me that the Emperor meant to decline his visit. The Bavarian court left this on the 5th. I have just been myself to Peisser's to see if there was any letter from you, and have sent again; it is nearly five o'clock. I cannot understand why I do not hear from you. Can it be that you are too angry with me

to write? You have a right to be displeased at my having so long concealed the affair from you—a perfect right; but if you have read my justification, I do think you might forgive me. My wish to marry surely cannot cause you displeasure? I believe that you appreciate my religious feelings and proper mode of thinking on this subject. Oh! I could still say a great deal in reply to your last letter, and make many remonstrances, but my maxim is not to take the trouble to allude to anything that does not in the least apply to me; I cannot help it—such is my disposition. I feel quite ashamed to defend myself when I am falsely accused. I always think that the truth is sure to come to light one day. I shall now write no more on the subject, not having yet an answer to my last letter. I have no news. Farewell! I once more ask your forgiveness, and beg you to be indulgent and merciful towards me. I never can be happy or contented without my beloved Constanze, but without your cordial consent I shall only be partly happy. Make me wholly so, my dearest and best father, I entreat.

184.

Vienna, Jan. 12, 1782.

I had begun an answer to your letter of the 7th, but I cannot possibly finish it, as a servant of Countess Rumbeck's has just come to invite me to a small musical party at her house. I must have my hair dressed, and change my dress; but although I did not like to

leave you entirely without any tidings of me, I cannot write much.

Clementi plays well, so far as execution with the right hand goes. His greatest strength is his passages in thirds, but he has not an atom of feeling or taste—in short, he is a mere machine. The hairdresser is come, so I must conclude. I implore you to make me happy by your consent—I *implore* it of you. I am quite convinced that you will love my dearest Constanze. Farewell!

185.

Vienna, Jan. 12, 1782.

I thank you for your long affectionate letter. If I were to give detailed answers on every point, I must fill a quire of paper. As this is impossible, I shall only reply to what is most necessary. The guardian's name is Herr von Thorwarth; he is inspector of theatrical properties; in short, everything connected with the theatre must pass through his hands; the fifty ducats the Emperor gave me were sent through him; I applied to him also about my concert in the theatre, as all this chiefly depends on him, and he is highly considered by Count Rosenberg and Baron Kleinmayrn. I own that I thought he would have informed you of the whole affair, without saying a word to me on the subject. That he did not do so, but (notwithstanding his promise) told the fact to the whole of Vienna, has very much shaken the good opinion I once had of him. I quite

agree with you in thinking that Madame Weber and Herr von Thorwarth have been to blame in showing too much regard for their own interests, though Madame Weber is no longer her own mistress, above all in such matters, but must submit entirely to the guardian, who (not knowing me) was by no means bound to place any confidence in me. But that he was too hasty in demanding from me a written obligation is undeniable, especially when I told him that as yet you knew nothing of the affair, and I could not possibly acquaint you with it then. I begged him to have a little patience for a short time till my circumstances took another turn, when I would at once write to you, and the whole matter would be settled. Still the thing is over now, and love must plead my excuse. Herr von Thorwarth did not behave well, but not so badly that he and Madame Weber 'should sweep the streets in irons like criminals, and a tablet round their necks with the words *seducers of youth*.' This would really be rather too severe; and even if what you write were true, that for my sake the house was always open to me, thus giving me every opportunity, &c., &c., the punishment even in that case would be rather startling. But I need scarcely tell you such is not the fact, and the very suspicion is grievous to me. How could you believe your son capable of frequenting a house where such things went on? This much only will I say, that you may believe precisely the *reverse* of all you have been told. But enough of this.

As to Clementi, he is a good player, and when this is said, all is said. He has great facility with his right hand; his principal passages are thirds; but in other respects he has not an atom of taste or feeling—all is mere mechanism. The Emperor (after we had stood on ceremony long enough) commanded him to begin. 'The Holy Catholic Church first!' said he, Clementi being a Roman. He played a prelude and then a sonata, when the Emperor said to me, '*Allons d'rauf los!*' ['Come, fire away!'] I also played a prelude and some variations. The Grand Duchess handed us some sonatas by Paesiello (wretchedly written out by himself), of which I was to play the *allegro*, and Clementi the *andante* and *rondo*. We then selected a theme from them and executed it on two pianos. It is rather remarkable that though I had borrowed Countess Thun's piano, I only played my *solos* on it by the Emperor's desire.—N.B. The other was out of tune, and three of the keys stuck fast. '*No matter*,' said the Emperor. I take it in this light, which is indeed its best aspect, that the Emperor, knowing now my skill and science in music, only wished to have a little sport with the foreigner. I know from good authority that he was much pleased with me. He was very gracious, spoke to me a great deal privately, and even alluded to my marriage. Who knows? Perhaps—what do you think?—at all events I might make the attempt. More as to this next time.

186.

Vienna, Jan. 23, 1782.

Nothing more disagreeable than to be obliged to live in uncertainty, not knowing what is to happen. Such is my case with regard to the concert, and it is the same with every one who wishes to give one. Last year the Emperor was strongly disposed to continue the plays all through Lent; perhaps it may be so this year. *Basta!* At all events I have secured the days for my concerts (if there is no acting), viz. the three Sundays in Lent. If I know it a fortnight beforehand, it will be sufficient; otherwise my whole programme would be deranged, or I should be obliged to incur needless expense. Countess Thun, Adamberger, and other good friends of mine, advise me to select the best things out of my Munich opera ['Idomeneo'], and to have them performed in the theatre, to play only one concerto, and to extemporise at the close. I had this already in my head, and now I have made up my mind to do so, particularly as Clementi means also to give a concert, and this gives me a little advantage over him, the more so that I can perhaps give mine twice.

I must give you my opinion as to the probable sources I may look to for a small income. My eyes are directed to three things. The first is not certain, and, even if it were, probably would not be much; the second would be the best, but God knows whether it may ever come to pass; and the third would be far

from despicable, but unluckily it applies to the future, and not to the present. The first is young Prince Liechtenstein (who wishes it to be kept secret as yet). He intends to establish a military band, for which I am to write the music; this might prove no great things, but it would be at least something *certain*, and I would not sign the contract unless it were to be for life. The second (the first, however, in my estimation) is the Emperor himself. Who knows? I intend to speak to Herr von Strack, and I don't doubt that he will do all he can, for he has shown himself to be a good friend of mine; but courtiers are never to be trusted. The manner in which the Emperor speaks of me inspires me with some hope. Great gentlemen about court do not relish hearing such speeches, much less do they usually make them; they are always in expectation of attacks themselves, and are great adepts in eluding these. The third is the Archduke Maximilian. I may boldly say that he esteems me highly; he takes every opportunity of praising me, and I think I may safely assert that if he were actually Elector of Cologne, I should be at this moment his Capellmeister. It is a pity that these grandees will make no arrangements beforehand. I could easily manage to extract a simple promise from him, but how would that benefit me at present? Ready money is better. My dear good father, if I knew for certain that a kind Providence would ordain that I should continue to enjoy good health, and exempt me from

illness, oh! then I would marry my dear faithful Constanze this very day. I have now three pupils, which brings me eighteen ducats a month; for I no longer count by twelve lessons, but by the month. I have learned, to my own loss, that my pupils often suspend their lessons for whole weeks; now, however, they may learn or not, but each of them must pay me six ducats. I could get several more on these terms, but I only want one other, four being quite enough, which would make twenty-four ducats, or 102 florins 24 kreuzers. With this sum a man and his wife (in the retired quiet way we wish to live) might contrive to get on; only, if I were to be ill, we should receive nothing. I can write, it is true, at least one opera every year, give an annual concert, and publish my works, bringing out some by subscription; there are also other concerts, where they pay, particularly if you are established long in a place and have a certain reputation. But then I should like to look on such things merely as accessories, and not as essentials; but if the bow will not bend, it must break, and I will rather make the venture, than continue to wait for a long period. Things cannot go worse with me, and will no doubt every day gradually go better. My reason for wishing to avoid delay is not so much on my own account as on hers. I must rescue her as soon as possible; but more of this in my next letter.

187.

Vienna, Jan. 30, 1782.

I write hurriedly, and at half-past ten at night, as I intended to have delayed writing till Saturday, but having an urgent request to make to you, I hope you will not take it amiss if I even now write very briefly. I wish you along with your next letter to send me the libretto of 'Idomeneo,' either in German or untranslated. I sent one to Countess Thun, who has since removed and cannot find it, so probably it is lost. Madame Aurnhammer had the other, but though she has searched she cannot find it; perhaps she may still do so, but if it is not forthcoming, especially at this moment when I absolutely require it, I shall be left in the lurch. To make quite sure of the matter, therefore, I beg you will forward it to me at once, whatever the cost may be, for I must have it instantly to arrange my concert, which is to take place the third Sunday in Lent, so don't fail to send it off directly. The sonatas are to be despatched on the next post-day. My opera is not gone to sleep, but is deferred on account of Gluck's great operas and the various alterations in the poetry, but it is to be given immediately after Easter. I must now conclude. One thing more (for without it I could not sleep in peace): do not suspect my Constanze of so base a disposition. Believe me, if she was capable of such sentiments, I could not possibly love her. She and I long ago were aware of

her mother's designs, but she will discover her mistake, for she wishes us (when we are married) to live with her, as she has apartments to let; but this shall never be, for on no account would I consent to it, and my Constanze still less; on the contrary, she does not wish to be much with her mother, and I shall do all I can to prevent it—we know her too well. My kind father, my dearest wish is that we may soon meet, and that you may see her and love her, for you love those who have good hearts—that I know.

188.

Vienna, Feb. 13, 1782.

Ma très-chère Sœur,

Thank you for the little book, which I eagerly expected. I conclude, as you got my letter, that our dear good father is now with you again. You must not suppose, from my not answering you, that you and your letters are troublesome. I shall always, dearest sister, with the utmost delight receive a letter from you; and if indispensable business (in pursuit of my livelihood) permitted it, God knows I would answer you at once. Did I then never reply to your letters, my silence cannot proceed either from forgetfulness or negligence, but from positive hindrances — from actual impossibility! Do I not write seldom enough to my father? and very wrong, too, you will say! But you both know Vienna. Is not a man (who has not a

farthing of settled income) obliged in such a place to think and to work day and night? Our father when he has finished his duties in church, and you when you have done with your few pupils, can both do as you please for the rest of the day, and write letters full of doleful litanies; but not so with me. I lately described my course of life to my father, and now I will repeat it to you:—At six o'clock in the morning I have my hair dressed, and have finished my toilet by seven o'clock. I write till nine. From nine to one I give lessons. I then dine, unless I am invited out, when dinner is usually at two o'clock, sometimes at three, as it was to-day, and will be to-morrow at Countess Zichi's and Countess Thun's. I cannot begin to work before five or six o'clock in the evening, and I am often prevented doing so by some concert; otherwise I write till nine o'clock. I then go to my dear Constanze, though our pleasure in meeting is frequently embittered by the unkind speeches of her mother, which I will explain to my father in my next letter. Thence comes my wish to liberate and rescue her as soon as possible. At half-past ten or eleven I go home, but this depends on the mother's humour, or on my patience in bearing it. Owing to the number of concerts, and also the uncertainty whether I may not be summoned to one place or another, I cannot rely on my evening writing, so it is my custom (especially when I come home early) to write for a time before going to bed. I often sit up writing till one, and rise

again at six. Dearest sister, if you believe that I can ever forget you and my beloved father, then——but I say no more; God knows my heart, which ought to tranquillise me, and He would punish me were I to do so. Adieu!

189.

Vienna, March 23, 1782.

I regret very much having only yesterday heard that a son of Leitgeb's was going to Salzburg in the diligence, which would have been a capital opportunity of sending you many things (free of expense), but in these two days it was hopeless to get the variations copied, so I could only forward by him two copies of my sonatas. I send you also the *last* rondo—I mean the one composed for the concerto in D, and which makes quite a sensation here; but I beg you to guard it like a jewel; and not to give it to a soul—not even to Marchand and his sister [see No. 162]. I have composed it *specially* for myself, and no one else but my darling sister must play it. I also take the liberty of presenting you with a snuffbox and a couple of watch ribbons. The box is very pretty; the painting represents an English scene. The watch ribbons are of no great value, but quite the fashion at present. I send my dear sister two caps of the newest Vienna make; both are the work of my beloved Constanze's hands. She begs her regards to you, and affectionately embraces my sister. She hopes to be excused if the caps

are not as pretty as she could have wished, but the time was too short. Pray return the bandbox by the next diligence, for I borrowed it; but that the foolish thing may not make the journey all alone, be so good as to put the rondo into it (after you have had it transcribed), and the last *scena*, if possible, for Countess Baumgarten [see No. 127], also some of the scores of my masses—in short, whatever you may find or think would be welcome to me. I must now conclude. I must not forget to say that the Pope arrived here yesterday afternoon at half-past three o'clock—an agreeable piece of news; but now for a sad one. Frau von Aurnhammer has at last, with her bigotry, succeeded in worrying her good husband to death. He died yesterday at half-past six o'clock. He had been ailing for some time, but his death was not expected so soon. He passed away in a moment. May God have mercy on his soul! He was a kind, friendly man. I must conclude, for Leitgeb is waiting for my letter. I recommend the lad particularly to you, dear father; he wishes to get into some shop, or into a printer's. Pray lend him a helping hand.

My dear Constanze has just asked me whether she may venture to send my sister a little souvenir. At the same time I am to apologise for her, and to say that, being poor, she has nothing worth sending, but she hopes my sister may take the will for the deed. The little cross is of no value, but quite the fashion in

Vienna. The heart transfixed by an arrow is something like *my sister's heart with the arrow*, and will please her the more on that account. Farewell!

190.

Vienna, April 10, 1782.

I see from your letter of the 2nd that you have received everything safely, and I rejoice to find that you are so pleased with the watch ribbons and the box, and my sister also with the caps. I gave both your messages to my dear Constanze, who kisses your hand, dear father, in return, and warmly embraces my sister, and hopes she will be her friend. She was delighted to hear that she liked the caps, for she wished it so much. The report about her mother is only so far well founded that she rather likes wine, and perhaps more than a woman ought. Still, I never saw her at all intoxicated; it would be false were I to say so. The children drink nothing but water, and although the mother always insists on their taking wine, she never succeeds, so there is often great wrangling on the subject. Can any one conceive a mother quarrelling with her children on such a point?

I observe what you write as to the report of my being certainly taken into the Emperor's service. The reason why I never named it to you is that I know nothing of it myself, though it is the fact that the whole town talks of it, and a number of people have

already congratulated me. It has also been mentioned in the Emperor's presence. I would fain hope that he may possibly intend such a thing, but up to this moment I have not heard one syllable about it. At all events, matters are so far advanced that the Emperor has it in his head, and this without my taking a single step towards it. I have gone occasionally to Herr von Strack (who is certainly my kind friend), merely to see him, and because I like his society, but still not too often, from the fear of being in his way, or suggesting in his mind the idea of my having my own views in these visits. If he speaks like an honest man, he must say that he never heard a word from me which would give him reason to think that I wished to remain here, far less to enter the Emperor's service. We talked of nothing but music. In praising me, therefore, so highly to the Emperor, he does it of his own free will, and without any interested motives. As the affair has gone so far without any application on my part, it may probably be concluded in the same way. If I were to stir in the matter, I should only get a smaller salary, for the Emperor is known to be a niggard. If he wants to have me, he must pay me well, for in my opinion the honour of being in the Imperial service does not suffice. Indeed, if the Emperor were to offer me 1,000 florins, and a Count 2,000, I should decline the former proposal with thanks, and close with the Count—that is, of course, on a *certain* engagement.

By the bye, I must ask you when you return me the rondo to send me also the six fugues of Handel, and Eberlin's toccatas and fugues. I go every Sunday at twelve o'clock to Baron von Swieten, where nothing is played but Handel and Bach. I am now making a collection of the Bach fugues (Sebastian's) and also those of Emmanuel and Friedemann Bach, and likewise of Handel; but those I mentioned are still wanting. I should like the Baron to hear Eberlin's. I suppose you know that the English Bach is dead? He is a sad loss to the musical world.

191.

Vienna, April 20, 1782.

My dearest Sister,

My darling Constanze has at last summoned up courage to follow the impulse of her kind heart, and to write to you. If you are so good, dear sister, as to answer her (which I hope you will, that I may see the joy in this dear creature's face), I beg you will enclose your letter to me. I mention this as a precaution, to warn you that her mother and sisters are not aware that she has written to you. I enclose a prelude and a three-part fugue [Köchel, No. 394]. The reason that I did not write to you before was not being able to finish the music sooner, owing to the great trouble of writing out such small notes. It is awkwardly done, for the prelude ought to come first and the fugue to

follow—the cause being that I composed the fugue first, and while writing it out I devised the prelude. I only hope you may be able to read it, as it is written so very small, but above all that it may please you. Another time I will send you something better for the piano. My dear Constanze is, in fact, the origin of this fugue coming into the world. Baron von Swieten, to whom I go every Sunday, gives me all Handel's and Sebastian Bach's fugues (after I have played them to him) to take home with me. When Constanze heard these, she fell in love with them at once; she will listen to nothing but fugues, and particularly the works (in this style) of Handel and Bach. As she had often heard me play fugues out of my head, she asked me if I never wrote them down; and when I said I never did, she reproached me for not having composed this most artistic and beautiful style of music, and never ceased her entreaties till I wrote a fugue for her. So this is its origin. I have purposely timed it *andante maestoso*, that it may not be played too quick; for if a fugue is not rather slowly played, the subject as it comes in cannot be distinctly and clearly heard, and thus naturally produces no effect. In the course of time, and when I have a favourable opportunity, I intend to write five others, and present them to Baron von Swieten, whose collection of music, though small in numbers, is great in value. So on this

account I beg you to adhere to your promise not to show it to a soul. Learn it by heart and play it. A fugue is not easily caught by another person from merely hearing it. If papa has not yet had Eberlin's works transcribed, so much the better, for I got them from a friend (as I could not quite remember them), and now, unhappily, I see that they are too trivial to deserve a place beside Handel and Bach. I would speak with all due respect of his four-part writings, but his pianoforte fugues are nothing but interludes drawn out to a great length. Goodbye! I am glad you find the two caps suit you.

'My dear and valued Friend,

'I never should have been so bold as to yield to my wish and longing to write to you direct, if your brother had not assured me that you would not take amiss this step on my part. I do so from my earnest desire to make acquaintance, by writing at least, with a person who, though as yet unknown to me, bears the name of Mozart, a name so precious to me. May I venture to say, that though I have not had the pleasure of seeing you, I already love and esteem you as the sister of so excellent a brother? I therefore presume to ask for your friendship. Without undue pride I think I may say that I partly deserve it, and shall strive wholly to do so. I venture to offer you mine, which, indeed, has long been yours in my secret heart. I

trust I may do so, and in this hope I remain your faithful friend,

'CONSTANZE WEBER.

'My compliments to your papa.'

Not only his father and his future mother-in-law, but Constanze herself, by her thoughtless conduct, and scornful hasty passion, such as young girls are apt to give way to, frequently caused Mozart sorrow and vexation, which gave rise to the following letter:—

192.

Vienna, April 29, 1782.

My dear and beloved Friend,

You still, I hope, allow me to give you this name? Surely you do not hate me so much that I may no longer be your friend, nor you mine? And even if you do not choose henceforth to be called my friend, you cannot prevent my thinking of you as tenderly as I have always done. Reflect well on what you said to me to-day. In spite of all my entreaties, you have met me on three occasions with a flat refusal, and told me plainly that you wished to have no more to do with me. It is not, however, a matter of the same indifference to me that it seems to be to you, to lose the object of my love; I am not, therefore, so passionate, so rash, or so reckless, as to accept your refusal. I love you too dearly for such a step. I beg

you then once more to weigh well and calmly the cause of our quarrel, which arose from my being displeased at your telling your sisters (N.B., in my presence) that at a game of forfeits you had allowed the size of your leg to be measured by a gentleman.)* No girl with becoming modesty would have permitted such a thing. The maxim to do as others do is well enough, but there are many things to be considered besides—whether only intimate friends and acquaintances are present—whether you are a child, or a girl old enough to be married—more especially whether you are already betrothed—but, above all, whether you are with people of much higher rank than yourself. If it be true that the Baroness [Waldstädten] did the same, still it is quite another thing, because she is a *passée* elderly woman (who cannot possibly any longer charm), and is always rather flighty. I hope, my dear friend, that you will never lead a life like hers, even should you resolve never to become my wife. But the thing is past, and a candid avowal of your heedless conduct would have made me at once overlook it, and allow me to say, if you will not be offended, my dearest friend, will still make me do so. This will show you how truly I love you. *I do not fly into a passion*

* Jahn, iii. 151. A fine at a game of forfeits, which testifies the freedom and levity of the society of that day, and must be measured according to the social tone and usages of that time rather than with those of propriety. The reputation of Baroness Waldstädten, who, it appears, had done the same, did not stand very high.

like you. I think, I reflect, and I feel. *If you feel, and have feeling,* then I know I shall be able this very day to say with a tranquil mind: My Constanze is the virtuous, honourable, discreet, and faithful darling of her honest and kindly-disposed Mozart.

193.

Vienna, May 8, 1782.

I received your letter of the 30th of April, and likewise my sister's with the enclosure to my beloved Constanze, which I gave to her at once. It caused her sincere pleasure, and she will write again soon; in the meantime, as I cannot possibly write to my sister to-day, I must ask her a question from Constanze, which is, whether fringe is worn in Salzburg? and does my sister wear it? and can she make it herself? Constanze has just trimmed two quilted dresses with it, for it is the height of the fashion here. As she knows how to make it, she would send my sister some, if she would say what colour she prefers, for they are worn in every shade, white, black, green, blue, purple, &c. A satin or *gros de turc* silk dress must have silk fringe, like one of Constanze's; but an ordinary dress, of pretty Saxon quilting, is trimmed with thread fringe (which, unless you touch it, can scarcely be distinguished from silk); it sits well, and has one advantage, that it can be washed on the dress.

Pray, do write to me how Salieri's opera in Munich

went off. Probably you heard it yourself, but, if not, you are sure to know how it was received. I called twice at Count Daun's, but did not find him at home, but I sent for the music; he is only to be found in the forenoon, when I can never go out—indeed, I do not dress till later in the day, having so very much to write—but I shall try to see him next Sunday. Perhaps he will take with him not only the variations, but the Munich opera.

I was yesterday at Countess Thun's, and played over my second act to her, with which she seems no less pleased than with the first. I had Raaff's aria transcribed long ago and gave it to Fischer, whom he desired to get it for him. You once wrote to me that you wished to have Robinig's music [No. 123]. Who has it? I have not. I think Eck gave it back to you. I asked you for it, and also those in F and B, in one of my letters. Pray, let me have Baumgarten's scena soon. There is to be music daily in the Augarten this summer. A certain Martin [see No. 153] established a set of dilettante concerts this winter, which took place every Friday in the Mehlgrube [a hall in the Meal Market, now the New Market]. You are aware that there are a great many dilettanti here, and some very good ones too, both ladies and gentlemen; but these concerts have never yet been properly regulated. This Martin has now received a license from the Emperor granting him permission (with the assurance of his

gracious approbation) to give twelve concerts in the Augarten and four grand evening performances in the most beautiful localities of the city. The subscription for the whole summer is two ducats. You may therefore imagine that we shall have plenty of subscribers, and the more so, because I am forwarding the project, and am associated with it. Let us suppose that we have only a hundred subscribers, then each of us (calculating the expenses at 200 florins, which they cannot possibly amount to) will have a profit of 300 florins. Baron von Swieten and Countess Thun are very much interested about this. This orchestra is entirely composed of dilettanti, with the exception of the bassoons, trumpets, and kettledrums. I hear that Clementi is to leave this to-morrow. Have you seen his sonatas? Pray, have a little patience with poor Leitgeb; if you knew his circumstances and the straits he is often reduced to, you would be sorry for him. I will speak to him, and feel sure that he will pay you by instalments. Now farewell!—P.S. I send my sister a thousand kisses. My remembrances to Katherl and to Thresel, who is to be my nurserymaid, but she must practise her singing industriously. A pinch of Spanish snuff to Pimperl.

194.

Vienna, May 29, 1782.

Being prevented finishing my letter the other day, I begged my dear Constanze to make my apologies to

you: she hesitated for some time, fearing that you might laugh at her orthography and style; so she gives me no peace till I write to you and make her excuses.*

The first dilettante concert went off famously. The Archduke Maximilian was there, Countess Thun, Wallenstein, Baron von Swieten, and many others. I eagerly long for the arrival of the diligence which is to bring me some music. As for Robinig's music, I can faithfully assure you that I never took it with me, and that Eck must still have it, for he had not given it back when I left Munich. The *entrepreneur* of these dilettante concerts, Martin, is well acquainted with the Abbé Bullinger, being a student in Munich in his day. He is a very worthy young man, who, by his music, good writing, and, above all, by his talents, clever head, and good sense, strives to make his way. When he arrived here he had much to contend with, as, for fourteen days, he had only half a gulden to spend. Adamberger (who knew him in Munich) has been of great service to him here. He is a native of Ratisbon, and his father was physician to the Prince of Taxis. To-morrow my dear Constanze and I are to dine with Countess Thun, when I am to play over my third act. I have now only the disagreeable task of correcting;

* The letter here alluded to, No. 153, has, by mistake, been classed among those of the year 1781—the figures 1 and 2, in Mozart's writing, being at times difficult to distinguish.

on Monday next we are to have our first rehearsal. I must confess that I look forward with much pleasure to this opera.

By the bye, some days ago I got a letter—from whom? From Herr von Fügele; and the contents? That he was in love; with whom? With my sister? Not at all—with my cousin! But he must wait some time before getting an answer from me, for you know how little time I have for writing. I am rather curious to know how long this whim will last.

Now for something that I heard by mere chance, and which displeases me exceedingly in Count Künburg. Fräulein von Aurnhammer told me yesterday that Herr von Moll asked her if she was disposed to enter a nobleman's family in Salzburg, with a salary of 300 florins a year. The name was Künburg. What do you think of that? So it seems my sister is to be considered as nobody! Make your own use of this. He was here only for a day, but if he returns I shall find an opportunity to speak to him on the subject. Now goodbye! I send a couple of kisses to Madlle. Marchand (with my dear Constanze's permission). Ever yours.

P.S.—My Constanze kisses your hand, and embraces my sister as her true friend and future sister-in-law.

Mozart had to contend against a very powerful cabal about the production of the 'Entführung,' and it required the positive command of the Emperor to bring

about at last the performance of the opera on the 12th of July. Unluckily, we only possess the second report of its reception from the pen of Mozart himself.

195.

Vienna, July 20, 1782.

I hope you safely received my last letter, in which I gave you an account of the good reception of my opera. It was given yesterday for the second time, when perhaps you will scarcely believe that there was even a stronger cabal against it than on the first evening. The whole of the first act was scrambled through, which, however, could not prevent the loud shouts of bravo during the airs. My hopes rested on the closing terzett, but my evil star permitted Fischer to go wrong, which made Dauer (Pedrillo) go wrong also; and Adamberger alone could not sustain the whole, so that all the effect was lost, and this time it was *not encored*. I was in such a rage (and so was Adamberger) that my blood boiled, and I said that I never again would allow the opera to be given without a previous rehearsal for the singers. In the second act both the duetts were encored the same as the first night, and also Belmonte's rondo, 'Wenn der Freude Thränen fliessen.' The theatre was almost more crowded than on the previous evening. Not a stall was to be had the day before, either in the pit or in the third gallery, nor a box of any kind. The opera has brought 1,200 florins in the

two days. I send you herewith the original and two of the little books, in which you will find a great many erasures, knowing that the score would be instantly copied out here; I therefore gave free course to my thoughts, and before allowing it to be transcribed, I first marked the different alterations and curtailments, and it was performed just as you now have it. I have missed out here and there the trumpets and kettle-drums, the flutes, clarionets, and Turkish music, because I could not get any music-paper with a sufficient number of lines, so they are written on extra paper, which the copyist has no doubt lost; at all events, he could not find them. The first act (when I was taking it to some one, I forget who), unluckily fell into the mud, which causes it to be so dirty.

I have now no little trouble in arranging my opera for a band by Sunday week, or some one will anticipate me and secure the profits instead of me; and yet you propose to me to compose a new symphony.* How is such a thing possible? You have no idea of the difficulty of arranging a work of this kind for a band—to adapt it to the wind instruments, yet without detracting from the effect. Well, all I can do is to devote the night to the task, for it cannot be managed otherwise, and to you, dear father, I sacrifice it. You may rely on having something from me by every post, and

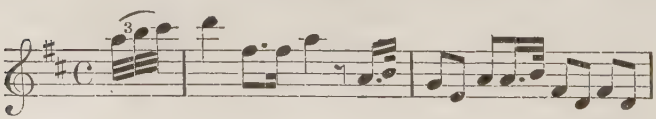
* The father had begged him to send a symphony in honour of a family festival at Hafner's house in Salzburg.

I will write it as quickly as I can and as well as haste will permit.

Count Zichi has this moment sent to me to say that he wishes me to drive with him to Saxenburg, that he may present me to Prince Kaunitz. I must therefore conclude, as I have yet to dress, for, when I have no intention of going out, I always remain *en négligé*. The copyist has this moment sent me the other parts. Adieu!—P.S. My dear Constanze's love to both.

196.

Vienna, July 27, 1782.

You will be disappointed to see only the first *allegro*, but more it was impossible to send, for I was obliged to write a serenade in the greatest haste, but only for a band (or I could have made use of it for you). On the 31st I will send you the two minuets, the andante, and the last movement, and, if possible, a march also; otherwise you must make use of the one in the Hafner music [Köchel, No. 249] (which is very little known).

I wrote it in D because you prefer that key.

My opera was given yesterday [St. Anne's Day] with all possible applause, in honour of all the Nannerls, for the third time; and, in spite of the frightful heat, the

theatre was again crowded to suffocation. It is to be repeated next Friday; I have, however, protested against this, for I do not wish it to be worn threadbare at such a rate. I may really say that people are quite wild about this opera. It is very gratifying to receive such approbation. I hope you duly received the original.

My dear kind father, I do implore you, by all you hold dear in the world, to give me your consent to my marrying my beloved Constanze. Do not suppose that it is marriage alone I think of—in that case I would gladly submit to wait—but I see that it is absolutely necessary for my own honour and also that of my Constanze, as well as for my health and peace of mind; my heart is troubled, my head confused; in such a state how is it possible either to think or to work to any good purpose? And whence does this arise? Most people think we are already married, which irritates the mother, and the poor girl (as well as myself) is tormented to death. This can easily be obviated. Believe me it is as practicable to live in expensive Vienna as anywhere else; everything depends upon proper housekeeping and management, which never can be expected from a young man, especially when in love. The man who gets such a wife as I shall may well be happy. We intend to live in a most private and retired manner. Do not be uneasy. If I were this very day to be taken ill, which may God

forbid! I may venture to assert that (especially if married) the very highest of the nobility here would take me under their protection. I can say this with entire confidence. I know the way in which Prince Kaunitz spoke of me to the Emperor, and to the Archduke Maximilian. I shall anxiously expect your consent, my kind father. I feel sure that I shall receive it, for my honour and my reputation are at stake. Do not too long defer the pleasure of welcoming your son and his wife.

P.S.—I embrace my dear sister. Constanze's love to you both.

The following note fully proves the difficulties in which Mozart was placed, owing to the perverse conduct of his future mother-in-law. It is written in real 'anguish of soul' to Baroness Waldstädten. The mother, however, owing to the reputation of this lady, had at least a semblance of right, of which she made the most malignant use, perceiving that Constanze's prolonged stay with the Baroness was intended to withdraw her daughter entirely from her control.

197.

To Baroness Waldstädten.

Highly esteemed Lady,

I received my music by a maidservant of Madame Weber's, and was obliged to give a written receipt for

it. The maid confided to me something which I can scarcely believe, as it would entail such disgrace on the family; yet as, to those who know the folly of Madame Weber, nothing seems impossible, I feel very uneasy. Sophie came out in tears, and when the maid asked her what was the matter, she said: 'Tell Mozart privately to manage to send Constanze home; otherwise my mother is quite determined to make the police fetch her.' Have the police really the power to enter any house they please? Perhaps this may only be a snare to lure her home. But if it could be so, our only resource is that Constanze should marry me early to-morrow, or this very day, if possible; for I will not expose my darling to such an insult, from which as my wife she is secure. Another thing. Herr von Thorwarth is to be at the Webers' to-day. Pray give me your kind advice, and lend a helping hand to us poor creatures. I shall wait all day at home. In the greatest haste. Constanze knows nothing as yet of this. Did Herr von Thorwarth call on you? Is it necessary that we should both go to see him after dinner to-day?

198.

Vienna, July 31, 1782.

You see how willing I am to do as you wish, but no one can do more than he *can* do! I do not choose to write music helter-skelter, so I cannot send you the entire symphony till next post. I could have sent you

the last movement, but prefer its being complete, and then it will cost only one postage. What you have received cost me already three florins.

I to-day received your letter of the 26th. How little did I anticipate such a cold indifferent letter in return for the one in which I informed you of the brilliant reception of my opera! I thought (judging by my own feelings) that, from your eagerness to see your son's work as quickly as possible, you would scarcely have had patience to tear open the parcel—a work which does not merely 'please,' but makes such a commotion in Vienna that the public will listen to nothing else, and the theatre swarms with people. It was given yesterday for the fourth time, and is to be repeated on Friday—but—you had not sufficient time to spare! You say that the world declares I have made enemies of all the professors of music, and many others, by my boasting and criticisms. What world? Probably the Salzburg world, for people here cannot fail to see and to know the exact reverse; and this shall be my reply. You have no doubt in the meantime received my last letter, and I feel confident that you will give your consent to my marriage in your next letter. You can have no possible objection to offer, nor can there be any, and this you admit in your letters. Constanze is a well-conducted, good girl of respectable parentage, and I am in a position to earn at least *daily bread* for her. We love each other, and

we are resolved to marry. All that you have written or may possibly write on this subject can be nothing but well-meant advice, which, however good and sensible, can no longer apply to a man who has gone so far with a girl. There can therefore be no question of further delay. Honesty is the best policy, and cannot fail to insure the blessing of Providence. I am resolved to have no cause for self-reproach. Now farewell!

199.

Vienna, August 7, 1782.

You are very much mistaken in your son if you can believe him capable of base conduct. My beloved Constanze, now, thank God, at last my wife, knew my circumstances long ago, and heard from me that I had nothing whatever to expect from you;* but her attachment and love for me were so great, that she gladly and joyfully sacrificed her future life to share my fate. I thank you, with all the tender affection a son must always feel towards a father, for your kind consent and blessing. I felt I could rely on it; and you knew that I was myself only too well aware of all—all that could be said against such a step; but without injury to my

* The father, when he at last gave his consent to the marriage, desired Wolfgang to observe that he (the father) could no longer expect assistance from his son in his distressed circumstances, caused by his efforts to promote that son's welfare; that Wolfgang, in return, must not hope, either now or hereafter, to receive anything from his father, and that he wished his bride to be told this.

conscience and my honour I could not act otherwise, and I knew I could place implicit confidence in your consent. After waiting two posts in vain for your answer, the day of our wedding having been finally settled (by which time your reply ought to have arrived), being quite assured of your consent, I was married, by the blessing of God, to my beloved Constanze. Next day I received both your letters at once. Now the event has taken place, and I entreat your forgiveness for my perhaps too hasty trust in your fatherly love. This candid confession gives you a fresh proof of my regard for truth, and my detestation of falsehood. My dear wife will herself by the next post write to her kind father-in-law to entreat his blessing, and to her beloved sister-in-law to solicit the continuance of her valued friendship. No one attended the marriage but Constanze's mother and youngest sister, Herr von Thorwarth in his capacity of guardian, Herr von Zetto (Landrath) who gave away the bride, and Gilofsky [of Salzburg] as my best man. When the ceremony was over, both my wife and I shed tears; all present (even the priest) were touched on seeing the emotion of our hearts. Our sole wedding festivities consisted of a supper, which Baroness Waldstädten gave us, and indeed it was more princely than baronial. My darling is now a hundred times more joyful at the idea of going to Salzburg; and I am willing to stake—ay, my very life, that you will re-

joice still more in my happiness when you really know her; if, indeed, in your estimation, as in mine, a high-principled, honest, virtuous, and pleasing wife ought to make a man happy.

I send you herewith a short march. I hope that all will arrive in due time, and be to your taste. The first *allegro* must be played with much fire, the last as *prestissimo* as possible. My opera (by Gluck's desire) was given again yesterday. Gluck was very complimentary to me about it. I dine with him to-morrow. You see in what haste I write. My dear wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times.

SIXTH PART.

FIGARO, DON GIOVANNI, FLAUTO MAGICO.

August 1782 to December 1791.

PART VI.

200.

Vienna, August 17, 1782.

I FORGOT, when I wrote to you lately, to say that on the feast of Portiuncula, my wife and I performed our devotions at the Theatines. Even if a sense of piety had not induced us to do so, we were obliged to go on account of the certificate, without which we could not have been married. Indeed, previous to our marriage we had for some time past attended mass together, as well as confessed and taken the Holy Communion; and I found that I never prayed so fervently, nor confessed so piously, as by her side, and she felt the same. In short, we are made for each other, and God, who orders all things, and consequently this also, will not forsake us. We both thank you truly for your fatherly blessing. I hope you have now received my wife's letter.

With regard to Gluck, my ideas are precisely the same as yours, dear father; but I have something I wish to say to you. The Viennese gentlemen (I more particularly allude to the Emperor) must not believe that Vienna is my only resource. There is no monarch

whom I would be more glad to serve than the Emperor, but I cannot humbly solicit an appointment. I believe that I am fully capable of doing honour to any court. If Germany, my beloved fatherland, of which I am (as you know) so proud, will not accept me, then in God's name let France or England be enriched by one more German of talent, to the disgrace of the German nation. You know well that the Germans are the people who have always excelled most in all the fine arts; but where have they laid the foundation of their success and their fame? not in Germany, certainly. Even Gluck—did Germany make him the great man he is? Alas! no. Countess Thun, Count Zichi, Baron von Swieten, even Prince Kaunitz, are all much dissatisfied with the Emperor for not more highly prizing men of genius, and for allowing them to leave his dominions. The latter, in speaking of me to the Archduke Maximilian, said, 'Such people only come into the world once in a hundred years, and must not be driven away from Germany, more particularly when we are so fortunate as actually to enjoy their presence in the capital.' You cannot think how kind and courteous Prince Kaunitz was to me when I was with him, and before I left he said, 'I am much indebted to you, dear Mozart, for having taken the trouble to pay me a visit.' I can't tell you what anxiety persons of rank, such as Countess Thun, Baron von Swieten, and others show to retain me here, but I cannot afford to wait longer, and

I do not choose to keep hanging on here till they think fit to take pity on me. Moreover, it is my opinion that (even as regards the Emperor) I need not so entirely depend on the favour of others. My idea is to go to Paris next Easter, but of course not at haphazard. I have therefore already written to Le Gros [see No. 101], and daily expect his answer. I have mentioned it in the course of conversation with any of the nobility. It is, as you know, often possible to throw out a hint of the kind in speaking, which makes a greater impression than when dictatorially announced. I hope to get engagements at the *Concert Spirituel* and the *Concert des Amateurs*; and in that event pupils will not fail me, and having now a wife, I can superintend them more easily and assiduously; then I have my compositions, but I think chiefly of an opera. During my stay here I have constantly spoken French, and have now taken three lessons in English. I hope, in the course of three months, to be able to read and understand English books very tolerably.

201.

Vienna, August 24, 1782.

You have only suggested what I myself really intended, and still intend. I must likewise confess that my wife and I waited from day to day for some *sure* information as to the arrival of the Russian visitors, to decide whether to hasten our journey or to delay it.

Up to this hour we know nothing positive, so I could not write to you on the subject. Some say they are to arrive on the 7th of September, others again that they will not come at all. If the latter be the case, we shall be in Salzburg by the beginning of October. If, however, they do come, it is not only very expedient that I should be here (according to the advice of my best friends), but my absence would be a great triumph to my enemies, and therefore highly detrimental to me. If I were to be appointed music-master to the Princess of Würtemberg (which is extremely probable), I could easily obtain permission to visit my father for a time. If our project must be delayed, no one will be more grieved than my wife and I, for we are counting the hours till we can embrace our kind beloved father and dear sister.

You are quite right about France and England, but it is a step I can take when I please; it is certainly better to wait here for a little. In the interim, too, things may change in those countries. Last Tuesday (after, thank heavens! an intermission of a fortnight) my opera was again given with great applause. I am glad that the symphony [Kochël, No. 385] is to your taste. *A propos*, you have no idea (but perhaps you do know?) where I live—where do you think? in the same house in which we lodged fourteen years ago, on the Hohen Brücke in Grunwald's house No. 387. Stephanie junior arrived yesterday, and I went to see

him to-day. Elizabeth Wendling [see Nos. 76 and 96] is also here. Forgive my writing any more, but I wasted my time talking to Herr von Strack. I wish from my heart that those Russian people may not come, that I may soon have the pleasure of embracing you. My wife sheds tears of joy when she thinks of our Salzburg journey. Farewell! Your dutiful children,

W. A. MOZART.

P.S.—Man and wife are one.

202.

Vienna, Aug. 31, 1782.

You don't know why I should flatter myself that I am to be the Princess's *maestro*? Salieri is not capable of giving her instructions on the piano. He might, to be sure, recommend some one else in order to injure me, which is quite possible. Still, the Emperor knows me; on a previous occasion the Princess said she wished to learn from me, and I know that in the book where the names of all those who are to be employed by her are entered, my name is included.

You say I have not told you on what floor we live. I intended to have done so, but will tell you now—on the second; but how the idea could enter your head that my highly honoured mother-in-law also lived there, I cannot conceive. I certainly did not press forward my marriage to live in strife and discord, but to enjoy rest and peace; and the only way to insure this was to

leave that house at once. We have paid her two visits since our marriage. On the second, quarrelling and wrangling began again, so that my poor wife at last burst into tears; but I put a stop to the thing at once by saying it was time to go, and we have not gone back since, and do not intend to do so, except for a birthday or name-day of the mother or sisters. You write that I did not say on what day our wedding took place; but in this you are mistaken. Your memory on this occasion has deceived you; so you must take the trouble to refer to my letter of the 7th August, and you will find in it clearly and distinctly mentioned that on the Friday, Portiuncula-day, we confessed, and were married on the ensuing Sunday, the 4th. Perhaps you never got that letter. Yet this is not at all likely, because you got the one I wrote in March, and answered me on various points mentioned in it. I have a request to make to you. Baron Waldstädten is going to leave this, and wishes to get a good small pianoforte. I cannot remember the name of the pianoforte-maker in Zweibrücken, so I wish to ask you to order one for him from there. It must, however, be ready in a month or six weeks at latest, the price to be the same as that of the Archbishop. Will you also let me have some Salzburg tongues by the first opportunity, or by the diligence (if this can be done without first going through the custom-house)? I have received much courtesy from the Baroness, and as we chanced to speak of tongues, she said

she should like to try those of Salzburg, so I offered to procure her some. Should there be anything else likely to be a rarity to her, if you would send it, I should be particularly obliged, being so glad to give her any pleasure. I can repay you the money through Peisser, or give it to you when we meet. Can I get any Schwarzreuter? When you write to my cousin [in Augsburg], pray give her our kind regards. Addio!

203.

Vienna, Sept. 11, 1782.

Many thanks for the tongues you sent; I gave two to the Baroness, and kept two for myself, one of which we are to have to-morrow. Be so good as to let me know how you wish the payment to be made. If you can also succeed in procuring me some Schwarzreuter, you will oblige me exceedingly.

The Jewess Eskeles has no doubt proved a very good and useful tool in breaking up the friendship between the Emperor and the Russian court, for the day before yesterday she was escorted to Berlin in order that the King might enjoy the felicity of her society. She is indeed a precious adventuress, for she was the sole cause of Günther's misfortune also, if he could deem it a misfortune to be arrested and confined for a couple of months in a charming apartment (retaining all his books and his piano), to lose his former post, but to be appointed to another with a salary of 1,200 florins, for

he set off to Hermannstadt yesterday. Still, such an occurrence distresses an honourable man, and nothing in the world can compensate for it. Only this will show you that he has not committed any great crime, his whole fault being thoughtlessness—the absence, in short, of absolute discretion, which is certainly a serious defect in a privy councillor. Although he did not divulge anything of importance, still his enemies (one of the worst being the ex-Stadtholder, Gr. von Herberstein) cunningly contrived to place his conduct in so suspicious a light that the Emperor, who had such confidence in him that he was to be seen for hours walking arm in arm with him, on that very account distrusted him now all the more. In addition to all this came the Jewess Eskeles (a former love of Günther's), and accused him in the most violent terms. When the matter, however, was investigated, the gentlemen looked very foolish, but a great commotion had already been made about the affair. Great people never like to admit that they have been in the wrong, and this was the cause of poor Günther's downfall, which I lament from my heart, as he was an intimate friend of mine, and (had he maintained his former position) might have done me good service with the Emperor. Only think how strange and unexpected it was to us, and how closely concerned in it we were; for Stephanie, Adamberger, and I were supping with him at night, and next morning he was placed under arrest. I must now close for fear of missing the post. My wife is in her nineteenth year.

204.

Vienna, Sept. 25, 1782.

I have received your letter of the 20th, and hope you got the few lines I wrote you, merely saying that we were well. A most singular occurrence!—who can foresee the strange coincidences that come to pass? Herr Gabel, who arrived here some days ago, is actually with me, and waiting till this letter is finished to accompany my sonatas on the violin, which, according to his own account, he plays well. He played already to me on the horn, and could do really nothing on it. But what I can do for him I will; it is enough that I am your son. He sends his compliments to you both. That the superfluous pictures, the many sacrificial tables, and the instrumental music which are to be done away with in our churches, have already been abolished in yours, was quite news to me. Probably the Archbishop hopes by this to please the Emperor, but I doubt much whether such policy will be of much service to him. I can't bear to see any one waiting for me, as I dislike so much being myself made to wait; so I must delay till my next letter the description of Baroness von Waldstädten, and now ask you to do me a favour, but I beg you not to divulge what I am about to say, on account of the place where I now am. The Prussian Ambassador Riedesel has sent to tell me that he is commissioned by the Berlin court to send my opera there—'Die Entführung'—so I wish it to be transcribed, and payment for the music will be made in due time. I promised to have it copied out forthwith, but

as I have not got the opera myself, I should have to borrow it from the copyist, which would be inconvenient, as I could not be certain of keeping it for three days in succession, as the Emperor often sends for it (he did so only yesterday), and it is repeatedly given; in fact, it has been performed ten times since the 16th of August. So my notion is to have it copied in Salzburg, where it could be done more privately and at a cheaper rate. I beg, therefore, you will have the score fairly written out as soon as possible; and as you are to get it done, let me know the cost of copying, and I will transmit you the money at once through Herr Peisser.

205.

To Baroness von Waldstädten.

Vienna, Oct. 2, 1782.

Dearest, best, and fairest,
Golden, silver, and sugared,
Most perfect, and precious,
highly esteemed
Baroness! *

I have the honour to send your Ladyship the rondo, the two volumes of plays, and the little book of stories. I committed a great blunder yesterday. I thought I had something particular to say, but it went fairly out of my stupid head—it was to thank your Ladyship for having taken so much trouble about the handsome dress-

* The address is, 'à Madame Madame la Baronne de Waldstädten, née de Scheffer, à Leopoldstadt.'

coat, and for your goodness in promising me one, but I omitted doing so, which is, indeed, too often the case with me. I may well say that I am both a most fortunate and unfortunate man—unfortunate from the time when I saw your ladyship so charmingly *frisée* at the ball, for my peace of mind is now gone! I do nothing but sigh and groan. During the remainder of the ball I could dance no more—I could only skip about. When supper came I could not eat—I could only gobble. At night, instead of slumbering softly and sweetly, I slept like a dormouse, and snored like a bear; and (without presumption) I think I may venture to lay a wager that with your ladyship it was pretty much the same *à proportion*. You smile? You blush? I am indeed happy; my felicity is secured. But, alas! alas! who taps me on the shoulder? Who glares at my writing? My wife! Well! it is a fact that having got her at last, I must keep her. What is to be done? I must praise her, and try to imagine that it is all true. My wife who is an angel of a woman, and I who am a pattern husband, send you 1,000 kind wishes, and remain your Ladyship's faithful vassals,

MOZART Magnus corpore parvus,
et
CONSTANTIA omnium uxorum pulcherrima
et prudentissima.

Vienna, Oct. 2, 1782.

P.S.—We beg you will *not* give our kind regards to the Aurnhammers.

206.

Vienna, Oct. 5, 1782.

Having but this moment got your letter, I can only allude to its chief points, from which I can unluckily gather the exact reverse of what I expected. I went myself to the Baron von Riedesel, who is a most agreeable person, and I promised (in the full confidence that my opera was already in the hands of the copyist) that he should have it by the end of this month, or at all events the beginning of November. I beg, therefore, that you will take care that it is finished by that time. But to relieve you of all care and anxiety on the subject—which, however, I consider as a proof of your fatherly love—I can say nothing more convincing, than that I am very much indebted to the Baron for having ordered the copy from me, and not from the copyist, from whom he could have got it at once by paying a certain sum down; besides, it would mortify me very much if my work were to be thought sufficiently remunerated by one payment once for all, especially with 100 ducats. At present (being unnecessary) I shall say nothing to any one. When it is given in Berlin, of which there can be no doubt (and which will be to me the most agreeable of all), people must then know it, but on this occasion my enemies will not laugh at me, nor treat me like a contemptible fellow, but will be only too glad to give me an opera to write if I choose; but very likely I shall by no

means choose. That is, I am willing to write an opera, but not for 100 ducats, seeing that the theatre in the course of a fortnight has made a profit of four times that amount. I intend to have my next opera performed at my own expense. The receipts will be at least 1,200 florins clear in three representations, and the director may then have it for fifty ducats; but if not I am repaid, and can dispose of the work when I please. On the other hand, I trust that you never observed the smallest tendency or inclination on my part towards shabby dealing. No man ought to be a niggard, but neither ought he to be such a simpleton, as to allow other people to derive the profits of his own work, which has cost so much study and labour, by giving up all further claim on it.

The Grand-Duke arrived yesterday. At last the distinguished pianoforte-teacher of the Princess is appointed. I need only mention his salary to enable you to judge of his merits—400 gulden. His name is Summerer. Even if I were mortified by this, I should do my utmost not to let it be seen; but, I am thankful to say, I do not require to dissemble, for it would only have been my appointment that would have vexed me, as I must of course have declined it, which is always disagreeable when a great personage is in question. I must urge you once more to hurry forward the copying of the opera.

P.S.—My dear wife sends her love. We saw the

cross that my sister got from Baroness Waldstädten, the day before she sent it. I forwarded to-day, by the diligence, five books of music-paper ruled in twelve divisions. We do not yet know, nor indeed does the Baroness herself, when she goes into the country. As soon as I hear I will write to you.

207.

Vienna, Oct. 12, 1782.

If I could have anticipated that the copyist would have so much to do in Salzburg, I should have had the opera transcribed here. I must call on the Ambassador and tell him the truth, but pray do what you can to expedite the matter. The sooner I receive the copy, the better. You think I should not have got it in a shorter time from a Vienna copyist? I could have got it from the theatrical copyist here easily in a week or ten days. That ass, Gatti [writer of libretti: see No. 118], having asked permission from the Archbishop to *presume* to compose a serenata, makes him quite worthy of that appellation, and leads me to think that it is equally applicable to his knowledge of music. You say that 400 florins a year *certain* are not to be despised. If I could work myself into a good position, and could look on these 400 florins as a mere adjunct, then what you say would be quite true, but unluckily such is not the case. I should have to consider the 400 florins as my chief income, and everything I could earn besides as mere accessories, and very uncertain and consequently

poor accessories, too! For you may easily understand that you cannot be as independent with such a pupil as the Princess, as with other ladies. If it does not chance to suit the inclinations of the royal lady, you have the honour to wait! She resides with the Salesian Sisters of Mercy, 'auf der Wieden.' If I disliked going so far on foot, I should have the satisfaction of paying a *Zwanziger* to go there and come back; so only 304 florins would remain out of my salary—N.B., giving even three lessons a week; and if obliged to wait, I must put off my other scholars or other occupations (by which I can easily make more than 400 florins). If I wish to go back to Vienna, I must pay for a double conveyance, as I must return again. If I stay 'auf der Wieden,' and no doubt I should have to go there in the forenoon, then comes the hour for dinner, when I should have the satisfaction of dining badly, and paying extravagantly. By all this delay I cannot fail to lose many other pupils, as each considers her money quite as good as that of the Princess. I also waste both my time and mood for composition, by which I could gain a great deal more. A sufficient salary should be attached to the service of a great person (be the office what it may) to enable a man to devote himself *exclusively to the service he is in*, without being obliged to avoid poverty by having recourse to other expedients. A man must provide against want. Don't think that I am so stupid as to say this to any one else. Rely on it, the Emperor is himself quite conscious of his own

stinginess, and he has passed me over solely on that account. No doubt, if I had applied for the appointment, I should have got it, but with more than 400 florins, though probably with a less sum than would have been fair and just. I do not seek pupils, for I can have as many as I please; and two of these give me, devoid of the smallest drawback or inconvenience, as much as the Princess gives her master, who would thus have no other prospect than that of avoiding starvation for the rest of his life. You know well how services are usually rewarded by great people. But I must close, for the post is going.

208.

Vienna, Oct. 19, 1782.

I must again write in a hurry. I don't understand how it is, but I formerly used to get your letters on Fridays after dinner, but now, send as I will, I never get them till the Saturday evenings. I regret that you have had so much trouble about my opera. I did indeed hear, and with the greatest joy (for you know that I am thoroughly English at heart), of England's victory.* The Russian court left this to-day. My opera was recently given for them, when I thought it advisable to take my place at the piano and to direct. I did so partly to rouse the drowsy orchestra, and

* At Gibraltar, in September, 1782, which was attacked at the same time both by sea and land by the Spaniards, with a strong force.

partly (as I do chance to be here) to appear before the royal guests as the father of my own bantling. Dearest father, I am counting the hours till I see you again, and would fain be with you in Salzburg on the 15th of November, your name-day, but unluckily the best time here begins then. The nobility come in from the country and take lessons. The concerts also commence, so I should be obliged to be back in Vienna the very beginning of December. How hard it would be on my wife and me to be obliged to leave you so soon! We should like to enjoy for a far longer period the society of our dear father and sister. So it depends on you whether you prefer having us for a longer or shorter time. We thought of going to you in spring. The moment I name Salzburg, my wife is wild with joy. Balbier of Salzburg (not of Seville) called on me, and brought me kind messages from you both, and from Katherl.

209.

Vienna, Oct. 26, 1782.

How gladly would we take the post-carriage, and, *alla* Wolfgang Mozart, fly to Salzburg! But this is quite out of the question (without ruining my prospects). I cannot leave this before the 3rd of November, as Fräulein Aurnhammer (whom I placed with Baroness Waldstädten, and who gives her board and lodging) has a concert in the theatre on that day, and I have promised to play for her. My wife's eagerness

and my own to embrace you, will make us do all in our power to enjoy this pleasure and happiness as soon as possible. In short, I can only say as yet, that the month of November is not at all favourable to the Salzburgers, as they cannot tolerate my presence. I have many things connected with music on which I wish to consult you, dear father. It does not matter whether the opera be stitched together or bound; I think blue paper would be the best binding. You will see by my writing what a desperate hurry I am in. It is now seven o'clock, and in spite of all my sending I have only this moment got your letter. Now adieu! My dear wife and I send you both much love.

210.

Vienna, Nov. 13, 1782.

We are in considerable perplexity. I did not write to you last Saturday, because I thought we were certain to leave this on Monday, but on Sunday the weather became so dreadful that carriages could scarcely make their way through the town. I wished to set off on Monday afternoon, but was told at the post, that it would not only take four or five hours from one stage to another, but that probably we could not get on at all, and should be obliged to turn back. The diligence, with eight horses, did not even reach the first stage, but was forced to return. I then intended to have left to-day, but my wife has so severe a

headache, that although she insists on setting out, I dare not allow her to run such a risk in this odious weather. I shall expect another letter from you, but I think it is perhaps best to go to you at once, though we must leave you sooner; for the pleasure of again seeing you, dearest father, is my first consideration. My pupils may quite well wait three or four weeks for me, as Countess Zichi and Countess Rumbeck are now returned from the country, and have already sent for me, so it is not at all likely that they will engage another master in the interim. As I was not so fortunate as to be able in person to wish you all happiness, I now do so in writing, from my wife and myself, and your future grandson or granddaughter. We wish you a long happy life, health and peace, and all you wish for yourself.

211.

Vienna, Nov. 20, 1782.

I see, alas! that the happiness of embracing you must be delayed till the spring, for my pupils positively refuse to let me go; and, indeed, the weather is at present far too cold for my wife. Every one advises me not to run such a risk. In spring, then (for I call March spring, or the beginning of April at the latest, and calculating according to circumstances), we can certainly go to Salzburg, for my wife does not expect her confinement before the month of June. I shall cause our trunks to be unpacked to-day, for I had left

everything packed till I heard from you; for had you desired us to come, then we should have been off at once, without saying a word to any one, in order to show you that we were not to blame in the matter. M. and Madame Fischer, as well as the old lady, can best tell you my regret at not being able to make the journey at present. Yesterday Princess Elizabeth (it being her name-day) received from the Emperor a present of 90,000 florins, and a gold watch set with brilliants. She was also proclaimed an Archduchess of Austria, so she has now the title of Royal Highness. The Emperor has had another sharp attack of fever. I fear he will not live long, but I sincerely hope that I am mistaken. Madame Zeisig, *née* de Luca, who visited Salzburg with her husband, and played the Salterium in the theatre there, is about to give a concert here. She sent me a written invitation, and begged me to speak well of her, saying that she highly valued my friendship.

212.

Vienna, Nov. 20, 1782.

However glad I was to get a letter from you again after a silence of three weeks, still I was quite startled by its contents; in short, we have both been in an equal state of anxiety. You must know that I answered your last letter on the 4th of December, and expected your reply in eight days. It never came.

No matter—I thought you had not time to write, and from an agreeable hint in your previous letter, we half hoped you might arrive yourself. The next post again brought us nothing, when I meant to have written, but was prevented by being unexpectedly sent for by Countess Thun, and then our anxiety began; but we consoled ourselves by the thought that if anything had been wrong one of you would have written. At last your letter came to-day, by which I perceive that you have never got my last letter. I can scarcely think it was lost at the post, so no doubt the maid pocketed the money for the postage. I would far rather have made her a present of six kreuzers than have lost my letter so *mal à propos*; and yet it is not always possible to post a letter oneself. We have now got another maid, whom I have lectured well on the subject. What vexes me most of all is, that it has caused you both so much anxiety, and also that I can no longer remember what I wrote. I know that I was at a concert the same evening at Gallitzin's, and mentioned, among other things, that my poor dear wife was obliged to content herself for the present with a little *silhouette* of you, which she carries about in her bag, and kisses twenty times a day at least. I also asked you to send me by the first good opportunity the new symphony, which I wrote for Hafner at your request. I hope to get it before Lent, for I am desirous to have it played in my concert. Perhaps you would like to know what

silhouette of you I allude to. Oh! I also asked what you wished to say to me that was so urgent, &c.; and then about our visit in spring. This is all I can remember. Confound that woman! for I really can't tell whether there was anything in that letter which I should dislike falling into other hands. I think not, however, and heartily rejoice to hear at last that you are both so well. My wife and I, thank God! are also as well as possible.

Is it true that the Archbishop is coming to Vienna after the new year? Countess Litzau has been here for three weeks, but I only knew this yesterday; Prince Gallitzin told me so. I am engaged for all his concerts. He always sends his carriage for me, and I am treated nobly in his house. On the 10th my opera was performed for the fourteenth time, and with the greatest applause, the house equally crowded as at first, or rather as it has invariably been. Count Rosenberg spoke to me at Gallitzin's about writing an Italian opera. I have already sent a commission to procure for me from Italy the newest libretti of *opere buffe* that I may choose one, but as yet I have not received any, though I wrote myself about it to Ignaz Hagenauer. A company of Italian singers came here at Easter. Pray let me have Lugiati's address at Verona [see No. 91], for I should like to try this channel also.

A new opera, or rather *vaudeville*, of Umlauf's, has

been lately given here, called 'Welche ist die beste Nation?'—a miserable piece, which was offered to me, but I would not accept it, saying that whoever composed music for it without changing it entirely, ran a great risk of being hooted off the stage; and had it not been Umlauf's it would have been hooted, but being his it was merely hissed. This was not surprising, for even with the finest music no one could have tolerated such a piece; but in addition the music was so bad also, that I don't know whether the author of the poetry or the music should carry off the prize of inanity. It is shameful to give it twice more, but I think we may now say *punctum satis*.

213.

Vienna, Dec. 28, 1782.

I must write quickly, as it is now half-past five o'clock, and I asked some people to come here at six to try over some music. Besides, I have so much to do, that I scarcely know whether my head is still on my shoulders. I pass my forenoons in giving lessons till two o'clock, when we dine, and I consider it but fair to give my poor stomach an hour for digestion. The evening is therefore the only time I have for composing, and even that is by no means certain, as I am often invited to concerts. There are still two concertos to be written for my subscription concerts. These concertos are a happy medium between being too easy and

too difficult; they are very brilliant, pleasant to the ear, and natural, without being vapid. There are particular passages from which connoisseurs alone can derive satisfaction, but still the less learned cannot, I believe, fail to be pleased, even without knowing why. I distribute the tickets at six ducats each. I am now also completing the pianoforte arrangement of my opera, which is about to be published, and I am likewise engaged on a very laborious work, 'The Bard's Song' of Denis on Gibraltar [see No. 208]. But this is a secret, for it is a Hungarian lady who wishes to pay a compliment to Denis. The ode is sublime, beautiful, &c., &c., but too exaggerated and pompous for my fastidious ears. But what is to be done? The happy medium—truth in all things—is no longer either known or valued; to gain applause, one must write things so inane that they might be played on barrel-organs, or so unintelligible that no rational being can comprehend them, though on that very account they are likely to please. This is not what I intended to discuss with you, but I should like to write a book, a short criticism of music, illustrated by examples, but, N.B., not under my own name. I send you an enclosure from Baroness Waldstädten, who fears her letter to you must also have been lost, for you make no allusion to it.

214.

Vienna, Jan. 4, 1783.

You have, no doubt, safely received my last letter, and the enclosure from the Baroness. She did not say what she had written to you, only that she had made you some request about music; she will probably tell me all about it when I next go to see her, though she knows that I am by no means inquisitive; for she is a most flighty person. I heard, however, from another source that she wants a musician, as she is about to travel. But I may as well warn you, if this be the case, to be on your guard, for she is as variable as the wind, and probably, whatever she may think at this moment, will not quit Vienna at all, for she has been on the point of leaving it ever since I have had the honour of her acquaintance. We both thank you much for your new-year's wishes, and we acknowledge ourselves to be as stupid as owls for having forgot all about it, and having been so remiss in our duty in this respect; so being now quite behindhand with our congratulations, we only send you our everyday good wishes.

Before his marriage Mozart 'had vowed in his heart' that when he should bring Constanze to Salzburg as his wife, he would compose a mass for the occasion, and have it performed there. 'As a proof of the fulfilment of this vow, the score of half a mass is now lying by, in hopes of some day being finished.' In the

same letter he writes that Countess Palfy has become his pupil (a daughter of the Archbishop's sister), but begs it may not be mentioned, as he was not sure whether it might not be desired to be kept quiet.

215.

Vienna, Jan. 8, 1783.

Were it not on account of poor Fink, I would really ask you to forgive me, and put off writing till next post, as I have a rondo to finish this evening [Köchel, No. 416] for my sister-in-law, Madame Lange, which she is to sing on Saturday at a grand concert in the Mehlgrube. No doubt you have by this time got my last letter, and see from it that I knew nothing from the Baroness as to her commission, but partly guessed it, and learned it by a hint from another quarter; so, knowing the lady well, I cautioned you to beware. In the first place, I must tell you that Fink would not at all suit her, for she wants a musical performer for herself, and not for her children. You see, therefore, that taste, feeling, and a brilliant style of playing would be more appropriate than a knowledge of thorough bass and playing preludes in the organ style, which would be utterly useless. She has often had a person of the kind in her house, but never for long. These are the things which cause her to be lightly spoken of. She is weak, but I say no more, and even thus much only to you, for I have received great kindness from her, so it is my

duty to defend her if possible, or at least to be silent.* She says that she means to set off to Pressburg in the course of a few days, and to remain there; and yet I only half believe this. Were I in your place, I should politely decline having anything to do with the matter. I must conclude, or my aria will not be ready. My opera was given again yesterday in a crowded theatre, and with enthusiasm. Don't forget the symphonies. Adieu! We both send you our love.

216.

Vienna, Jan. 22, 1782.

You need not fear that the concertos are too dear; I expect to make a ducat by each, and I should like to know what chance I have of one being copied for a ducat. They cannot be transcribed, for I shall not deliver them till I have secured a certain number of subscribers. They have been already three times advertised in the 'Vienna Diarium' [now the 'Vienna Zeitung]. I have given out tickets since the 20th at four ducats, and in April concert tickets will be supplied by me in exchange for the others when returned. The cadenzas and introductions I hope soon to send to my sister; I have not altered the introduction to the rondo, for when I perform this concerto, I always play whatever comes

* Jahn, iii. 156, says, 'The Baroness had contrived (though how she did so is not known) to obviate the various difficulties that stood in the way of the marriage.'

into my head at the moment. Pray send the symphonies as soon as possible, for indeed I require them very much. One request more, for my wife will not give me a moment's peace on the subject. Of course you know that this is Carnival time, and that dancing is as much the rage here as at Salzburg and Munich. I should like to go as a harlequin (unknown to any one), because there are so many silly jackanapes at these masked balls, so I wish you to send me your harlequin's dress; but it must come without a day's delay, for we shall not attend the Redoute till I get it, although they are in full swing just now. In fact, we prefer private balls. I gave a ball last week in my own house, but of course the gentlemen each paid two florins. We began at six o'clock in the evening, and finished at seven. What! only one hour? No, no, at seven o'clock next morning. I suppose you are puzzled to know how I had sufficient space. That just reminds me that I have always forgotten to write to you that six weeks ago we moved into another lodging, also on the Hohen Brücke, a few doors from our previous one. We now live in the lesser Herberstein Haus, No. 412, on the third floor, with Herr von Wetzlar, a rich Jew,* where I have a room immensely long and very narrow, a bedroom, an anteroom, and a large kitchen; there are two good-sized apartments adjoining ours still unfurnished, so I made use of these

* This zealous patron of Mozart's was also very useful in promoting 'Figaro.'

for our dance. Baron and Baroness Wetzlar were with us, Baroness Waldstädten, Herr von Edelbach, that humbug Gilofsky [see No. 142], Stephanie junior *et uxor*, M. and Madame Adamberger, the Langes, &c. I cannot possibly name them all. I must conclude, as I have still a letter to write to Wendling in Mannheim about my concertos. Pray do remind that ever facile composer of operas, Gatti, about the libretti—I wish they were come.

217.

Vienna, Feb. 5, 1783.

I have got your last letter, and hope you have also got mine with the request about the harlequin costume. I now repeat it, and beg you will send it off at once. With regard to the symphonies, especially the last, pray let me have them soon, for my concert is fixed for the third Sunday in Lent (March 23rd), and I must have a number of parts copied out yet. If they are not already written out, you had better send them back to me in score, just as I sent them to you; let me have the minuets also. Is Cecarelli no longer in Salzburg? or did Gatti refuse to give him a part in his cantata? for you do not mention him among the disputants and belligerents. My opera was performed yesterday for the seventeenth time with the usual applause, and crowded audience. Next Friday a new opera is to be given, the music (a *galimathias*) by a young man here, a pupil of Wagenseil's. The title is 'Gallus cantans,

in arbore sedens gigerigi faciens.' It will probably not please much, but better than its predecessor at all events, an old opera of Gassmann's (*La notte critica*) which with difficulty struggled through three representations. Before this, we had that execrable opera of Umlauf's that I already wrote to you about [see No. 212], which never got the length of a third performance. It really looks as if they wished to sound the knell of the German opera before its time arrives, for it dies at any rate at Easter; and this is done by Germans—shame on them!

I asked you in my last to remind Gatti about the Italian libretti, and I again repeat the request. Let me now tell you my idea. I do not believe that the Italian opera will be long carried on; for my part I prefer the German; even though it may cost me more trouble, still I like it best. Every nation has an opera of its own; why should not the Germans have one also? Is not German as well adapted for singing as French or English [see No. 110], and more so than the Russian? I am at present writing a German opera *for myself*. I have selected Goldoni's comedy—'Il Servitore di due Padroni'—and the first act is already translated. Baron Binder is the translator; but I keep it a profound secret till it is quite finished. What is your opinion about this? Don't you think I shall be able to make a good thing of it? I must conclude. Fischer is with me; he has requested me to write to Le Gros in Paris

[No. 100] about him, as he intends to go there in Lent. They commit a folly in allowing a man to leave them whom they can never replace.

[On the outside is written] *Gaetano majorani* (*Caffarello*), *Amphion Theba ego Domum.*

218.

To Baroness von Waldstädten.

Chez moi, Feb. 15, 1783.

Highly esteemed Lady,*

I am now in a fine dilemma! Herr von Tranner and I lately agreed to ask for a renewal of our bill for fourteen days. As every merchant does this kind of thing, unless he is the most disobliging man in the world, I was quite at ease, hoping by that time to have been able to borrow the sum if I could not manage to pay it myself, and now Herr von Tranner to-day sends to let me know that the person in question absolutely refuses to wait, and that if I do not pay the money before to-morrow he will *sue me at law.* Only think, dear lady, what a distressing occurrence this would be for me! I have no means of paying the money at present, nor even so much as one half. If I could have had the least idea that the subscriptions for my concert would

* Jahn, iii. 156. It appears by the marriage contract that the wedding portion was 500 florins, and the settlement 1,000 florins. The Baroness Waldstädten seems to have been of no small use in procuring this sum.

proceed so slowly, I would have got the money at a longer date. I do entreat you, honoured lady, for heaven's sake to assist in preserving my reputation and my good name. My poor little wife is so unwell that I cannot leave her, or I would have gone to you myself to entreat your good offices in person. We kiss your hands 1,000 times, and remain your dutiful children,

W. A. and C. MOZART.

219.

Vienna, Feb. 15, 1783.

I thank you extremely for the music you have sent me. I regret much not being able to make use of the music for 'Thamos' [see page 305], for not having pleased here, it is included among the tabooed pieces, no longer to be performed. For the sake of the music alone it might possibly be given again, but it is not likely. It is really a pity. I herewith send my sister the three cadenzas for the concerto in D, and the two introductions for the one in E flat. Pray send me immediately the little book containing the hautboy concerto I wrote for Ramm, or rather for Ferlendi [see No. 93]. Prince Esterhazy's hautboy-player is to give me three ducats for it, and has offered me six to write a new concerto for him. I wish I could have been in some snug corner in Strassburg when my opera was given, but in that case I don't think I should have passed a quiet night. My new Hafner symphony surprised me ex-

ceedingly on seeing it again, for I had forgotten all about it; surely it must make a good effect? [see No. 195]. I think that on the last day of the Carnival we shall collect a small set of masqueraders, and perform a pantomime; but pray don't betray us. I was at last so fortunate as to meet the Chevalier Hipolity, who had never found me at home; he is most agreeable, and has been once with me, and is to come again soon, to bring an aria that I may have an opportunity of hearing him I must conclude, as I am going to the theatre. We both send our love.

220.

Vienna, March 12, 1783.

I hope you have not been uneasy, but guessed the cause of my silence, which was, that not knowing how long you were to stay at Munich, I delayed writing till now, when I trust my letter will reach you in Salzburg. My sister-in-law, Madame Lange, gave her concert yesterday in the theatre, where I played a concerto. The theatre was very full, and I was again received in so handsome a manner by the public, that it caused me the most heartfelt pleasure. I had gone off the stage, but the clapping of hands was so incessant that I was obliged to come back and repeat my rondo; it was a perfect storm! This is a good omen for my own concert, which is to be on Sunday the 23rd of March. I also played the symphony I wrote for the *Concert Spirituel*. My sister-in-law sang the aria, '*Non so d'onde viene*'

[see No. 96]. Gluck had a box next to the Langes, in which my wife was; he was vehement in his praise of the symphony and the aria, and invited us all four to dine with him next Sunday. It is possible that the German opera may be continued, but nothing is yet known on the subject. One thing is certain, that Fischer [the celebrated bass] goes to Paris a week hence. Pray don't forget about the concerto I wrote for Ramm. By the same opportunity you might send me some other things—viz. the score of my mass, and those of my two vespers. This is solely with a view to Baron von Swieten hearing them. He sings treble, and I counter-tenor (and play besides), Starzer is our tenor [see No. 8], and our bass is Teyber junior from Italy. Meanwhile let me have the *Tres sunt* of Haydn [Michael] till you can send me something else of his. I should of all things like the *Lauda Sion* to be heard here. The *Tres sunt* must be somewhere at home transcribed *by myself*. The fugue, '*In te Domine speravi*,' has had great success, as well as the *Ave Maria* and the *Tenebræ*. Pray do enliven our Sunday music practice soon with something new.

On Easter Monday our company of masks went to the Redoute, where we performed a pantomime which occupied exactly the half-hour intervening between the dances. My sister-in-law [Aloysia] was Columbine; I, harlequin; my brother-in-law, Pierrot; an old dancing-master (Merk), pantaloon; a painter (Grassi), the

doctor. Both the plot and the music of the pantomime were mine. The dancing-master was so kind as to train us, and I really must say we played very nicely. I enclose the programme, which was distributed to the company by a mask, in the dress of a courier. The verses, though intended only to be doggrel rhymes, might be better. This production is not mine, but the actor Müller's, who dashed them off. I must conclude, as I am going to a concert at Prince Esterhazy's. So farewell; and pray don't forget about the music.

221.

Vienna, March 29, 1783.

I need not tell you much about the success of my concert, for no doubt you have already heard of it. Suffice it to say that the theatre could not have been more crowded, and every box was full. What gratified me most was the Emperor being present, who gave me great applause. It is his usual custom to send the money to the box-office of the theatre before going there; otherwise I might have justly hoped for a larger sum, for his delight was beyond all bounds. He sent twenty-five ducats. The programme was as follows:—1. My new symphony for the Hafner festival. 2. Madame Lange sang the aria, '*Se il padre perdei*,' from my Munich opera, accompanied by four instruments. 3. I played the third of my subscription concertos. 4. Adamberger sang the scena written for

Baumgarten. 5. The short symphony concertante from my last *final-musik*. 6. I played my concerto in D, so great a favourite here, and of which I sent you the rondo [see No. 189]. 7. Madlle. Teyber sang the scena, '*Parto, m' affretto*,' from my last Milan opera. 8. I played alone a short fugue (the Emperor being present), and variations on an air from an opera called 'Die Philosophen,' which was encored, so I played variations on the aria, '*Unser dummer Pöbel meint*,' from the '*Pilgrimme von Mekka*' [by Gluck]. 9. Madame Lange sang my new rondo. 10. The last movement of my first symphony. To-morrow Madlle. Teyber gives a concert, where I am also to play. I have received the music safely, and thank you for it. Pray don't forget about the '*Lauda Sion*,' and we should also be glad to have some of your best sacred pieces, dearest father, for we like to amuse ourselves with all kinds of composers, ancient and modern; so I hope you will soon send us some *of your own*.

222.

Vienna, April 3, 1783.

I send you with this my Munich opera, and the two copies of my sonatas. The variations I promised shall be forwarded to you by the next opportunity, for the copyist could not finish them in time. I also send the two portraits, and only hope you will be pleased with them.

I think they are both good likenesses, and all who have seen them are of the same opinion.

I told you an untruth in the first paragraph of this letter—I mean about the copies of the sonatas—but I am not to blame. When I went to buy them, I was told that there was not a single copy remaining, but that I could have them next day or the day after; but this is too late for the present opportunity, so I must send them along with the variations. I enclose my debt for the copying of my opera [see No. 204], and the remainder of the sum may, I hope, be of some little use to you. I cannot spare more at present, as I foresee many expenses when my wife is confined, which she expects to be towards the end of May or beginning of June. I must finish, as Herr von Daubrawaick sets off at an early hour to-morrow, and I have still to send him this letter.

223.

Vienna, April 12, 1783.

I am sorry to say that the diligence does not go for a week to come, so I cannot send you the two copies of the sonatas or the other pieces till then. You shall also have by the same opportunity the varied voice part of '*Non so d' onde viene.*' The first time you send me a parcel let me have the counter-tenor rondo (the one I wrote for the *musico* in the Italian company at Salzburg), and also let the rondo I composed for Cecarelli [see No. 144] in Vienna take the trip with the rest.

When the weather is warmer, make a search in the attics, and send us some of your own church music; you certainly have no reason to be ashamed of it.

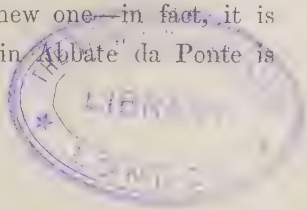
Baron von Swieten and Starzer know just as well as you and I do, that taste is constantly changing, and that the same variability extends to church music, which ought not to be the case; but hence it is that genuine church music is to be found worm-eaten in attics. When I come to Salzburg with my wife in July, as I hope to do, we can discuss this point together. When Herr von Daubrawaick left this, I really could scarcely resist my wife's entreaties that we should follow him. She thought we might arrive in Salzburg before him, and had it not been for the very short time we could have stayed (I do assure you she had even set her heart on being confined in Salzburg), which made this idea impossible, our most ardent wish to embrace you and my dear sister would by this time have been fulfilled, for I should have had no fears about the journey. She is so well in health, and so strong, that any woman may well thank God, who is as fortunate as she has been in her situation. As soon as my wife has sufficiently recovered from her confinement, we shall go, beyond all doubt, direct to Salzburg. You would see by my last letter that I was to play again in Madlle. Teyber's concert. The Emperor was there also. I played the first concerto, the same that I played at my own concert. I was encored in the rondo; so when I again seated myself

at the piano, instead of repeating the rondo, I had the desk removed, and played extempore. You should have seen how this little surprise delighted the public; they not only applauded vehemently, but shouted Bravo! and Bravissimo! The Emperor listened to me till the end, and when I left the piano, he left his box, so he evidently had remained only to hear me. Pray send me, if possible, the published report of my concert. I rejoice that the trifle I sent you came so *à propos*. I have a great deal to write about, but fear missing the post, as it is a quarter to eight o'clock; so goodbye for the present!

224.

Vienna, May 7, 1783.

Another short letter. I intended to delay writing till Saturday, as I am obliged to go to a concert to-day; but as I have something to say which is of considerable importance to myself, I must steal time to write a few lines. I have not yet received the music I wanted, nor can I conceive what is become of it. The Italian *opera buffa* has recommenced here, and is very popular. The *buffo* is particularly good—his name is Benucci. I have looked through a hundred libretti, and more, but have not been able to find even one with which I am satisfied; at least, so many alterations would be required, that even if the poet were to consent to this, it would be easier for him to write an entirely new one—in fact, it is always the best plan. A certain Abbate da Ponte is



our poet here; he has at present a vast deal to do in theatrical revision, and must *per obbligo* write a new libretto for Salieri, which cannot be ready for a couple of months, and then he promises to write one for me; but who can tell whether he will or can keep this promise? You are aware that these Italian gentlemen are very civil to your face. Well, we know them! If he is in league with Salieri, I shall never while I live get a libretto from him. I should so like to show what I can do in an Italian opera! In the meantime it occurred to me that if Varesco's indignation about the Munich opera is now subdued [see vol. i. p. 305], he might write me a new one for seven characters. *Basta!* You must know best whether this can be managed. At all events he could in the meantime sketch out a plot, and when we come to Salzburg we could work it out together. The most essential of all is, that as a whole it should be genuinely comic, and, if possible, two equally good female parts be introduced in it—one of these to be *seria*, the other *mezzo carattere*, but both parts equal in importance. The third female character may be entirely *buffa*, and all the male ones if necessary. If you think you have any chance with Varesco, pray apply to him at once. You must not tell him, however, that you expect me in July, or he will not begin to work, for I should like so much to see some part of it while still in Vienna. His share would certainly amount to not less than 400 or 500 florins, for

the custom here is that the poet receives one third of the receipts.

225.

Vienna, May 21, 1783.

I made every enquiry at the banker Scheffler's for a person of the name of Rosa as well as Rossi, but he has now called on me, so at last I have got the music all right. I have also received Cecarelli's rondo from Gilofsky, for which I have to thank you. I send you the voice part of '*Non so d' onde viene*,' and only hope you may be able to read it. I lament from my heart the worthy Frau von Robinig; my wife and I also lately very nearly lost a kind friend of ours, Baron Raimund Wetzlar, with whom we lodged. I just remember I forgot to write to you we had again twice changed our residence. Baron Wetzlar had got a lady lodger; so, to oblige him, we removed before the time to a very bad apartment in the Kohlmarkt, in return for which he refused to take any rent for the three months we had lived in his house, and also paid the expenses of our moving. We looked out for a good apartment, and at last found one in the Juden Platz, where we now are; he also paid everything for us in the Kohlmarkt. Our address is 'Auf dem Juden Platz, im Burgischen Hause, No. 244, first floor.' Our sole wish is soon to have the happiness of embracing you, but whether this will be in Salzburg I can scarcely tell. An idea has frequently haunted me, but as it never seemed

to occur to you, dearest father, I tried to drive it away. Herr von Edelbach and Baron Wetzlar, however, confirm my view, which is the fear that when I come to Salzburg the Archbishop may cause me to be arrested, or at all events——*Basta!* What chiefly causes my alarm is, that I have never yet received my formal dismission. Perhaps it is withheld purposely, to entrap me afterwards; but you are the best judge as to this. If your opinion is contrary to ours, we shall assuredly come; but if you agree with us, we must then choose some third place for our meeting—perhaps Munich. A priest is capable of anything. *A propos*, have you heard of the famous quarrel between the Archbishop and Count Daun, and that the Archbishop received a most cutting letter from the Chapter of Passau? I beg you will persevere in keeping Varesco up to the mark in the matter I wrote to you about. The chief thing must be the comic element in it, for I know the taste of the Viennese.

226.

Vienna, June 7, 1783.

I duly received my dear sister's letter. My wife's name-day is neither in March nor in May, but on the 16th of February, nor is it to be found in any calendar, but she gratefully thanks you for your kind good wishes, which are always acceptable, even though not on a name-day. She would like to write to my sister

herself, but in her present circumstances she must be excused if she is inclined to be rather lazy. I do not think the event will take place before the 15th or 16th. She wishes now it would occur, and the sooner the better, as she would sooner have the happiness of embracing you and my dear sister in Salzburg. As I did not so soon anticipate this event, I delayed entreating you, dearest father, most earnestly to be godfather; but I hope it is still time, I therefore do so now. In the meantime (in the sure hope that you will not refuse) I have arranged that some one shall present the child in your name, whether *generis masculini* or *fœminini*. The name is to be either Leopold or Leopoldine.

Do you know nothing more about Varesco? Pray don't forget, because when I am in Salzburg we could get on so well if the plot were sketched. Thank God! I am quite well again, except that my attack [a prevailing influenza] has left me a memento in the shape of a catarrh—which is very amiable on its part.

I must here say a few words to my sister about the Clementi sonatas. Every one who either hears them or plays them, must feel that as compositions they are poor enough. They contain no remarkable or striking passages, except those in sixths and octaves, and I beg my sister not to practise these *too much*, that she may not disturb her quiet even touch, nor injure the natural lightness, facility, and smooth rapidity of her finger.

For, after all, what is to be gained by it? Supposing that you do play the sixths and octaves with the utmost velocity (which no man, not even Clementi, can thoroughly accomplish), you produce an unpleasant scramble, but nothing else in the world. Clementi is a *charlatan*, like *all Italians*. He writes *presto* over a sonata, and often *prestissimo* and *alla breve*, and plays it himself *allegro* in $^4/_4$ time. I know this to be the case, for I heard him do so [see No. 185]. What he really does well are his passages in thirds, but he laboured at these day and night in London. Except these he can do nothing, absolutely nothing, for he has not the slightest taste or execution, far less feeling.

227.*

Vienna, July 2, 1783.

Anfossi's opera was given the day before yesterday, Monday, for the first time. Nothing was well received but my two arias [Köchel, Nos. 448 and 449]; the second of them, a bravura, was encored. Now you must know that my enemies were so malicious as to

* Jahn, iii. 274. After the Italian opera recommenced, Mozart was frequently entreated to write some arias to be introduced into various pieces. In the year 1783, when Anfossi's opera (composed in 1778), 'Il curioso Indiscreto,' was performed, Madame Lange and Adamberger, being German singers, were forced to struggle against many a cabal in the Italian opera; and, knowing by experience that they were always successful with Mozart's arias, they begged him to write a couple of agreeable airs for their first *début* in this opera.

spread a report that I had thought fit to improve upon Anfossi's opera. I heard of this, so I desired Count Rosenberg [the Intendant] to be informed that I would not allow my arias to be given at all, unless the following announcement was appended to the libretto in German as well as in Italian.

'ANNOUNCEMENT.

'The two arias, pages 36 and 102, are set to music by the Herr Maestro Mozart for Madame Lange, and are not written by the Maestro Anfossi. This is made known in justice to the former, but without the slightest intention of detracting from the fame and merits of the renowned Neapolitan.'

This was published in the book of the opera, and I gave them the airs, which did great honour both to my sister-in-law and to myself. So my enemies were quite confounded. Now for a trick of Salieri's, which injures Adamberger more than me. I think I mentioned that I had written a rondo for Adamberger [Köchel, No. 420]. At a private rehearsal, before the rondo was written out, Salieri took Adamberger aside and said to him, that Count Rosenberg was averse to his introducing an aria, so as his good friend he advised him not to do so. Adamberger, provoked by Rosenberg's objection, and not knowing how otherwise to retaliate, was so foolish as to say, with ill-timed pride, 'Well, to show that Adamberger's reputation in Vienna is already

made, and that he has no occasion to sing music expressly written for him to insure fame, he will sing only what is in the opera, and never so long as he lives introduce any aria.' What was the result?—that he had no success; which, indeed, was sure to be the case. Now he repents, but it is too late; for if he were to ask me now to give him the rondo I would not do so. I can very easily find a place for it in one of my own operas. The worst part is, that his wife's prophecy and mine has been fulfilled, namely, that Count Rosenberg and the Direction knew nothing about it, so that it was only a cunning device of Salieri's.

228.*

Vienna, July 12, 1783.

Mon très-cher Père,

I have got your letter of the 8th, and am thankful to find that you are both well. If you choose to call what really are obstacles mere humbug, I can't prevent your doing so; any one may call a thing by a wrong name if he pleases, but whether it be just is a very different affair. Did you ever observe in me that I had no wish or yearning to see you? Certainly never; but as certainly that I have no desire whatever to see Salzburg or the Archbishop. If we were to meet in some third place [Mozart had proposed Munich], who

* Hitherto unpublished. I have to thank the proprietor of this letter, Baron von Reden, in Dantzic, for a correct copy of it, from his splendid collection of autographs.

would then be humbugged? The Archbishop, and not you. I suppose I need not say that I care very little for Salzburg, and not at all for the Archbishop, and it never would enter my head to make a journey thither on purpose, were it not that you and my sister lived there. The whole affair arose from the well-meant caution of my good friends, who certainly are not devoid of sound practical good sense, and I did not think I was acting foolishly in asking your opinion on the subject, in order to follow your advice. The sole apprehension of my friends was that I might be arrested, not having got my discharge. From what you say I am now quite at ease, so we shall be with you the end of August, or certainly the beginning of September at latest. Herr von Babius met me in the street and came home with me; he is gone to-day, and if he had not been previously engaged he would have dined with me yesterday.

Dearest father, you must not suppose that because this is summer I have nothing to do. Every one is not in the country, and I have still some pupils to look after. I have also got one in composition. He will look rather blank when I tell him of my journey.

I must conclude, having so much to write. In the meantime, pray prepare the skittle-ground in the garden,* for my wife is very partial to that game. She has always a lurking fear that she may not please you,

* The father at that time lived in the Mirabell Platz.

because she is not pretty, but I do my best to console her by assuring her that my dearest father thinks more of inward than of outward beauty. Now farewell! We embrace you both tenderly. Your loving children,

W. and C. Mozart.

At the end of this month the long talked-of journey at last took place. During his stay in Salzburg of nearly three months, Mozart was chiefly occupied in discussing with the Abbate Varesco the plot of a comic opera, 'L' Oca del Cairo' [the goose of Cairo], and in sketching some portions of the music. They returned home the end of October, and on the journey Mozart wrote the following letter to his father:—

229.

Linz, Oct. 31, 1783.

We arrived here safely yesterday morning at nine o'clock, having passed the first night in Vöcklabruck. Next day we arrived in the forenoon at Lambach, just in time for me to accompany the 'Agnus Dei' on the organ. The worthy prelate was quite overjoyed to see me again, and told me the anecdote about himself and you in Salzburg. We remained there the whole day, and I played both on the organ and on a clavichord. I heard that an opera was to be given next day at the Warden's at Ebersberg (whose wife is a sister of Frau

von Barisani), and that all Linz was to be assembled. I therefore resolved also to be present, and drove there. Then young Count Thun (brother of the Thun in Vienna) came up as soon as he saw me, and said that his father had been expecting me for the last fortnight, and I must drive straight to his door, for I was to live in his house. I said that I intended to have gone to an inn. When we arrived at Linz next day, we found a servant waiting for us at the gate of the town to conduct us to old Count Thun's, in whose house we are now staying. I cannot tell you all the politeness we receive from this family. On Tuesday, the 4th of November, I intend to give a concert here in the theatre, and as I have not a single symphony with me, I am working as hard as I can at a new one, which must be finished by that time. I now conclude, because I must positively continue my work. My wife and I unite in kind love. I must apologise for the great length of our visit, and thank you once more heartily for all your kindness. Now farewell! We send cordial greetings to Grethel, to Heinrich [Marchand: see No. 162], of whom we often speak here, and to Hanni; but say to Grethel in particular, she is not to be all honey when she sings, for this sweetness and nothing but kisses are apt to be cloying and not always palatable—in fact, none but stupid blockheads are taken in by them.

230.

Vienna, Dec. 6, 1783.

As I had no idea that you would write to me till I announced our arrival, I did not go to Peisser's till to-day, to enquire about a letter, when I found yours of the 21st, which has been lying here for twelve days.

No doubt you remember that when you came to Munich at the time I wrote the grand opera [see No. 140], you reproached me with the debt of twelve louis d'or that I had got from Herr Scherz in Strassburg [see No. 116], adding these words, 'What vexes me is your want of confidence in me; at all events, I have now the honour to pay twelve louis d'or on your account.' I set off to Vienna, and you to Salzburg. Your words led me to believe that I had no further occasion to concern myself on the subject; and further, that were it not so, you would have written to me, or told me of it when we were together lately. Imagine therefore my perplexity and astonishment, when the day before yesterday a clerk of the banker, Herr Oechser, brought me a letter from Herr Hafner in Salzburg [see No. 195], with an enclosure from Herr Scherz. As it is now fully five years ago, the interest on the money is also demanded, to which I however at once replied, that they could not enforce that, as the bill was due in six weeks from the date, so that it had lapsed. Still, in consideration of Herr Scherz's friendship, I would pay the original sum, but no interest

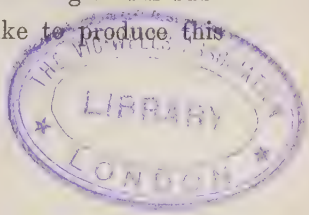
being named I was not liable for any. All I ask of you, dear father, is to become my security for one month with Herr Hafner, or rather Triendl. As a man of experience, you may easily imagine that it would be very inconvenient to divest myself entirely of ready money. The most painful part to me of this business is, that Herr Scherz is not likely to have any good opinion of me—a proof that chance, accident, circumstances, and misapprehensions, may often sully the honour of an innocent man. Why, during this long period, did Herr Scherz never once allude to the matter? My name is not so obscure! My opera ['Die Entführung'], which was performed in Strassburg, must at all events have given him some idea that I was in Vienna. And then his corresponding with Hafner in Salzburg! If he had applied to me the first year, I would have paid him on the spot with pleasure; I mean to pay it still, but at this moment I cannot do so. Now let us talk of something else. There are only three arias wanting to finish the first act of my opera ['L'Oca del Cairo']. I can really say that I am quite satisfied with the aria buffa, the quartett, and the finale, and take great pleasure in them; so I should much regret if I had written such music to no purpose —I mean if we cannot agree on what is absolutely necessary. It did not occur either to you, or to the Abbate Varesco, or to me, that it would have a bad effect, and even cause the entire failure of the opera, if the two

principal female singers do not appear on the stage till the last moment, but walk about in the fortress and on the bastions and ramparts. The patience of the audience might hold out for one act, but certainly not a second—it could not be expected. This reflection first occurred to me at Linz, and it seems to me that the only remedy is to contrive that some of the scenes in the second act should take place inside the fortress—*camera della fortezza*. The scenery can be arranged so that when Don Pippo commands the goose (Biondello thus disguised) to be taken into the fortress, it should represent a room where Celidora and Lavina are. Panteo brings in the goose, Biondello slips off his disguise; Don Pippo is heard coming, Biondello again becomes a goose. This will admit of the introduction of a good quintett, all the more comic from the goose singing along with the others. I must, however, candidly confess that my only reason for not objecting to this goose story altogether was because two men of greater experience and judgment than myself did not disapprove of it. I allude to yourself and Varesco. There is time yet to think what changes would be advisable.

Biondello has vowed to make his way into the fortress; how he contrives to do so, whether in the form of a goose or by any other artifice, is immaterial. I thought that other, equally comic, and more natural effects might be produced, even though Biondello

were to retain the human form. For instance, the intelligence that Biondello, in despair at the impossibility of making his way into the fortress, had thrown himself into the sea, should be given at the very beginning of the second act. He might then disguise himself as a Turk, or anything he chose, and bring Panteo with him as his slave (a negress, of course). Don Pippo wishes to purchase the slave for his bride, so the slave-dealer and the negro girl enter the fortress that she may be inspected. In this way Panteo has an opportunity to tease her husband, and to address all sorts of impertinences to him, which would improve her part, for the more comic an Italian opera is the better. I beg you will tell the Abbate Varesco very distinctly my opinion. I do hope he will write busily. I have worked hard enough in this short time; indeed I should have entirely completed the first act if I did not require a few alterations in the words of some of the airs; *but say nothing of this to him at present.*

My German opera, 'Die Entführung aus dem Serail,' was given with great applause, both in Prague and Leipzig. Pray send me my 'Idomeneo' as soon as possible, the two violin duetts [which he had written for M. Haydn—Köchel, No. 423], and Sebastian Bach's fugues. I require 'Idomeneo,' because next Lent (besides my concert in the theatre) I am to give six subscription concerts, when I should like to produce this opera also.



Now farewell! Pray do urge on Varesco, and send me the music I want. We send kisses to Grethel, Heinrich, and Hanni. I will write to Grethel one of these days. Tell Heinrich that I have spoken much in his favour in Linz and here. He must practise his staccatos assiduously, for this is a point in which the Viennese cannot forget La Motte. Adieu!

On the 10th of December Mozart informs his father that Madame Lange has selected 'Die Entführung aus dem Serail' for her first appearance, and adds, 'Do your best to see that the libretto turns out good. I wish it could be contrived to bring the two *prima donnas* out of the fortress on the stage in the first act when they sing the aria, and then indeed I would gladly consent to their singing the whole of the finale on the bastion.' In the following hitherto unpublished letter, a copy of which I owe to the kindness of Dr. Faust Pachler, the matter is again closely discussed.

231.

Vienna, Dec. 24, 1783.

I have received in due course your letter of the 19th and the opera. Now about the opera, which is the most pressing. The Abbate Varesco has written on Lavina's cavatina, 'The music to be the same as the previous cavatina,' that is, Celidora's cavatina; but this

must not be, for in Celidora's cavatina the words are very sad and hopeless, whereas in Lavina's they are consolatory and hopeful. Besides, it is a practice quite out of date, and no longer in fashion, for one person to echo the song of another. At all events, it could only be employed in the *ultime parti*, such as a *soubrette* and her lover. My opinion is that the scene should begin with a fine duett, which might answer very well with the same text by a small addition for the coda. After the duett the conversation to be resumed; and when the bell of the gaoler is heard, Madlle. Lavina will be so good as to take herself off, instead of Celidora, so that, as prima donna, Celidora may have the opportunity of singing a grand bravura air. I think this will be better, both for the composer and the singer as well as for the audience, and the whole scene will certainly thus become far more interesting. Further, the audience could scarcely be expected to tolerate the same aria from the *second* singer, after having already heard it from the *first*. In the next place, I do not know what you are both driving at by the following arrangement. At the end of the newly inserted scene of the two prima donnas in the first act, the Abbate writes, 'Now comes scene 8th, formerly scene 7th, and all the numbers are to be changed accordingly.' According to these directions, I must conclude that, contrary to my wish, the scene after the quartett, where the two ladies sing in turn from the window, is

to remain; but this is impossible. Not only would the act be very much prolonged, and to no purpose, but also rendered very vapid. It always seemed to me very ridiculous to read:—(Celidora) 'Wait here for me, my dear friend; I wish the gaoler to see me; you can follow,' &c. (Lavina) 'Yes; sweet friend, adieu!' (exit Celidora). Lavina sings her aria; Celidora enters and says, 'Here I am; now depart!' (exit Lavina, and Celidora sings her air)—relieving each other like soldiers on guard. Besides, it is far more natural, as they all agree in the quartett to carry out their proposed scheme, that the men should leave them, in order to seek out the people required for this purpose, while the two ladies retire quietly to their cells. All that may be permitted is a few lines of recitative. Indeed, I have not the smallest doubt that it never was intended the scene should remain, and it has been retained simply by mistake. I am anxious to see how you carry out your capital idea of bringing Biondello into the tower. If it be only diverting, I shall have no objection to its being rather unnatural. I am not at all alarmed at the notion of a few fireworks, for that kind of thing is so well regulated here that there is no cause for uneasiness about theatrical fireworks. For instance, 'Medea' is constantly given, in which one half of the palace is demolished, while the other half is blazing on the stage. To-morrow I shall endeavour to procure the libretto of

the 'Rauchfangkehrer' [by Salieri]. I have not yet been able to meet with the 'Contessina;' if it is not to be had, would any of the following ones be suitable? —'Das Irrlicht,' by Umlauf; 'Die schöne Schäferin,' by Umlauf, or 'Die Pilgrimme von Mekka' [by Gluck]. The two latter especially would be very easy to perform. Kühne probably has them already. Pray give our united kind regards to him and his wife. You have no doubt received my last short letter. Let me remind you once more to send me the two duetts, Bach's fugues, and *above all* 'Idomeneo'—you know why. It is very important for me to go through this opera on the piano with Count Sickingen [see No. 100, &c.]. Pray have Emmanuel Bach's fugues transcribed also (I think six in number), and send them to me by the first opportunity. I forgot to ask you for them when I was in Salzburg. Now goodbye! Last Monday we had another grand concert of the society, where I played a concerto, and Adamberger sang a rondo of mine [Köchel, No. 431]. It was repeated yesterday, only a violinist played a concerto instead of me. On Monday the theatre was crowded. Yesterday it was empty—N.B., first appearance of the violin-player.

In spite of all these suggestions on the part of the composer, Varesco seems to have objected to such a total change in the text, and so the 'Oca del Cairo,' of

which only the outlines of a few fragments in score are extant, was given up. Mozart was thus obliged to devote himself afresh to music for publishers and concerts. We learn what concerts he gave during this Easter, and how brilliant was the circle that he assembled round him. In addition to his well-known patrons and patronesses, such as Countess Thun, Baroness Waldstädten, Count Zichi, and Von Swieten, he had further the Duke of Würtemberg, the Prince of Mecklenburg, the Princes L. Liechtenstein, Auersperg, Kaunitz, Lichnowsky, Lobkowitz, Paar, Palm, Schwarzenberg, and also the families Bathiany, Dietrichstein, Erdödy, Esterhazy, Harrach, Herberstein, Keglewicz, Nostitz, Palfy, Schafgotsch, Stahremberg, Waldstein, and others, as well as the various ambassadors, and the highly respectable families of bankers, statesmen, and men of science, &c.

232.

Vienna, March 20, 1783.

I send you the list of my 174 subscribers. I have myself thirty more than Richter and Fischer together. I begin on the 17th of March, and give three subscriptions in the Trattner Hall on the last three Wednesdays in Lent. The three concerts cost six florins. I intend to give two concerts this year in the theatre; you will at once see that it is absolutely necessary for me to play new things, so I must set to work to write them. The whole of the forenoon is occupied by my pupils, and

I have to play almost every evening. I send you a list of all the concerts at which I am to play.

February 26, Gallitzin
March 1, J. Esterhazy
„ 4, Gallitzin
„ 5, Esterhazy
„ 8, Esterhazy
„ 11, Gallitzin
„ 12, Esterhazy
„ 15, Esterhazy
„ 17, my first private concert
„ 18, Gallitzin
„ 19, Esterhazy
„ 20, Richter
„ 21, my first concert in the theatre
„ 22, Esterhazy
„ 24, my second private concert
„ 25, Gallitzin
„ 26, Esterhazy
„ 27, Richter
„ 29, Esterhazy
„ 31, my third private concert
April 1, my second concert in the theatre
„ 3, Richter.

Have I not enough to do? I don't think that in this way I shall get out of practice! I must now tell you briefly how it happens that I have been giving concerts in a private hall. The pianoforte teacher Richter announced six Saturday concerts in this same locality. The nobility subscribed; but, remarking that they did not care much about going unless I played, Herr Richter requested me to do so. I promised him to play three times, and claimed three subscription concerts for

my own benefit, to which every one put down their names. The first concert on the 17th of March went off well; the hall was quite crammed, and the new concerto that I played pleased immensely, and everywhere you hear this concert praised. My first concert in the theatre was to have taken place to-morrow; but as Prince Louis Liechtenstein has an opera at his house, which not only deprives me of the highest nobility, but likewise of the best orchestral players, I have issued a printed notice that my concert is put off till the 1st of April.

233.

Vienna, April 10, 1784.

I have had great success with my three subscription concerts, and my concert in the theatre has also won me great honours. I have written two grand concertos [No. 236], and also a quintett for hautboy, clarionet, corno, bassoon, and pianoforte, which was received with extraordinary applause [Köchel, No. 452]. I consider it myself to be the best thing I ever wrote in my life. How I wish you could have heard it; and how beautifully it was executed! But, to tell you the truth, towards the close I was quite worn out from incessant playing, and I think it is much to my honour that my audience were not so also.

234.

Vienna, April 24, 1784.

We have the celebrated Mantua violin-player here, Madame Strinasacchi, who plays very well, and with

much taste and feeling. I am now writing a sonata that we are to play together [Köchel, No. 454] at her concert on Thursday in the theatre. Some quartetts have just come out by a certain Pleyel, a pupil of Joseph Haydn's. If you do not yet know them, you ought to try to get them, for they are worth the trouble, being very well composed and pleasing; you will at once recognise his master by the style of the music. It will be a good and happy thing for music if Pleyel in his day is able to supply Haydn's place for us.

235.*

Vienna, April 28, 1784.

I write in haste. Herr Richter, a pianist [see No. 232], is making a tour on his way to Holland, his native country. I gave him a letter to Countess Thun at Linz; and as he wishes also to visit Salzburg, I gave him a few lines to you, dearest father. I write to tell you so, as he will arrive soon after you get this. So far as execution goes, he can do a great deal, but, as you will perceive, he is too coarse and laboured in his style of playing, and totally devoid of all taste and feeling. He is the most good-natured man possible, without any pride. He looked steadily at my fingers when I was playing to him, and then suddenly exclaimed, 'Good heavens! how I do labour and overheat myself without

* This letter is published for the first time. The possessor, Herr Roman Zäch, in Vienna, sent me a copy of it from his fine collection.

getting any applause, while to you, my dear friend, it seems all child's play!' I replied, 'I once took trouble enough in order *no longer* to require to do so.' He is a man who may be included among our good pianists, at all events, and I dare say the Archbishop will like to hear him, out of spite to me—which said spite I am very willing to incur. It is all settled about Menzl the violinist, and he probably leaves this on Sunday. You shall have some music from me by him. Adieu!

236.

Vienna, May 28, 1784.

I should be puzzled to choose between the two concertos in B and D, composed on the 15th and 22nd of March, 1784 [Köchel, Nos. 450 and 451]. I consider both concertos to be tough work to play, but the one in B exceeds in difficulty that in D. I am very anxious to know which of the three concertos, in B, D, and G major, the latter written on the 12th April [Köchel, No. 453], pleases you and my sister most; the one in E flat, written on February 9th, 1784 [Köchel, No. 449], does not belong to these, for it is a concerto of a very peculiar kind, and written more for a small orchestra than for a grand one. So I at present refer only to the three concertos, and I am curious to learn whether your verdict corresponds with that of the *whole public* here, and also *my own*. It is, of course, requisite that they should be performed with all the parts, and well per-

formed too. I shall wait with patience till you return them to me; but be cautious to show them to no one, for this very day I was offered twenty-four ducats for one; I think, however, that it will be more profitable to me to keep them a couple of years, and then make them known by publishing them.

237.*

Vienna, June 9, 1784.

You no doubt got my last letter. I received the buckles and also your letter of the 1st. The buckles are very handsome, but much too large, so I shall try to dispose of them to advantage. Next Friday the court goes to Laxenburg for two or perhaps three months. I went to Baden last week with his Excellency Count Thun, to visit his father who had come from Linz to use the baths. On our way home we passed through Laxenburg, where we visited Seeman, who is now governor of the castle there; the daughter was not at home, but his wife and he were quite enchanted to see me again.

12th June.—I was prevented finishing this letter by visitors, so I have now received your letter of the 8th. My wife's love to my sister; she means to send her a pretty shawl next post-day. She is to make it herself, for in this way it will be both cheaper and better. Tell

* This letter, from which Nissen has given a short extract only, now appears in full for the first time in print.

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her from me that there must be no *adagio* in any of these concertos—only *andantes*. It is quite true that there is something incomplete in the andante of the concerto in D in the solo passage in C to which you refer, and I will supply the deficiency as soon as possible, and send it with the cadenzas.

To-morrow Herr Ployer has a concert in the country, at Döbling, where Madlle. Babette is to play her new concerto in G [Köchel, No. 453], and I the quintett [with wind instruments], and then we are both to play the grand sonata for two pianos. I am to bring Paesiello in my carriage, to give him an opportunity of hearing both my pupil and my composition. If Maestro Sarti [the composer of 'Fra due litiganti il terzo gode,' from which one of the melodies of the table music in the second finale of 'Don Juan' is taken], had not been obliged to leave this to-day, he would have come with us. Sarti is an upright worthy man [he was the exact reverse, being a most perfidious intriguer]. I have played a great deal to him, and lately I composed variations on an air of his which pleased him exceedingly. Menzl [see No. 235] is, and always will be, an ass. The whole affair is as follows:—Herr von Ployer asked me if I could recommend a violin-player to him. I spoke to Menzl, who was much gratified. You may conceive that, as an honest man, I advised him not to accept anything except a certainty; but he never came to see me till the last moment, and Herr von Ployer

told me that he was to go *on trial* to Salzburg for 400 florins—N.B. and his official suit. But Menzl declared to me that he was regularly appointed, and said the same to every one here. Moreover, it now comes out that he is a married man, which no one here ever suspected. His wife has been three or four times at Herr Ployer's.

I have given Arataria for publication three sonatas for the pianoforte alone (I once sent these to my sister), the first in C, one in A, and one in F; and three others to Toricella, the last of which in D is the one I composed for Dürnitz in Munich.* Further, of my six symphonies I am going to publish three, which I intend to dedicate to the Prince of Fürstenberg.

Nannerl was married this summer, 1784, her affair with D'Yppold [see No. 145] having been broken off, from the very remote prospect of the lovers ever being able to marry. Her husband was a widower—Reichsfreiherr von Berchthold zu Sonnenburg, a Salzburg Hofrath, and Warden of the Convent of St. Gilgen, of which Mozart's mother was a foster-child. Mozart writes the following letter to his sister on the occasion, the original of which the Chorregent Anton Jähndl in Salzburg received from Frau von Sonnenburg's own

* The three first are marked by Köchel, Nos. 330–332; the latter as Nos. 309–311.

hands, and *he* eventually bequeathed it to his old housekeeper Therèse Wagner, who deposited it in the Court Dispensary in Salzburg, where it is now for sale.

238.

Vienna, August 18, 1784.

Ma très-chère Sœur,

Potz Sapperment! It is high time I should write, if I wish my letter to reach you before you become a married woman. My wife and I wish you all possible happiness in your change of state, and sincerely lament that we cannot be so fortunate as to be present at your wedding, but we hope certainly to embrace you as Frau von Sonnenburg, and your husband, next spring in Salzburg as well as in St. Gilgen. Our only regret is our dear father, who must now live quite alone. To be sure, you are not far from him, and he can often walk out to see you, but he is once more tied to that detestable Capellhaus. Were I in my father's place, I would act thus. I would apply to the Archbishop (as a man who had served so long) to allow me to have a retiring pension, and on receipt of it, I would go to my daughter at St. Gilgen, and live there in peace and quiet. If the Archbishop refused this application, I would then demand my discharge, and join my son in Vienna, which is the plan that I am chiefly anxious you should persuade him to adopt, and I have written the same to him to-day. I now send you 1,000 kind wishes from Vienna to Salzburg, and

particularly that you may both live as happily together as we do.

On the 14th of September, 1784, the elder Mozart writes to his daughter:—'My son has been very ill in Vienna; he got into a state of violent perspiration at Paesiello's new opera ['Rè Teodoro,' August 23], and exposed himself to the cold night air in looking for his servant who had his great coat; an order having been issued that no servant was to be admitted to the usual place of exit from the theatre. Owing to this, he not only caught a rheumatic fever, but as proper attention was not paid to it at once, it turned to putrid fever. He writes to me, "For the last fortnight, every day at the same hour, I have had the most horrible spasms, attended with violent sickness, and I am still obliged to take the greatest care of myself. My doctor is Herr Sigmund Barisani [son of the Archbishop's physician at Salzburg, and an intimate friend of Mozart's]. All the time that he was here, he came to see me almost every day. He is very popular and also very clever, and you will see that he will very soon get on in his profession."'

The father visited his son in the ensuing winter, and stayed with him from the 10th of February to the 25th of April, fully occupied by the many musical enjoyments of the imperial city, among which the performances of his own son, who assisted at almost every concert, were by far the most remarkable. Mozart at

that time, too, persuaded his father to become a Freemason like himself, and we probably owe the destruction of the letters connected with this period to the allusions to various points connected with Freemasonry, for from this date there is only one letter from Mozart to his father preserved, or at least known.

Mozart, as we saw more particularly in his letter of February 5th, 1783, always cherished the greatest wish to write another German opera. The 'Entführung,' having been performed at Mannheim, again attracted attention to him; so he now received from the dramatist, Anton Klein, the libretto of an opera—no doubt 'Rudolf von Hapsburg.' To this he replies, in these days of most pressing occupation, as follows:—

239.

Highly esteemed Herr Geheimer Rath,

I own that I have been much to blame in not having sooner acknowledged the receipt of your letter and parcel. You presume that I have in the interim received two more letters from you, but this is not the case; for, indeed, one would have been sufficient to awake me out of my lethargy, and to rouse me to answer you, as I now do. I got your two letters together last post-day, and I felt that I was remiss in not having at once written to you. But so far as regards the opera, I could have told you as little on the

subject then as now. Dear sir, my hands are so full that I have scarcely a minute I can call my own. A man of such good judgment and great experience as yourself must know quite as well as I do that a thing of this kind must be read over again and again, not merely once, but repeatedly, and with all possible attention and deliberation; and up to this moment I have not even had time to read it through without interruptions. All I can say at present is, that I don't wish to return it to you, and that I beg you will intrust the piece to me for some little time. In case I feel disposed to set it to music, I should like to know beforehand if it is intended to be performed at any particular place. Such a work well deserves, both as regards the poetry and the music, not to have been written in vain. I hope for information from you on this point.

I can give you very little intelligence as to the proposed German operatic stage, as everything is progressing very slowly (except, indeed, the building in the Kärnthnerthor theatre, which is set apart for this purpose). It is to be opened the beginning of October. For my part I don't anticipate its being very successful. To judge from the preliminaries, it would seem as if it were intended to deal a death-blow to the German opera altogether (which has for some time been in a languishing condition), rather than to restore and cultivate it. My sister-in-law, Madame Lange, is the only one who has got permission

to sing at the German opera. Cavalieri, Adamberger, Teyber, all Germans, of whom Germany may well be proud, must remain at the Italian opera, and are thus compelled to enter the lists against their own countrymen. It is easy to count up the German singers at present; and supposing that any were to be found as good, or even better than those I have named (which I greatly doubt), still I think the directors of the theatre here are too economical, and too little patriotic, to tempt strangers to come here by the offer of large sums of money, having already on the spot better singers, or at all events quite as good, and who, by the terms of their engagement, are bound to sing at the German opera, and cost them nothing. The Italian company do not require them, for, so far as numbers go, they can play without any foreign aid. The idea at present is to make use of actors and actresses in the German opera, who only sing when absolutely required. Most unhappily the directors of the theatre, as well as of the orchestra, are to be continued in office, who by their ignorance and inefficiency have most of all contributed to the destruction of their own work. If there were even one good patriot on the same raft, the affair would soon assume another aspect. In that case, perhaps, the fair budding national theatre might one day burst into blossom. It would be thought an everlasting blot on Germany, if we Germans were ever really to begin to think in German, and to act like

Germans, to speak German, and above all to sing in German!!! Do not take it amiss, dear sir, if in my zeal I may have gone perhaps rather too far. Fully persuaded that I am addressing *a true German*, I have allowed my tongue free course, which I can, alas! so very seldom do, that after each such outpouring of my heart, I might boldly venture on an extra libation without injury to my health.

The composition of this opera came to nothing, but Mozart occupied himself all the more busily this summer with his chamber music. He finished the six celebrated quartetts for stringed instruments, which he had begun in the year 1782. They were published by Arataria (who paid 100 ducats for them) with the following dedication to Joseph Haydn.

240.

Al mio caro amico Haydn.

Un padre avendo risolto di mandare i suoi figli nel gran mondo, stimò doverli affidare alla protezzione e condotta d' un uomo molto celebre in allora, il quale, per buona sorte, era di più il suo megliore amico.—Eccoli del pari, uom celebre ed amico mio carissimo, i sei miei figli.—Essi sono, è vero, il frutto di una lunga e laboriosa fatica, pur la speranza fatta mi da più amici di vederla almeno in parte compensita m' incoraggisce e mi lusinga, che questi parti siano per essermi

un giorno di qualche consolazione. Tu stesso, amico carissimo, nell' ultimo tuo soggiorno in questa capitale, me ne dimostrasti la tua soddisfazione.—Questo tuo suffragio mi anima sopra tutto, perchè io le ti raccommandi e mi fa sperare, che non ti sembreranno del tutto indegni del tuo favore.—Piacciati dunque accoglierli benignamente ed esser loro Padre, Guida ed Amico. Da questo momento io ti cedo i miei diritti sopra di essi, ti supplico però di guardare con indulgenza i difetti, che l' occhio parziale di Padre mi puo aver celati, e di continuar, loro malgrado, la generosa tua amicizia a chi tanto l' apprezza, mentre sono di tutto cuore il suo sincerissimo amico.

Vienna il p^mo^ Settembre 1785.

W. A. Mozart.*

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* DEDICATION OF SIX VIOLIN QUARTETTS.

'Vienna, Sept. 1, 1785.

'To my dear friend Haydn,

'A father having resolved to send forth his children into the wide world, is anxious to confide them to the protection and guidance of a man who enjoys much celebrity there, and who fortunately is moreover his best friend. Here then are the children I intrust to a man so renowned, and so dear to me as a friend. These are, it is true, the fruits of a long and laborious study, but my hopes, grounded on experience, lead me to anticipate that my labours may, at least in some degree, be compensated; and they will, I flatter myself, one day prove a source of consolation to me. During your last stay in this capital, you yourself, my dearest friend, expressed your satisfaction with regard to them. This suffrage from you above all inspires me with the wish to offer them to you, and leads me to hope that they will not

At that time the composition of 'Figaro' was in full activity, and on the 11th of November the father writes to his daughter:—'At length I have received a letter of twelve lines from your brother. He apologises, owing to being over head and ears at work finishing the "Nozze di Figaro." In order to have the forenoons free, he has put off all his pupils till the afternoons. I have no doubts about the music, but it will cost him much controversy and discussion before he can get the libretto altered to suit his purposes, for the original comedy really must undergo a great many changes. Hitherto he has no doubt put it off in his usual easy manner, and taken his own time, but now he must be in earnest, as the Oberstkämmerer is urging him on.' The author of the libretto was the same Da Ponte Lorenzo who became acquainted with Mozart through Baron Wetzlar [see No. 225]. This work so entirely caused the *maestro* to withdraw from all those other occupations which brought him in ready money, that he got into great pecuniary difficulty. This induced him to apply to the composer and music

seem to you wholly unworthy of your favour. Be pleased then to receive them kindly, and be to them a father, a guide, and a friend. From this moment I transfer to you all my rights over them; but I entreat you to look with indulgence on those defects which may have escaped the too partial eye of a father, and, in spite of these, to continue your generous friendship towards one who so highly appreciates it; and in the meantime I am from my heart your sincere friend,

'MOZART.'

publisher, Franz Anton Hoffmeister, in Vienna, with whom he had made an agreement for a series of chamber music, to begin with the two beautiful pianoforte quartetts in G minor and E flat major. He wrote him the following note, on the outside of which Hoffmeister has marked '20th November, 1785—two ducats.'

241.

Dear Hoffmeister,

I have recourse to you to beg that you will advance me some money, of which I stand in great need at this moment. I beg further that you will be so good as to try to obtain the money for me as soon as possible [see No. 258]. Forgive my importunity, but as you know me, and are well aware how anxious I am that what I write for you should be good, I feel convinced that you will pardon me for plaguing you, and that you will gladly be of as much service to me as I wish to be to you.

In the February of the ensuing year, Mozart, by the express command of the Emperor, wrote music for the 'Schauspiel Director' for a garden fête in Schönbrunn. At length, in the same manner, only by the positive command of the Emperor, after many cabals, 'Figaro' was performed on the 1st of May. The father writes to his daughter, 'On the 28th of April "Le Nozze di

Figaro" is to be produced on the stage for the first time. It will say much for the work if it be successful, for I know that some very strong cabals have been formed against it. Salieri and all his satellites will again move heaven and earth to insure its failure. Duschek [who had just come from Prague to Vienna] recently told me that your brother was the object of so many hostile intrigues, solely owing to his remarkable talents and genius obtaining for him so great a reputation.' He writes again on May 18th, 'At the second performance of the "Nozze di Figaro" there were five encores, and at the third seven encores; one of these, a short duett, being encored three times.'

The opera was constantly performed in the course of this summer, but Martin's 'Una Cosa rara' having extraordinary success in November, Mozart's adversaries seized the opportunity to exclude his work for a time from the *répertoire*. This circumstance, and many other cares, as well as his daily increasing anxiety about providing for his livelihood, very much embittered this autumn to Mozart. On the 27th of October, 1786, his third child Leopold was born, and his wife's recovery on these occasions was always very tedious. This caused him to form a plan to go to England in spring; so it was doubly welcome to him when in January, 1787, he received an invitation from his friends in Prague (where 'Die Entführung' and 'Figaro' were idolised) to give some concerts there. The

following letter describes his visit. It is addressed to Gottfried von Jacquin in Vienna (with whose family Mozart was on the most intimate terms).

242.

To Herr Gottfried von Jacquin.

Prague, Jan. 15, 1787.

My dearest Friend,

At last I find a moment to write to you. Soon after my arrival I intended to have written four letters to Vienna, but in vain!—one only (to my mother-in-law) I did contrive partly to accomplish, for I could only write one half, and my wife and Hofer [the husband of his sister-in-law Josepha] were obliged to finish it for me. The moment we arrived (Thursday, the 11th, at twelve o'clock in the forenoon) we had hard work to get ready for dinner, which was at one o'clock. After dinner, old Count Thun entertained us with some music, executed by his own people, which lasted about an hour and a half. This is a *real amusement*, and one which I can enjoy every day. At six o'clock I went with Count Canal to what is called the Breitfeld Ball, where the flower of the Prague beauties assemble. You ought to have been there, my dear friend; I think I see you running, or rather limping, after all those pretty creatures, married and single. I neither danced nor flirted with any of them,

the former because I was too tired, and the latter from my natural bashfulness. I saw, however, with the greatest pleasure, all these people flying about with such delight to the music of my 'Figaro,' transformed into quadrilles and waltzes; for here nothing is talked of but 'Figaro,' nothing played but 'Figaro,' nothing whistled or sung but 'Figaro,' no opera so crowded as 'Figaro,' nothing but 'Figaro'—very flattering to me, certainly. As I came home very late from the ball, and very tired and sleepy from my journey besides, nothing could be more natural than my sleeping very late next day, which was just what I did; so the whole of the next morning was again *sine linea.* After dinner the Count's music was to be listened to, and as on the same day I got an excellent piano in my room, you may easily imagine that I could not leave it untouched for a whole evening; so I played, and, as a matter of course, we performed a little *Quatuor in caritatis camera* ('*und das schöne Bandl hammera*'),* and in this way the whole evening was likely to pass again *sine linea,* and so it actually did. You must chide Morpheus, not me—a deity who is only too kind to us in Prague. What the cause may be I know not, but at any rate we both went to sleep very quickly. Still we managed to be at Father Unger's by eleven o'clock, and to make a thorough inspection of the Imperial Library and the public Theological Seminary. After

* A comic trio of Mozart's. Köchel, No. 441.

we had almost stared our eyes out of our heads, we listened to a little remonstrance from within, so we considered it advisable to drive to Count Canal's to dinner. The evening surprised us sooner than you could believe, when it was time to go to the opera. We heard '*Le Gare generose*' [of Paesiello]. I can give no positive opinion about the performance of this opera, because I talked so much; perhaps the reason of my being so loquacious, quite contrary to my usual custom, might be——well, never mind! the evening was, *al solito*, frittered away. To-day I have at last been so fortunate as to find a moment to enquire after the health of your excellent parents, and all the Jacquin family. I hope and trust you may all be as well as we are. I must candidly confess (though I meet with all possible politeness and courtesy here, and Prague is indeed a very beautiful and agreeable place), that I very much long to return to Vienna, and I do assure you the chief cause of this is certainly *your family*. When I think that after my return I shall only have so short an enjoyment of your valued society, and then be so long, perhaps indeed for ever, deprived of this happiness, I thoroughly feel the extent of the friendship and esteem I cherish for your whole family.

And now, my dearest friend, adieu! My concert is to take place in the theatre next Friday, the 19th, which will, alas! prolong my stay here. I send my kind regards to your worthy parents, and best wishes to your

brother [Joseph, his father's successor]. I beg also a thousand compliments to your sister [Franziska, one of Mozart's best scholars]; tell her I hope she will practise very assiduously on her new piano, though such an admonition is unnecessary, for I must say that I never had so industrious a pupil, or one who showed so much zeal as herself, and indeed I quite rejoice at the thoughts of giving her further instructions, according to my ability.

I suppose it is high time now to conclude—is it not? You probably have thought so some time since. Farewell, my dear friend! I hope you will always feel the same friendship for me. Write to me soon—really *soon*; or if you are too idle to do so yourself, send for Salzmann and dictate a letter to him, though no letter seems to come really from the heart unless written by your own hand. Well, I shall see whether you are as truly my friend as I am, and ever shall be, yours,

MOZART.

P.S.—Address the letter you may *possibly* write to me, 'im Graf Thunischen Palais.' My wife sends her love to all the Jacquin family, and also to Herr Hofer. On Wednesday next I am to see and hear 'Figaro,' unless I become blind and deaf before then. Perhaps I may not become so till *after* the opera!

Mozart also received while in Prague a commission from the *impresario* Bondini, to write an opera buffa

for the ensuing autumn. He suggested Da Ponte as the poet, and 'Don Giovanni' was selected. Mozart's whole soul was absorbed in this 'prolific and sublime subject,' as Da Ponte calls it, when he received intelligence that his father, who had been for some months in failing health, was now seriously ill. On which he writes the following *last* letter to the beloved faithful parent, who had sacrificed his whole life to him, and who, though he had latterly shown perhaps less sympathy for his son, was tenderly and unchangeably beloved by him.

243.

Vienna, April 4, 1787.

Mon très-cher Père,

I have this moment heard tidings which distress me exceedingly, and the more so that your last letter led me to suppose you were so well; but I now hear that you are really ill. I need not say how anxiously I shall long for a better report of you to comfort me, and I do hope to receive it, though I am always prone to anticipate the worst. As death (when closely considered) is the true goal of our life, I have made myself so thoroughly acquainted with this good and faithful friend of man, that not only has its image no longer anything alarming to me, but rather something most peaceful and consolatory; and I thank my heavenly Father that He has vouchsafed to grant me the happiness, and has given me the opportunity (you understand me), to learn that it is the *key* to our true felicity.

I never lie down at night without thinking that (young as I am) I may be no more before the next morning dawns. And yet not one of all those who know me can say that I ever was morose or melancholy in my intercourse with them. I daily thank my Creator for such a happy frame of mind, and wish from my heart that every one of my fellow-creatures may enjoy the same. In the letter that Storace took charge of [but never could subsequently find] I explained my sentiments on this point, at the time of the death of my dearest and best friend Count von Hatzfeld. He was only one-and-thirty, just the same age as myself. I do not grieve for *him*, but deeply for myself, and all those who knew him as well as I did. I hope and trust that even while I am writing this you may be recovering; if, however, contrary to my expectation, you do not feel better, I implore you, by all you hold sacred, not to conceal it from me, but either to write me the exact truth yourself, or cause some one else to do so, that I may be in your arms with as much speed as possible. I entreat you to do this by all that is holy in our eyes. But I hope soon to have a consolatory letter from you, and in this agreeable hope my wife and Carl and I kiss your hands a thousand times, and I am ever your dutiful son.*

* Jahn, iii. 302, gives what follows as of the same date: 'If the hautboy Fischer [who enjoyed great celebrity, and had just come to Vienna], when we heard him in Holland [1766], did not play better

It appears that the father did rally for a time, but on the 28th of May, 1787, sudden death cut short the life of this active-minded man. Mozart announced the melancholy event immediately to his friend Gottfried von Jacquin thus :—'I must inform you that on my return home to-day I received the mournful tidings of the death of my excellent father. You may conceive the state I am in.' And to his sister, on the 16th of June, 1787, he writes as follows :—

244.

Dearest and best of Sisters,

I was not at all surprised that you did not yourself announce to me the most unexpected death of our beloved father, for I could easily guess the reason. I trust he is safe with God. Be assured, my darling sister, that if you wish for a loving brother as a pro-

than he now does, he certainly does not deserve his reputation, *but this is between ourselves.* I was not at that time of an age to form an opinion; I can only recollect that he pleased me, as he did every one, beyond measure. I suppose this is very natural, when we consider how completely tastes are changed. Perhaps then he plays in an old-fashioned style? Not at all! He plays, in short, like some very indifferent pupil. Young André, who learned from Fiala [a hautboy-player in Munich] plays a thousand times better. And then his concertos—of his own composition! Each ritournelle lasts a quarter of an hour; then appears the hero of the day, lifts first one leaden foot and then the other, stamping them alternately on the floor. His tone is entirely nasal, and his *tenuta* just like an organ *tremolo.* Could you have conceived such a portrait as this? Yet it is the simple truth, but a truth that I mention to *you alone.*

tector, you will always find such a brother in me. My dear good sister, if you were still unprovided for, I should not have to say one word, further than what I have said and thought a thousand times before, that I would gladly leave you everything I had; but this is now unnecessary for you, and an advantage for me, on the other hand, to retain it, as it is my duty to provide for my wife and child.

Another event occurred in the course of this summer, which reminded Mozart forcibly of the uncertainty of all earthly things. This was the death of his friend Barisani [a physician and dear friend]. Mozart wrote under the verses that Barisani had written in his album (now preserved in the *Mozarteum*) the following words:—'To-day, the 3rd of September, I have been so unfortunate as to lose for ever in this world, by sudden death, this high-minded man, my dearest and best of all friends, and the preserver of my life. For him all is well; but for me, for us, and for all who knew him intimately, it never will be well, till we are so happy as to meet him again in a better world, to part no more.' In the course of the same month Mozart went to Prague to finish 'Don Giovanni,' and to put it on the stage. The first performance took place on October 29th, and Gottfried Jacquin forthwith received a report of it from Mozart.

245.

Prague, Nov. 4, 1787.

My dearest and best Friend,

I hope you received my letter. My opera, 'Don Giovanni,' was given here on the 29th of October, with the most brilliant success. Yesterday it was performed for the fourth time (for my benefit). I think of leaving this on the 12th or 13th. When I return, you shall have the aria to sing.—N.B. *Entre nous*, I do wish that some of my good friends (particularly Bridi * and you) could be here even for one evening to share my pleasure. *Perhaps it may yet be given in Vienna* —I wish it may. Every effort has been made here to persuade me to remain for a couple of months, and to write another opera, but however flattering the proposal may be, I cannot accept it. Now tell me, my dear friend, how you are. I hope you are all as well as we are. You cannot fail to be happy, for you possess everything that you can wish for at your age, and in your position—especially as you now seem to have entirely given up your former excited mode of life. Do you not every day become more convinced of the truth of the little lectures I used to inflict on you? Are not the pleasures of a transient capricious passion

* A young Novoredo banker, who was very intimate with Mozart, and in March 1786 appeared in a private performance of 'Idomeneo' with Mozart. He subsequently erected, in his garden at Novoredo, a monument to Mozart with this inscription, 'Master of the soul by the power of melody.'

widely different from the happiness produced by rational and true love? I feel sure that you often in you heart thank me for my admonitions. I shall feel quite proud if you do. But, jesting apart, you do really owe me some little gratitude if you are become worthy of Fräulein N——, for I certainly played no insignificant part in your improvement or reform.

My great-grandfather used to say to his wife, my great-grandmother, who in turn told her daughter, my mother, who repeated it to her daughter, my own sister, that it was a very great art to talk eloquently and well, but an equally great one to know the right moment to stop. I, therefore, shall follow the advice of my sister, thanks to our mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, and thus end not only my moral ebullition, but my letter.

9th November.—It was quite an unexpected pleasure to me to receive your letter of the 2nd. If the song in question be required to prove my friendship for you, you have no further cause to doubt it, for here it is. [Köchel, No. 530]. But I trust that, even *without the song*, you are convinced of my true friendship, and in this hope I remain ever your sincere friend,

W. A. Mozart.

P.S.—How is it that neither your parents nor your brother and sister have sent me any remembrances? I cannot understand it. I attribute it, however, my

dear friend, to your own forgetfulness, and I flatter myself that I am not mistaken as to this. The double seal was owing to this: the red wax was good for nothing, so I put black wax on the top of it. And as for my usual seal, I forgot to bring it from Vienna. Adieu! I hope soon to embrace you. Our united regards to your whole family and to the Nattorps.

The brilliant reception of 'Don Giovanni,' and the death of the Court Capellmeister Gluck (November 15th, 1787), as well as the widely diffused report of Mozart's intention to settle in England, were probably the cause of his being, on the 7th December of this year, appointed Imperial Chamber Musician. His salary was 800 gulden. When obliged one day to make a return of his income, he wrote, in bitter dissatisfaction at being so sparingly occupied, 'too much for what I do, and too little for what I could do.' This sum was not sufficient to remedy his daily increasing pecuniary difficulties; and, in spite of all his industry in the ensuing summer, though 'Don Giovanni' had been put on the stage in Vienna, and brought him several hundred gulden, he was obliged repeatedly to apply to his friend and brother Freemason (O. B., Ordens Bruder), the merchant Puchberg in Vienna, for loans of money.

246.

To Herr Puchberg.

My dear esteemed Friend and O. B.,

The conviction that you are a true friend of mine, and that you know me to be an honourable man, gives me courage to open my whole heart to you, and to make the following request. Without any further preamble, and with my natural straightforwardness, I proceed at once to state the case. If you have sufficient regard and friendship for me to succour me by the loan of one or two thousand gulden for a couple of years, at the usual rate of interest, you would extricate me from a mass of troubles. You, no doubt, yourself know how difficult—nay, impossible—it is to pay your way when obliged to wait for the receipt of various sums, without a certain, or, at all events, the most needful, amount of cash in hand; without this there can be no regulation in one's affairs; nothing can come of nothing. If you do me this friendly service, having then some money to go on with, I can, in the first place, more easily manage the necessary outlay at the proper time, the payment of which I am now obliged to defer, and thus am often forced to pay away all I receive at the most inconvenient time; secondly, I can also work with a mind more free from care and with a lighter heart, and thus earn more. I do not believe that you can have any doubts of your safety in making

this loan. You know pretty well how I stand, and also my principles. You need not be uneasy about the subscription; I am only prolonging the time for a few months, in the hope of finding more lovers of music elsewhere than here. I have now opened my whole heart to you on a matter of the greatest importance to me. I shall anxiously expect your reply, which I do hope may be favourable. I don't know, still I take you to be a man who, like myself, will, if possible, succour a friend—a true friend.

If it should so happen that you find it inconvenient to part with so large a sum at once, I beg you, at all events, to lend me a couple of hundred gulden, because my landlord in the Landstrasse was so pressing that I was obliged to pay him on the spot (in order to avoid anything unpleasant), which has caused me great embarrassment.

We sleep to-night in our new apartments for the first time, and we mean to remain there both summer and winter. I think this, after all, quite as well, if not better, for I have not much to do in the town, and shall not be exposed to so many visits, so I can work harder; and if business compels me to go into the town, which is not likely often to be the case, any fiacre will take me there for ten kreuzers. This apartment is not only cheaper, but far more agreeable in spring, summer, and autumn, especially as I have a garden. My house is in the Währinger Gasse, bei den

5 Sternen, No. 135. Pray consider my letter as a proof of my sincere reliance on you, and believe me, till death, your true and attached friend,

W. A. Mozart.

P.S.—When are you likely to have a little music again in your house? I have written a new trio [in E major: Köchel, No. 542].

[Puchberg has marked on this letter, '17th June, 1788, sent 200 florins.']

247.

To Herr Puchberg.

Vienna, June 27, 1788.

My dear kind Friend and esteemed O. B.,

I have every day been in hopes of being able to go into the town myself, to thank you in person for the friendly service you have rendered me; but I had not the heart to appear before you, as I am obliged to confess that I cannot as yet repay your loan, and must entreat you to have patience with me. That your circumstances are such as to prevent you from assisting me to the extent I wish, distresses me much, for in my painful position I am unavoidably obliged to borrow money; but, good heavens! to whom can I apply but to you, my best friend? If you would only be so good as to devise some other way of procur-

ing the money for me! I would gladly pay the interest; and whoever lends it to me has, I believe, sufficient security in my character, and in my salary. It distresses me enough to be in such an extremity, but on this very account I should like to have a considerable sum at a longer date, to avoid a similar difficulty. If you, my dear friend, cannot assist me in this emergency, I shall lose both my honour and my credit, the only two things I am anxious to preserve. I rely entirely on your kind friendship and brotherly love, and confidently hope that you will give me a helping hand both by word and deed. If my wish be fulfilled, I shall be able to breathe again, for I should then be able to put my affairs into good order and to keep them so. Come here and pay me a visit; I am always at home. I have worked more during the ten days I have lived here, than in two months in my former apartment; and if dismal thoughts did not so often intrude (which I strive forcibly to dismiss), I should be very well off here, for I live agreeably, comfortably, and, above all, cheaply. I need no longer detain you by my idle talk, but be silent and hope. Always your obliged servant and true friend and O. B.,

W. A. Mozart.

The following letter to his sister—the last he wrote to her which has been preserved—seems also to refer to money matters:—

248.

Vienna, August, 1788.

With regard to your question about my service here, the Emperor has named me one of his private band, so I am formally appointed, but for the present with a salary of only 800 florins; still no one in the band receives as much. In the announcement of my Prague opera, 'Don Giovanni' (which is to be given again this very day), where *too much* is certainly never said, being published by the directors of the theatre, there is the following paragraph :—'The music is by Herr Mozart, Capellmeister in the service of His Imperial Majesty.'

In the course of this summer, Mozart wrote the grand symphonies in C major, G minor, and E flat major. But the Emperor gave him nothing to do, except to compose dance music for the masked balls in the Imperial Redoute Hall. As his sources of income were so very limited, he resolved, for the purpose of gaining fresh fame and money, to make an artistic tour. On this occasion his destination was North-east Germany. His friend and pupil, Prince Carl Lichnowsky, was about to visit his Silesian property, and to proceed afterwards to Berlin, and he offered to take Mozart with him in his comfortable travelling carriage.

249.

Prague, Good Friday, April 10, 1789.

My dearest and sweetest Wife,

We arrived here safely at half-past one o'clock this forenoon, and I hope you got my note from Budwitz. Now for my account of Prague. We drove up to the 'Unicorn,' and after being shaved, frisé, and dressed, I drove to Canal's intending to dine with him, but as I was obliged to pass Duschek's door, I called there first, where I was told that Madame had set off for Dresden yesterday; so I shall meet her there. Duschek was dining with Leliborn, where I too used often to dine, so I drove there straight. I desired them to call out Duschek, and to say that some one wished to speak to him, and you may imagine his delight; so I also dined with Leliborn. After dinner I drove to call on Canal and Pachta, but found neither at home, so I went to see Guardassoni [*impresario*], who almost agreed to give me 200 ducats next autumn for an opera, and fifty ducats for travelling expenses; and then I came home to write all this to my dearest wife. By the bye, Ramm left this about a week ago to return home; he came from Berlin, and said that the King had frequently and eagerly enquired from him whether I was quite certain to come there, and as I never did come, he again said, 'I fear he won't be here at all.' Ramm became very uneasy, and tried to persuade him of the contrary. Judging by this, my affairs are likely to do well. I

am now going to take the Prince [Lichnowsky] to Duschek's, who is expecting us. At nine o'clock at night we start for Dresden, where we hope to arrive to-morrow. My darling wife, I do so long for news of you! Perhaps I may find a letter from you in Dresden. May Providence realise this wish! After receiving my letter, you must write to me, Poste Restante, Leipzig. Adieu, love! I must conclude, or I shall miss the post. Kiss our Carl a thousand times from me, and I am ever, with kisses innumerable, your faithful

MOZART.

P.S.—All kind remembrances to Herr and Frau von Puchberg. I must delay writing to him till I get to Berlin, to thank him in writing also. *Adieu! aimez-moi et gardez votre santé, si précieuse à votre époux.*

250.

Dresden, April 13, 1789, 7 A.M.

We expected to be in Dresden on Saturday after dinner, but did not arrive till yesterday—the roads were so bad. I went to Neumann's yesterday [one of the secretaries at the War Office], where Madame Duschek lives, to give her Duschek's letter. Her lodging is on the third floor in an alley, and from her room you can see all who are coming. When I arrived at the door, Herr Neumann was already there, and asked me whom he had the honour to address. I replied, 'I will tell you presently who I am, but first be so good as to call out

Madame Duschek' (in order not to spoil my fun), but at the same moment Madame Duschek stood before me, having recognised me from her window, when she at once said, 'I see some one coming who looks very like Mozart.' All was now joy. The party was large, and consisted entirely of ladies, most of whom were very plain, but they made up for their want of beauty by their amiability. The Prince and I are going to breakfast there to-day; we then visit Naumann [Capellmeister], and afterwards hear the Elector's private band. We leave this for Leipzig to-morrow or next day. After getting this letter, address to me, Poste Restante, Berlin I hope you got my letter from Prague. The Neumanns and the Duscheks send you their regards, and also to Lange and your sister.

My darling wife, would that I had a letter from you! If I were to tell you all my follies about your dear portrait, it would make you laugh. For instance, when I take it out of its case, I say to it, God bless you, my Stanzerl! God bless you, Spitzbub, Krallerballer, Spitzignas, Bagatellerl, schluck und druck!* and when I put it away again, I let it slip gently into its hiding-place, saying, Now, now, now! but with an appropriate emphasis on this significant word; and at the last one I say quickly, Good night, darling mouse, sleep soundly! I know I have written something very foolish (for the world at all events), but not in the least foolish for us,

* These words occur in a jocose canon of Mozart's.

who love each other so fondly. This is the sixth day that I have been absent from you, and, by heavens! it seems to me a year. You may often have some difficulty in reading my letters, because, writing hurriedly, I write badly. Adieu, my only love! The carriage is waiting, but on this occasion I cannot say, 'Well done! the carriage is here;' but *male*. Farewell! and love me as I shall ever love you. I send you a million of the most tender kisses, and am ever your fondly loving husband, W. A. MOZART.

P.S.—How is our Carl? well, I hope? Kiss him for me. Kind regards to the Puchbergs.—N.B. You must not take my letters as patterns for yours; the only reason mine are so short is because I am so hurried, or I would cover a whole sheet of paper, but you have more leisure. Adieu!

251.

Dresden, April 16, 1789, 11.30 P.M.

My darling sweet little Wife,

How? still in Dresden? Yes, my love. I will tell you everything as minutely as possible. On Monday last, after breakfasting at Neumann's, we all went to the Elector's private chapel; the mass was by Naumann (who himself conducted), and a very indifferent one it was. We were in an oratory opposite the music; suddenly Neumann touched me, and presented me to Herr von König, who is the *Directeur des plaisirs* (and me-

lancholy these Electoral *plaisirs* are!) He was exceedingly polite, and on his asking me whether I did not wish the Elector to hear me, I replied that it would certainly be most gratifying to me, but that, as I depended on others, I could not remain. This was all that passed. My princely travelling companion invited the Neumanns and Duschek to dinner; during dinner a message was sent that I was to play the following day (Tuesday, 14th) at court at half-past five in the evening. This is something quite extraordinary, for it appears that it is very difficult to obtain a hearing in this town, and you know that I had no thoughts whatever of playing here. We had arranged a quartett at l'Hôtel de Boulogne, in the private court orchestra, with Antoine Teyber (the organist, as you know), and with Herr Kraft (Prince Esterhazy's violoncellist), who is here with his son. On this occasion I introduced the trio [No. 246] which I wrote for Herr von Puchberg, and it was very fairly executed. Duschek sang a variety of airs from 'Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni.' Next day, at court, I played my new concerto in D; and the day after, Wednesday the 15th, I received in the forenoon a very beautiful snuffbox. We dined with the Russian minister, where I played a great deal. After dinner we agreed to have some organ-playing, so at four o'clock we drove to the church; Naumann was also there. You must know that a certain Hässler (the Erfurt organist) was present; he is the pupil of a scholar

of Bach's, and has talent both on the organ and the piano. Now people here think that because I come from Vienna I must be utterly unacquainted with this style and mode of playing, so I sat down to the organ and played. Prince Lichnowsky (who knows Hässler well), after some difficulty, persuaded him to play also. His chief excellence consists in his pedal-playing, which, as the pedals here are arranged in stages, is no very great art; moreover, he has only committed to memory the harmony and modulations of old Sebastian Bach. He is not capable of executing a fugue thoroughly, nor has he a solid style of playing; so he is very far from being an Albrechtsberger. After this we resolved to go once more to the Russian Ambassador's, that Hässler might hear me on the pianoforte. Hässler also played. I consider Fräulein Aurnhammer [see No. 161, &c.] quite as good, so you may imagine that he stands rather low in the scale. We afterwards went to the opera, which is truly miserable. Do you know who is one of the singers? Rosa Manservisi. You may conceive her delight at seeing me. Still the prima donna, Madame Allegrandi, is far better than Ferrarese [the prima donna in Vienna], but that is not saying much. After the opera we went home. Then came the happiest of all moments for me; I found the long and ardently wished-for letter from you, my darling, my beloved! Duschek and Neumann were with me as usual; I carried off the letter in triumph to my room and kissed

it over and over again before I broke it open, and then rather devoured than read it. I stayed a long time in my room, for I could not read over your letter often enough, or kiss it often enough. When I rejoined the party, Neumann asked me if I had received a letter from you, and on my saying that I had, they cordially congratulated me, because I had been daily lamenting that I had heard nothing from you. The Neumanns are admirable people. Now for your dear letter. You shall receive by the next post the account of my visit here till we leave this.

Darling wife, I have a number of requests to make to you:—

1st. I beg you will not be melancholy.

2nd. That you will take care of yourself, and not expose yourself to the spring breezes.

3rd. That you will not go out to walk alone—indeed, it would be better not to walk at all.

4th. That you will feel entirely assured of my love. I have not written you a single letter without placing your dear portrait before me.

5th. I beg you not only to be careful of your honour and mine in your conduct, but to be equally guarded as to *appearances*. Do not be angry at this request; indeed, it ought to make you love me still better, from seeing the regard I have for my honour [see No. 192].

6th. Lastly, I wish you would enter more into details in your letters. I should like to know whether

my brother-in-law, Hofer, arrived the day that I set off; whether he comes often, as he promised he would; whether the Langes call on you; whether the portrait is progressing; what your mode of life is—all things which naturally interest me much. Now farewell, my best beloved! Remember that every night before going to bed I converse with your portrait for a good half-hour, and the same when I awake. We set off on the 18th, the day after to-morrow. Continue to write to me, Poste Restante, Berlin. I kiss and embrace you 1,095,060,437,082 times (this will give you a fine opportunity to exercise yourself in counting), and am ever your most faithful husband and friend,

W. A. Mozart.

The account of the close of our Dresden visit shall follow next time. Good night!

252.

Berlin, May 23, 1789.

My sweetest, best, and dearest Wife,

I received with the most extreme pleasure your dear letter of the 13th, but only this moment your previous one of the 9th, because it came round by Leipzig to Berlin. The first thing is to reckon up all the letters I have written to you, and those I have had from you.

I wrote to you—

April 8th. From the post-station, Budwitz.

„ 10th. From Prague.

April 13th. } From Dresden.
„ 17th. }
„ 22nd. A letter in French from Leipzig.
„ 25th. } From Potsdam.
May 5th. }
„ 9th. } From Leipzig.
„ 16th. }
„ 19th. From Berlin.
„ 23rd. Now again from Berlin.

This makes eleven letters. I have only got six from you. Between the 13th and 24th of April—a blank; so a letter from you must surely have been lost. Owing to this, I was actually seventeen days without a letter! If you were equally obliged to live seventeen days under similar circumstances, one of my letters to you must also have been lost. Thank God! we have got over these mischances, and when once more clasping you in my arms, I will describe to you all I felt at that time; but you know all my love for you.

Where do you think I am writing this? in my room at an hotel? No, at an inn in the Thiergarten (a garden pavilion with a lovely view) where I am to-day dining quite alone, that I may devote my thoughts wholly to you. 1st. The Queen wishes to hear me on Tuesday, *but this will be no great profit.* I only mentioned my arrival because such is the custom here, for had I not done so it might have given offence. My darling little wife, when I return, you must rejoice more in *me* than

in the money I bring. 100 Friedrichs d'or don't make 900, but 700, florins—at least so I am told here. 2nd. Lichnowsky being in haste left me here, so I was obliged to pay for my own board (in that expensive place, Potsdam). 3rd. —— borrowed 100 florins from me, his purse being at so low an ebb. I really could not refuse his request—you know why. 4th. My concert at Leipzig turned out badly, as I always predicted it would, so I went out of my way nearly a hundred miles almost for nothing. Lichnowsky alone is to blame for this, for he gave me no rest, entreating me to go back to Leipzig; but more of all this when we meet. There is not much to be got by a concert here, for the King would not like me to play publicly. You must be satisfied *with me*, and with hearing that I am so fortunate as to be in favour with the King. What I have written to you must rest between ourselves. I leave this on the 28th for Dresden, where I shall stay the night. On the 1st of June I intend to sleep at Prague, and the 4th—*the 4th*—return to my darling wife. I hope you will drive out to meet me at the first stage, where I shall arrive on the 4th in the forenoon. Hofer (to whom I send my kind regards) will, I trust, come with you; and if the Puchbergs are also of the party, then I shall see all those together whom I would wish to see. Don't forget to bring our Carl too. Be sure to have Salzmann with you, or some confidential person who can drive straight in my carriage to the custom-

house with the luggage to save me needless trouble, so that I may go home at once with you all. Now remember this. Adieu! I send you a million of kisses, and am your ever-faithful husband, W. A. MOZART.

253.

Prague, May 31, 1789.

My darling sweetest wife,

I am this moment arrived here. I hope you got my last letter of the 23rd. My plans remain the same. I intend to arrive at the first post-station from Vienna, on the 4th of June (next Thursday), at twelve o'clock, where I hope you will meet me. Be sure you bring some one to drive to the custom-house in my place. Adieu! Heavens! how I do rejoice at the idea of seeing you again! In haste, MOZART.

Immediately after his return, Mozart set to work on the composition of the stringed quartetts, commissioned by King Frederick William II. in Berlin. He had by no means gained the large sums he had hoped for as the fruits of his artistic journey. And although in this month of June his charming quartett in D major was remunerated by 100 Friedrichs d'or and a gold snuff-box, his position still continued very distressing, especially as Constanze again became seriously ill.

On such days, when he sometimes went out riding at five o'clock in the morning, he used to leave notes in the

form of a prescription beside her bed, with directions like the following:—'Good morning, my darling wife! I hope that you slept well, that you were undisturbed, that you will not rise too early, that you will not catch cold, nor stoop too much, nor overstrain yourself, nor scold your servants, nor stumble over the threshold of the adjoining room. Spare yourself all household worries till I come back. May no evil befall you! I shall be home at —— o'clock punctually.'

The expenses caused by these illnesses placed him in difficulties which led to the most serious distress, so he had recourse once more to the faithful Puchberg. The hope he expressed 'soon to be in better circumstances' was grounded on an offer from the King of Prussia to appoint him to the situation of Capellmeister, with a salary of 3,000 thalers.

254.

Vienna, July 17, 1789.

My kind friend, and esteemed O. B.,

I fear you are displeased with me, for you do not answer me. When I compare the proofs of your friendship with the demands I have made on it, I cannot but admit that you have a good right to be so. But when I compare my misfortunes (for which I am not to blame) with your kindly disposition towards me, I think that at all events there is some excuse for me. As in my last letter to you, my dear friend, I wrote to you

openly, I can only repeat what I then said; so I shall merely add—1st. That I should not have required so considerable a sum if I did not anticipate such heavy expenses to enable my wife to have resort to the baths recommended for her, particularly if she goes to Baden. 2ndly. As I am certain of shortly being in better circumstances, the amount of the sum I shall have to repay is a matter of indifference to me, but a large one would be both more agreeable and more useful to me at this moment. 3rdly. I entreat you, if it is impossible for you to assist me with this sum yourself, to show your kindness and brotherly love by supplying me at once with what you can spare, for I stand in great need of it. You certainly cannot doubt my integrity—you know me too well for that—nor can you mistrust my assurances, my conduct, or my mode of life, because you are acquainted with my conduct and with my life; so you will forgive my reliance on you.

I feel quite convinced that impossibility alone will prevent your succouring your friend. If you can and will entirely relieve me, I shall look upon you as my saviour on this side of the grave, for you will enable me to enjoy good fortune hereafter on earth. If you cannot do so, I implore you in God's name for temporary aid, be it what it may, and also for counsel and comfort. Your obliged servant, W. A. Mozart.

P.S.—My wife was again very ailing yesterday. To-day, thank God! leeches have relieved her. I am

indeed very unhappy, in alternate hope and fear. Dr. Closset [their family physician] was here again yesterday.

Mozart, after a conversation with the Emperor, refused the offer from Berlin; so the court in return, wishing to pay him a compliment, caused 'Figaro' once more to be put on the stage in August, and in addition the Imperial 'Chamber Composer' received an order from the Emperor to write a comic opera. It was 'Così fan tutte,' and performed in January, 1790. Unhappily Joseph II. died before hearing it, and without providing for the future welfare of the composer. This increased the disorder of his affairs, and forced him once more to apply to Puchberg in the spring of the year.

255.

To Herr Puchberg.

You are right, my dear friend, if you do not think me worthy of an answer. My importunity is too great. I only beg you to view well my position on every side, to compassionate me, and to pardon my sincere friendship and trust in you. If you can or will, however, extricate me from a *momentary difficulty*, pray do so for the love of God! Whatever you can spare will be welcome. Pray forget, if possible, my troublesome importunities, and forgive them.

To-morrow, Friday, Count Haddick [Field-Marshal] has asked me to let him hear Stadler's quintett [the clarionet quintett] and the trio that I wrote for you, so I take the liberty to invite you to be present. Häring is to play it. I would have come myself to speak to you, but my head is racked with rheumatic pains, which make me feel my situation still more keenly. Once more assist me according to your ability, only for this *one* time, and forgive me. Ever and always your

MOZART.

In order to put an end at once and for ever to this constant state of distress, Mozart, on the accession of Leopold II., applied for a second situation as Hofcapellmeister. The hurriedly written and much corrected sketch of this memorial is still extant in the *Mozarteum*. It is probably addressed to Archduke Francis (afterwards Emperor), as Leopold II. was not yet crowned Emperor. That it was presented is evident from a letter of the same date to Puchberg—but it was not successful.

256.

To H. R. H. THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS.

[MEMORIAL.]

Vienna, May 1790.

I am so bold as to entreat your Royal Highness to present to his Majesty, with your sanction, this humble

* Puchberg has noted on this letter, '8th April, 1790, sent twenty-five florins in banknotes.'

petition. Desire of fame, love of work, and the conviction of my capabilities, all embolden me to presume to apply for a second situation as Capellmeister, especially as that very able Capellmeister, Salieri, has never devoted himself to church music, whereas I from my youth have carefully acquired this style. The reputation I enjoy in the world for my pianoforte-playing makes me venture to solicit also the honour of being appointed musical instructor to the Royal Family.

Persuaded that I have applied to a most kind and gracious patron, I shall live in the hope of a favourable result, and shall assuredly strive by my industry, zeal, fidelity, and integrity, always to &c., &c.

257.

To Herr Puchberg.

Dearest Friend and O. B.,

You no doubt heard from your servant that I was at your door yesterday, intending (according to your permission) to dine with you uninvited. You know my situation—in short, not being able to find any true friend, I shall be obliged to get money from usurers; but as it requires time, with that unchristian race of men, to seek and find the most christian among them, I am at this moment in such a state of destitution that I must entreat you, my dear friend, for Heaven's sake to supply me with what you can spare. If I receive the money that I expect eight or fourteen days hence,

I will then at once repay whatever you may lend me now. As to my debt to you, of such long standing, I can only beg you to have patience. If you could only know all the sorrow and care it causes me! I am entirely prevented by it from finishing my quartetts.*

I have sanguine hopes now from the court, for I know to a certainty that the Emperor has not sent back my memorial like the others, either granted or rejected, but has kept it, which is a good sign. Next Saturday I intend to play the quartetts in my own house, and have great pleasure in inviting you and your wife. My dear kind friend and brother, do not let my importunity deprive me of your friendship, and do not desert me. I rely entirely on you, and am ever your most grateful MOZART.

P.S.—I have now two pupils; I should like to have eight, so pray endeavour to make it known that I do not object to giving lessons.†

In the July of this year Mozart arranged Handel's 'Cecilia' and 'Alexander's Feast' for Von Swieten's musical performances in the great hall of the Imperial Court Library. In September the King of Naples came to Vienna, and Mozart hoped that, at the festivities consequent on the marriage of the Archdukes

* He wrote both the quartetts in B major, and F major, in May and June, 1790.

† Puchberg's note on this is, 'May 17, sent 150 florins.'

Francis and Ferdinand with Neapolitan princesses, he might acquire both money and fame at court. But Leopold II. was not favourable to him; and while J. Haydn, Salieri, and even Weigl, and also Cavalieri, and the brothers Stadler, were all allowed to produce their works and performances to the best advantage, Mozart was not even desired to play at court. This made him resolve once more to seek for necessary aid from foreign countries, but as the coronation of the Emperor collected a vast multitude in Frankfort, he settled to go there first. As 'Imperial Chamber Composer' he expected to be included among the court musicians appointed to attend the court festivities at the Emperor's expense. But even this was denied him, so he pawned a portion of his silver plate, bought a carriage, and set off on the 24th of September. His brother-in-law Hofer, a violinist, whose circumstances were also not very flourishing, he took with him, in his usual kind-hearted way, that he might participate in the supposed advantages of the expedition.

258.

Frankfort on Maine, Sept. 29, 1790.

My sweet darling beloved Wife,

We are this moment arrived—one o'clock in the forenoon, so we have only been six days on the road. We might have made the journey even quicker if we had not rested a little on three different nights. We took up

our quarters at the inn in the suburb of Sachsenhausen, delighted beyond measure to have secured a room. We do not yet know our destination, whether we shall remain together or be separated. If I am not offered a room somewhere *gratis*, and do not find the inns too dear, I shall certainly stay where I am. I hope you duly received my letter from Efferding; I could not write to you again on the journey, because we seldom halted anywhere, and then only to have a little rest. Our travelling was very agreeable, for we had fine weather, with the exception of one day, and even that day did not cause us any discomfort, for my carriage (to my great comfort) is first-rate. We had a capital dinner at Ratisbon, divine music, English cheer, and splendid Moselle. We breakfasted at Nürnberg, an ugly town. In Würzburg we refreshed our precious selves with coffee—a grand fine city. The charges were everywhere very moderate, but at the third station from here the landlord thought fit to cheat us famously. I anxiously look forward to news of you, of your health, of our affairs, &c., &c. I am quite determined to do the best I can for myself here, and shall then be heartily glad to return to you. What a delightful life we shall lead! I will work, and work in such a manner that I may never again be placed by unforeseen events in so distressing a position. I wish you, through Stadler, to get —— to call on you about all this. His last intimation was that some one was

willing to supply the money on Hofmeister's sole signature [see No. 241]—1,000 florins down, and the rest in cloth. By this means all could be paid, and leave a surplus, and on my return I should have nothing to do but to work. By my giving *carte blanche* to any friend of ours, the whole thing might be settled at once. Adieu! I send you a thousand kisses. Ever your

MOZART.

259.

Frankfort on Maine, Sept. 30, 1790.

My best beloved Wife,

If I only had a letter from you, then all would be right. I hope you received mine from Efferding and Frankfort. In my last I told you to speak to ——. I should feel more secure, and it would be more satisfactory to me to get 2,000 florins on Hofmeister's signature. You must, however, make some pretext—that I had, for instance, a speculation in my head, though you did not know what. My love, there is no doubt whatever that I shall make something here, but certainly not so much as you and some of my friends expect. That I am both known and respected here is undeniable; still—well, we shall see. I like, however, in every case to make sure, so I should be glad to close the affair with Hofmeister, as in that case I receive money instead of being obliged to pay it away, and shall hereafter be able to devote myself entirely to work, and that I shall willingly do from love for my darling wife.

Where do you think I am living? At Böhm's, in the same house, and Hofer too. We pay thirty florins a month, which is wonderfully cheap, and we also board with them. Whom do you think I met here? The girl who so often played at hide-and-seek with us in the Auge Gottes [Constanze's former residence: see No. 148]. I think her name was Buchner; she is now Madame Porsch, and is married for the second time. She requested me to send you very kind messages from her.

As I do not know whether you are in Baden or Vienna, I enclose this letter again to Madame Hofer. I am as happy as a child at the thoughts of returning to you. If people could see into my heart, I should almost feel ashamed—all there is cold, cold as ice. Were you with me, I should possibly take more pleasure in the kindness of those I meet here, but all seems to me so empty. Adieu, my love! I am ever your loving

MOZART.

P.S.—While writing the last page, many a tear has fallen on it. But now let us be merry. Look! Swarms of kisses are flying about—quick! catch some! I have caught three, and delicious they are. You have still time to reply to this letter, but it is safer to address to me at Linz, Poste Restante, as I am not yet certain whether I go to Ratisbon or not, for I can fix nothing at present. Write on the letter 'to be left till called for.' Adieu, my dearest sweetest wife! Be

careful of your health, and do not go into the town on foot. Write to me how you like your new quarters. Adieu! I send you a million kisses.

260.

Munich, Nov. 1790.

My own darling Wife,

It does vex me to think that I must wait till I get to Linz to hear from you. I must have patience. Without knowing precisely the length of one's stay in a place, it is impossible to make better arrangements. I intended (though I should have liked to remain longer with my old Mannheim friends) only to have been here for one day, and now I am obliged to remain till the 5th or 6th, the Elector having requested me to attend the concert he is to give to the King of Naples. This is really a distinction. It is highly to the honour of the court at Vienna that the King should hear me first in a foreign country! [July 1790, he was not asked to play at court]. You can easily imagine how happy I have been with the Cannabichs, the worthy Ramm, Marchand, and Borchard, and how much, my love, we talked *about you*. I look forward with joy to our meeting, and I have a great deal to say to you. My idea is to make this same journey with you, my darling, towards the end of next summer, that you may try some other waters; besides, amusement, change of scene and air, and moving about will do you good, for it has agreed

famously with me. I am delighted with this scheme, and so are all my friends.

Forgive my not writing as much as I could wish, but you cannot conceive the piece of work they make about me here. I must now be off to Cannabich's, where a concerto is to be tried over. Adieu, my darling wife! According to my calculation, I can receive no answer to this letter. Farewell, my own love! I send you a million of kisses, and am ever, till death, your loving

MOZART.

P.S.—Grethel [Margarethe Marchand: see No. 162, &c.] has married Madlle. Lebrun's brother, so her name now is Madame Danzi. Borchard's Hannah [also a pupil of Leopold Mozart's] is now sixteen, and, alas! disfigured by smallpox. What a pity! She is constantly speaking of you, and plays the piano very nicely.

Mozart returned from this journey also without, as he had hoped, his pockets full of money. A few weeks afterwards he saw with a heavy heart his most sincere friend among the artists, Joseph Haydn, leave Vienna, and it was fated that they never were to meet again. Salomon, who had engaged Haydn for his London concerts, made some preliminary arrangements with Mozart also, to the effect that after Haydn's return he should come to England on similar conditions, and in this year, the last of his life, we see our *maestro* busy beyond all

conception, in order to satisfy the claims of everyday life, and also the demands of several of his friends. No year is so fruitful in compositions of the most important kind as this. It may suffice to name 'Titus,' the 'Flauto Magico,' and the 'Requiem.' In the beginning of May, he made a fresh attempt to obtain a permanent situation as Capellmeister of the Stephan Church, and in taking this step he was considerably influenced by his inclination for church music. The young assistant was indeed appointed, but the old Capellmeister survived his assistant of six-and-thirty.

261.

To the Most Worshipful Magistrates of the City of Vienna.

Vienna, May, 1791.

Most honoured Gentlemen,

When the Herr Capellmeister Hofmann was ill, I thought of taking the liberty to propose myself in his place, as my musical talents and works, as well as my skill in composition, are well known in foreign countries. My name is everywhere held in consideration, and having been some years ago appointed composer to this court, I thought I was not unworthy of the situation, and deserved the approbation of the enlightened magistrates of this city. Capellmeister Hofmann, however, entirely recovered his health, and wishing him, as I do from my heart, a long life, I still

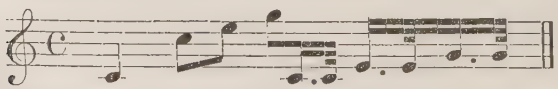
think it might be for the advantage of the service in the Dom Kirche, and also meet the views of the respected gentlemen I now address, if I were to be appointed assistant to the aged Capellmeister, without any salary, that I may thus assist the worthy man in his office, and gain the approbation of the magistracy by my services, which, owing to my cultivated knowledge of church music, I am more capable of performing satisfactorily than many others.

Your obedient servant, WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART,
Imperial Court Composer.

Shortly afterwards Constanze was again obliged to resort to Baden on account of her health. Mozart therefore wrote for good lodgings to his kind friend Joseph Stoll, schoolmaster and leader of the choir there, whom he often assisted by his compositions, and for whom he wrote the splendid *Ave verum*, on the 18th of June, during one of his wife's visits.

262.

My dear Stoll! don't be a mole—

1st. I should like to know whether Stadler called on you yesterday to ask you for this mass—

[of the year 1779: Köchel, No. 317]. If so, I hope to

get it to-day; if not, I hope you will be so kind as to send it to me at once—N.B., with all the parts, and I will soon send them back. 2nd. I beg you will engage a small apartment for my wife; she only requires two rooms, or a bedroom and dressing-room. These must be on the ground floor. The rooms I should prefer are what Goldbahn had at the butcher's. My wife is to arrive on Saturday, or Monday at latest. If you cannot get these, at all events see that her rooms are near the baths, and, above all, on the ground floor. The town actuary's lodgings, where Herr von Alt lived, would do very well, but the butcher's are preferable. 3rd. I wish to know whether there is now a theatre at Baden. I beg for a speedy answer and information on these three points. My address is Rauhenstein Gasse, im Kaiserhaus No. 970, first floor.

P.S.—This is the most stupid letter I ever wrote in my life, but just the thing for you.

263.*

June 6, 1791.

Ma très-chère Epouse,

J'ecris cette lettre dans la petite chambre au Jardin chez Leitgeb [the Salzburg horn-player: see Nos. 46 and 194], où j'ai couché cette nuit excellement—et j'espère que ma chère épouse aura passé cette nuit aussi bien que moi. J'y passerai cette nuit aussi, puisque j'ai congedié Léonore, et je serai tout seul à la

* The inaccuracies of this letter are those of the original.

maison, ce que n'est pas agréable. J'attend avec beaucoup d'impatience une lettre que m'apprendra comme vous avez passé le jour d'hier; je tremble quand je pense au baigne de St. Antoine; car je crains toujours le risque de tomber sur l'escalier en sortant—et je me trouve entre l'espérance et la crainte—une situation bien desagréable! Si vous n'étiez pas grosse, je craignerais moins*—mais abandonnons cette idée triste!—Le ciel aura eù certainement soin de ma chère Stanzi Marini!

Madame de Schwingenscha m'a priée de leur procurer une loge pour ce soir au Théatre de Wieden, où l'on donnera la cinquième part d'Anlain, et j'étais si heureux de pouvoir les servir. J'aurai donc le plaisir de voir cette opéra dans leur compagnie.

I have this moment received your dear letter, and find that you are well and in good spirits. Madame Leitgeb tied my neckcloth for me to-day—but how? Good heavens! I told her repeatedly, 'This is the way my wife does it,' but it was all in vain. I rejoice to hear that you have so good an appetite; you must walk a great deal, but I don't like your taking such long walks without me. Pray do all I tell you, for it comes from my heart. Adieu, my darling, my only love! I send you 2,999½ kisses flying about in the air till you catch them. Adieu! Ever your

MOZART.

* His youngest son, Wolfgang Amadeus, was born on the 26th of July.

264.

To Herr Puchberg.

June 25, 1791.

Dearest and best Friend and Brother,

Business prevented my having the pleasure of calling on you to-day. I have a request to make. My wife writes to me that she can see (although he has no right yet to demand it) that her landlord would be glad to receive some money for her lodgings as well as for her board, and she begs me to send her some. Supposing that it would be time enough to provide for this at the moment of her departure, I am not a little perplexed. I do not wish to expose my wife to anything at all disagreeable, and yet I must not leave myself entirely without money. If you, my dear friend, can supply me with a small sum to send to her immediately, you will exceedingly oblige me.* I only require the loan for a few days, when you shall receive 2,000 florins in my name, from which you can at once repay yourself. Ever your

Mozart.

265.

July 8, 1791.

My darling sweet Wife,

I have received your letter of the 7th, enclosing a proper acknowledgment of value received. For your better security I could have wished to see the signature

* Puchberg's note is, 'sent twenty-five florins same day.'

of a witness to the paper, for if N. N. chose to be dishonest, he might any day prefer a claim against you for short weight or short measure; then you would have to pay him at once, which is not always convenient. The receipt merely sets forth that he has received *a box on the ear*, without specifying its character, its force, or its duration; and if he be a person inclined to quibble, he may proceed against you, and claim immediate payment of any balance still due to him. If I may tender my advice, I would say anticipate him in that, and give him at once a couple of sound ones, or three well-aimed, and one into the bargain, and a few more to follow if he should not declare himself satisfied. For I always say that kindness can do all things; generous and forbearing conduct has often reconciled the bitterest enemies! And if at this moment you are unable to pay the whole debt, still you have friends; and I do not doubt that if you apply for assistance to Madame N. she would undertake to pay part, if not the whole, for you!

Dearest wife, I hope you received my letter of yesterday. The time, the happy time of our meeting draws nearer. Have patience, and be as cheerful as possible. I felt quite depressed on reading your last letter, so much so that I almost resolved at once to drive out to see you, even before matters had been arranged here, but what good would that have done? I must only have driven straight back again, and instead of my mind being more easy I should have been

in still greater anxiety. The affair must be concluded in the course of a few days. L. has solemnly and faithfully promised me this, and then I shall go straight to you. If you choose, however, I will send you the money, when you can pay everything and rejoin me here; nothing I should like better. At the same time I do think that Baden in this fine weather must be very pleasant, and most beneficial to your health, having such charming walks there. But you are the best judge of this; if you find that the air and exercise are of service to you, then stay where you are, and I will come to fetch you, or remain a few days with you, if you wish it. But, as I have already said, if you like you can return here to-morrow. Write to me frankly which you prefer. Now farewell, dearest *Stanze Marini*! I send you a million of kisses, and am ever your

MOZART.

At this time Mozart was occupied with the composition of the 'Flauto Magico,' which he had undertaken this spring from motives of friendship *gratis*, for the benefit of the theatre director Schikaneder, who was in very reduced circumstances. He had at this time proceeded so far with it that he put it down in his catalogue as essentially completed, and the rehearsals from the score commenced. During this busy time he also received (certainly in a rather mysterious manner) the

commission to compose a Requiem for the sum of 100 ducats (some say 50), which were shortly afterwards paid. He set to work at once with great ardour, not only to perform his promise to his wife by working hard to earn money, but also from his natural inclination for that style of composition, which was augmented by the circumstances of his life, but, above all, by his daily increasing tendency to gravity, fast growing into melancholy. But he was soon to be disturbed in his occupation, for in the middle of August, the Bohemian Estates summoned him to the ceremony of the Emperor Leopold's coronation in their capital, and commissioned him to compose the festal opera of 'La Clemenza di Tito' for the occasion. Mozart immediately set off with his wife, and even during the journey he went on writing this music, which was completed and rehearsed in nineteen days. He returned to Vienna the middle of September. It was in these days of hard work at the 'Flauto Magico' (the Masonic text of which particularly interested him), the principal airs being finished towards the end of September, that, in my opinion, the following note, which bears no date, was written. It is addressed to M. M. de Hofdämmel, *chez lui*, and is interesting owing to this name, more than from its contents; Hofdämmel being the name of an unfortunate lady, a pupil of Mozart's, who was severely wounded with a razor in the throat and face by her husband in a fit of jealousy. The husband, after

this murderous assault, committed suicide, and a slanderous rumour, which Jahn adopted in his work (iii. 175), indicated Mozart as the more or less guilty cause of this dreadful deed. Happily, Herr von Köchel's zealous researches have succeeded in satisfactorily proving from the judicial proceedings, that Herr Hofdämmel did not commit suicide till the 10th of December, 1791, five days after Mozart's death. O. Jahn has therefore, in the new edition of his work, 1863, No. 10, recalled, or rather rectified, the account previously given. Nothing whatever has been hitherto known as to Mozart's connection with Herr Hofdämmel. The following note, now first given to the public—the gentleman to whom it belongs having obligingly transmitted me a copy written on transparent paper—only shows that these two were on intimate terms, and that Hofdämmel was about to become a Freemason, to which Mozart was evidently lending his assistance, as he so highly prized this order. The concluding words of the note can indeed refer to nothing else. The 100 ducats to which he alludes, are no doubt the sum to be paid for 'Titus,' for which the Bohemian Estates were liable; and probably Mozart was most unwilling again to apply to his friend Puchberg.

266.*

To Herr Hofdämmel.

My dear Friend,

I take the liberty, without further preface, to ask you to do me a favour; if you can or will lend me 100 florins till the 20th of this month, you will exceedingly oblige me. On the 20th my quarter's salary falls due, when I shall be able to return your loan with thanks.

I relied too much on the receipt of 100 ducats (which I expected from another quarter), but not having yet received them, though daily hoping to do so, I have left myself no ready cash, and as I am in *immediate* want of money I have recourse to you, being quite convinced of your friendship. We shall soon be able to call each other by a *better name*. Your affair is now near a close.

Mozart.

On the 28th of September Mozart finished the overture to the 'Flauto Magico,' and the fine march that forms the introduction to the second act. The first performance took place on the 30th of September, Mozart himself conducting at the piano. The representations of the opera, which daily increased in popularity, followed each other in rapid succession, of which

* A printed autograph of this letter is appended to this work.

Mozart informs his wife (who was again in Baden) with evident joy on the 14th of October.

267.

To his Wife.

Oct. 14, 1791.

My darling sweet Wife,

Hofer drove with me yesterday to see our Carl [Mozart's eldest son, who was at school]. We dined there, and then drove home together. At six o'clock I called for Salieri and Cavalieri in the carriage, and took them to my box. (I then went quickly back to fetch mamma and Carl, whom we had left at Hofer's.) You can't conceive how polite both were, and how much pleased, not only with my music, but with the libretto, and in short with everything. They said this was a work worthy of being performed at the greatest festivities, and before the greatest monarchs, and that they would certainly go very often to hear it, as they had never seen a finer or a more charming opera. Salieri both listened and looked attentively at everything, and from the symphony to the last chorus there was not a single piece that did not call forth from him a *bravo!* or *bello!* * It seemed as if they really could

* We have reason to know from various passages in these letters that Salieri was not kindly disposed towards Mozart, and after his death he is reported to have said to various friends, 'The loss of so grand a genius is much to be deplored, but it is fortunate for us that he is dead; for if he had lived longer, we really should not have been offered a crust of bread for our compositions.'

not thank me enough for the gratification I had procured them. They had intended at all events to have gone to the theatre yesterday. They must, however, have been in their places by four o'clock, and in my box they saw and heard everything quietly. After the theatre I sent them home in a carriage, while I supped at Hofer's with Carl; we drove home together afterwards, and both slept soundly. My taking Carl to the opera caused him no small joy. He looks so well; so far as health is concerned, he could not be in a better place, but all else is unluckily wretchedly bad. The education there may succeed in producing a good peasant; but—enough! As his serious studies (Heaven save the mark!) do not begin till Monday, I have begged to keep him till next Sunday after dinner. I said I thought you would like to see him. Tomorrow (Sunday) I shall drive out with him to you, when you can either keep him altogether, or I will take him back to Hecker's after dinner. Reflect on this. I think one month cannot do him much harm. In the meantime the plan with the Piarists can be carried out, and it is now in progress. At all events Carl is not worse, though not an atom better than he always was; he is as riotous as ever, chatters away as usual, and is even *less willing* to learn than before, because all he does at this school is to run about the garden for five hours in the forenoon, and the same after dinner. This he owned to me himself; in short,

the children do nothing but eat and drink, sleep, and run about.

Leitgeb and Hofer are with me at this moment, and the former stays to dine with me, so I have just sent my faithful comrade Primus to order dinner from the Burgerspital. I am very much pleased with the fellow. He only once left me in the lurch, so that I was obliged to sleep at Hofer's, which I disliked because they do not rise early enough for me. I prefer being at home, because there I am accustomed to a regular routine, and this one occasion when I was away made me feel very much out of humour. Yesterday was wholly taken up with the expedition to Bernsdorf, so I could not write to you; but your not having written to me for two days is unpardonable. But to-day I hope certainly to hear from you, and to-morrow to see you myself, and to embrace you from my heart. Farewell! Ever your

MOZART.

I send Sophie [his youngest sister-in-law: see No. 180] many kisses. Do what you choose with N. N.

268.

TO HIS WIFE.

Saturday night, half-past 10 o'clock.

My darling sweet Wife,

On my return from the opera, to my great joy and delight, I found your letter. Although Saturday, being

post-day, is never a good opera night, still mine was crowded this evening, and performed with the customary applause and encores. It is to be repeated to-morrow, but suspended on Monday; so Stoll [see No. 262] must manage to come on Tuesday, when it will be given for the *first time* again; I say for the *first time*, because it will probably be performed again a number of times in succession. I have just eaten a capital slice of hare, which *Dr.* Primus (my faithful valet) catered for me; and as my appetite is very good to-day, I sent him off again to try to get me something more, if possible, and I am writing to you meanwhile. Early this morning I set to work so busily [at the Requiem] that I did not stop till half-past one o'clock, so I went off in a great hurry to Hofer's (not wishing to dine quite alone), where I met your mamma. Immediately after dinner I went home, and wrote again till it was time to go to the opera. Leitgeb asked me to take him, which I did. To-morrow your mamma is to go with me; Hofer has given her the libretto to read previously. We may well say of mamma that she *sees* the opera, but not that she *hears* it!

The N. N.'s had a box this evening, and heartily applauded everything; but he, the stupid booby, showed himself such a thorough Bavarian, that I could not stay with him, or I must have called him an ass to his face. Unluckily I was in their box when the second act began, with a very solemn scene. He laughed all through it.

At first I had the patience to attract his attention to various passages, but he persisted in laughing. This was rather too much, so I called him Papageno, and took myself off; but I don't believe the thick-headed oaf understood the allusion. I went into another box where Hamm and his wife were. I had the greatest pleasure in being with them, and stayed there till the end. I went behind the scenes when Papageno's air accompanied by bells began, feeling such a strong impulse to play the bells myself for once. I played them a capital trick, for at Schikaneder's pause I made an arpeggio; he started, looked behind the scenes, and saw me. The second time the pause came, I did nothing, when he paused, and would not proceed. I guessed his thoughts, and played a chord. He then struck the bells and said *Halt's Maul*! (hold your tongue!) which made everybody laugh. I believe it was owing to this joke that many learned for the first time that Schikaneder did not himself play the instrument. You cannot think what a charming effect the music has from a box close to the orchestra, far better than from the gallery; as soon as you return you must try this.

Sunday, 7 o'clock A.M.—I have slept as soundly as possible, and hope that you have done the same. I thoroughly enjoyed the half capon that friend Primus brought me. At ten o'clock I am going to hear mass at the monastery of the Piarists, because Leitgeb told me that I could then speak to the director [about Carl],

and I shall also stay to dine there. Primus told me yesterday that a great many people were ill in Baden. Is this true? Be very careful not to expose yourself to this stormy weather. Now comes Primus with the tiresome news that the post-carriage drove off at seven o'clock this morning, and no other goes till the afternoon; so my writing late at night, and early in the morning, has been of no use. You cannot get this letter till to-night, which vexes me very much. I shall positively come to see you next Sunday, when we can all go together to the Casino, and home on Monday. Lechleitner was again at the opera; though no great connoisseur, he is at all events a real lover of music, and this N. N. is not. He is a mere *nonentity*, and much prefers a dinner. Farewell, my darling! I send you a million of kisses. Ever your

MOZART.

P.S.—Kiss Sophie from me. To Siesmag * I send two good fillips on the nose, and a hearty pull at his hair. A thousand compliments to Stoll. Adieu! 'The hour strikes! Farewell! We shall meet again!'

These words, taken from the grand trio of the 'Flauto Magico,' are the last written words of Mozart

* He undoubtedly alludes to his youngest child Wolfgang, of whom he used to prophesy that he would be a genuine Mozart, because when he cried, he always did so in the precise key in which his father chanced to be playing at the moment.

which have been preserved, or are known to exist. His wife soon returned to Vienna, but she was not destined long to enjoy the society of her husband. While working with eager zeal and haste at the completion of 'Titus' when in Prague, Mozart, who so delighted in being with his friends, and was always so cheerful in that city, lived chiefly in seclusion. He looked pale, took medicine, and on taking leave of his friends told them, with tears in his eyes, that they should never meet again. On returning to Vienna, he worked incessantly at the completion of the 'Flauto Magico;' and the various airs composed at that time indicate how grave was his strain of thought, and how exclusively devoted to high and lofty subjects. Not only did he imagine that his reputation had been damaged in Prague, where, being accustomed to the 'Entführung,' 'Figaro,' and 'Don Giovanni,' they did not receive 'Titus' with such inordinate enthusiasm as his previous works, but there was a peculiar circumstance which tended to solemnise his mood, and still further to elevate his soul beyond the things of daily life, than had been the case with him for years. Thoughts of death incessantly haunted him. It is quite easy to comprehend how the delicate organisation of an artist who works with such a strain on his thoughts as Mozart had done from his youth upwards, and more especially since his stay in Vienna, should gradually begin to lose its elasticity, and at last press heavily on the whole

nervous system of such a man. Nissen relates, no doubt on Constanze's authority, that Mozart, years before his decease, was harassed by thoughts of death.

Recently, too, a strange incident had occurred. The Requiem was ordered under such ambiguous circumstances that Mozart considered it to be a mysterious warning of his own death. A tall messenger, dressed in sombre grey, asked him, without naming the person who sent the commission, whether he would undertake to write a mass for the dead, and when it would be finished. Mozart accepted the order, and was eagerly engaged in the work, but, owing to the composition of 'Titus,' he was obliged to set off in haste to Prague, when the singular grey messenger suddenly appeared in the same mysterious way beside the carriage, at the moment when Mozart and his wife were setting off, and pulling Constanze's dress, he enquired about the fulfilment of Mozart's promise. We indeed now know that this man dressed in grey was Leutgeb, the servant of Count Walsegg, who had spread such mystery over the affair, hoping himself to pass for the author of the work he wished to be composed in honour of the obsequies of his recently deceased wife. Mozart, however, who knew nothing of this, gave himself up entirely to the power of his imagination, and became more and more fascinated, not only by the sublime nature of his composition, but by the ideas engendered by the mystical requisition.

We learned from his own words how much he was absorbed in this his last composition. He constantly persevered in writing long after his dinner hour, and even beyond the time for the opera. His friends assert that in those autumn weeks, whenever they saw him, he was most deeply engaged, sitting working hard at his writing-table, and he even declined giving lessons to a lady, the acquaintance of his particular friend Jacquin. He wrote the greater part of the work in the garden of his pupil Frau von Trattner, in the Laimgrube. As soon, however, as a number of his opera was finished, he sang it through at home with his friends, playing the instrumental part on the piano. The moment Constanze returned from Baden, she saw with alarm that her husband's health was beginning to decline, and, in the hope of diverting his mind, she one day drove with him to the Prater. But Mozart, who for some months past had been passing his time chiefly in quiet and thought, soon became very melancholy. He began to speak of death, and when his wife strove to dissuade him from such gloomy thoughts, he said, with tears in his eyes, 'No, no! my presentiments are too strong; I feel I cannot last long; no doubt some one has given me poison. I cannot get rid of this thought.' Constanze, alarmed to the uttermost, immediately called in their intimate friend and physician Dr. Closset, who at once prescribed a complete cessation of the strain of work as absolutely necessary. Mozart had

been hitherto day and night brooding over the completion of the Requiem, and not unfrequently fallen back in his chair in a swoon. He no longer sought to deny his conviction that he was writing the Requiem for himself, and could not be persuaded to give up this idea, constantly recurring to the singular appearance of the person who gave him the order; and when those around him endeavoured to make him banish such thoughts, he remained silent—but unconvinced.

The short rest from his labours which Constanze effected, invigorated so much the failing health of the invalid *maestro*, that soon afterwards he again asked for his score, and in addition wrote at this very time a Masonic cantata, 'Das Lob der Freundschaft,' which he conducted himself on the 15th of November, at a festival of the Masonic Lodge to which he belonged. Soon, however, the renewed strain of work brought on a return of his illness. Towards the end of this month he came one evening into the 'Silberne Schlange' in the Kärnthner Strasse, which he was in the habit of frequenting; he looked very pale, and shivered violently, so after staying only a few minutes he offered his wine to the landlord, Joseph Deiner, with whom he often conversed, saying, 'Drink this, and call on me to-morrow: winter is come, and we require firewood.' But when Deiner went there next day he found Mozart in bed, and the maid told him that her master had be-

come so much worse during the night, that they had been obliged to send for the doctor. When Mozart heard Deiner's voice, he sent for him, and said in a feeble voice, 'Joseph, we can do nothing to-day but submit to doctors and apothecaries.'

From that day he never left his bed. His hands and feet soon began to swell, and violent sickness came on. His faithful nurse, besides Constanze, was her young sister Sophie, who afterwards became Frau Haibel. To her we owe an account of these last weeks, of which she gives us the most graphic description. She wrote it in the year 1825, at the request of her brother-in-law Nissen; and with it we shall bring this work to a close.

'When Mozart was taken ill, not knowing how serious the attack was, we made him a wadded dressing-gown, that when he rose he might be well defended from cold. We visited him constantly; he seemed to take great pleasure in the dressing-gown. I went every day to town to see him [he lived at that time in the Rauhenstein Gasse], and one Saturday when I was there Mozart said to me, "Now, dear Sophie, tell your mamma that I am going on very well, and that I shall be able to pay her a visit during the octave of her name-day [St. Cecilia, November 22] to congratulate her." Who could be happier than I was at bringing such joyful news to my mother—news which indeed she could scarcely have expected? I therefore hurried to tran-

quillise her, as he really did seem to me better and more cheerful.*

'The next day was Sunday. I was still young, and, I own, vain, and fond of being gaily dressed, but still I never liked when I wore any finery to go on foot from the suburbs [they lived auf der Wieden] to the town,

* The performances of the 'Flauto Magico' continued uninteruptedly, and were as successful as ever. Mozart felt the deepest interest in the triumph of the work, with which he had in a manner closed his life, before linking himself with heaven. In the evenings, at the time of the performance, he was in the habit of placing his watch beside him, and following the various scenes in spirit. 'Now the first act is over; now is the time for the great "Queen of Night!"' And the very day before his death he said to Constanze, 'Oh! that I could only once more hear my Flauto Magico!' humming, in a scarcely audible voice, the 'Bird-catcher.' Capellmeister Roser, who was sitting at his bedside, went to the piano and sang the air, which cheered Mozart. But his spirit was still more engrossed by the Requiem, that testament of his life, with which he intended to close his account with heaven. His great object was to be able yet to complete this work, and in fact he did so in every material point. In it he expressed, in never-dying powerful tones, his consciousness of guilt and of reconciliation with heaven; and though some portions are only sketches which another has filled up, still their substance undoubtedly emanates from the genuine soul of Mozart. He felt that he could now calmly draw near the judgment-seat of the Almighty. In the innermost depths of his heart he was conscious of his human frailty, and expressed the deep penitence of his heart in chords such as no mortal ear had ever yet heard. It was also a great consolation to him to remember (this he expressly told his wife) that the Lord to whom he had drawn near in humble and childlike faith, had suffered and died for him, and would look on him in love and compassion. The tones of the Requiem were so heartfelt and true, that they fully display the earnestness of these convictions.

While working at the Requiem, which he frequently did on his sick-bed, when a number was finished, he caused it to be sung, taking the *alt* himself in his delicate falsetto. The day before his death he desired

and to drive there cost money; so I said to our good mother, "Dear mamma, Mozart was so well yesterday that I shall not go to see him to-day; no doubt he is even better to-day, and one day more or less can make no great difference," on which she said, "Make me a cup of coffee, and then I will tell you what to do." She seemed rather disposed to leave me at home. So I went into the kitchen. The fire was out, so I struck a light to make it up again; but Mozart was never out of my thoughts. My coffee was ready, and the light still burning. I now fixed my eyes steadily on my candle, and thought "I should like to know how Mozart is," and as I was thinking of this and gazing at the light, it suddenly went out as completely as if it had never been burning; not a spark was to be seen lingering in the thick wick, and I am quite positive that nowhere was there the slightest current of air. I could not help shuddering, so I ran to my mother and told her about it. She said, "Well, dress quickly, and go to the town, but bring me back word immediately how he is; be sure you don't stay long."

the score to be brought to him in bed (it was two o'clock in the afternoon), and sang his part; Benedict Shack (for whom he had written the part of Tamino) took the soprano, his brother-in-law, Hofer, the tenor, and Gerl (the singer of Sarrastro) the bass. They had got through the various parts, to the first bars of the *Lacrimosa*, when Mozart suddenly burst into tears, and laid aside the score. The delicate organs of his bodily frame were already fast decaying, so much so, that even his cherished canary was obliged to be taken out of the room, because the invalid could no longer bear its singing.

'I made all the haste I could. Good God! how shocked I was when my sister, almost in desperation, and yet striving to control her grief, hurried to meet me, saying, 'Thank God! Sophie, you are come. He was so bad during the night, that I scarcely expected him to live till daybreak. Stay with me to-day, I beg, for if he has another such attack he must die this night. Go to him, and see how he is." I tried to compose myself and went up to his bedside, when he instantly exclaimed, "Oh! my dear Sophie, it is well that you are come, and you must stay to-night; you must see me die." I strove to control my feelings, and to dissuade him from such thoughts; but to all I could say he only replied, "I have the taste of death on my tongue, I smell the grave; and who can comfort my Constanze if you don't stay here?" "Yes, dear Mozart, but I must first go to my mother to say that you wish me to remain with you to-day, or she will think some misfortune has happened." "Yes, do so then, but come back soon."

'Good heavens! what were my feelings! My poor sister followed me to the door, begging me for God's sake to go to the priests at St. Peter's, and ask one of them to call as if by chance. This I accordingly did, but they hesitated for some time, and I had great difficulty in persuading one of these unchristian fathers to do as I wished. I then went with all speed to my mother, so anxiously expecting me. It was by this time quite dark. How shocked my poor mother was!

I persuaded her to go for the night to the eldest daughter of the late Hofer, and ran back as quick as I could to my inconsolable sister.

'I found Süssmayr [a pupil of Mozart's] sitting by Mozart's bed. The well-known Requiem was lying on the coverlet, and Mozart was explaining to Süssmayr the mode in which he wished him to complete it after his death.* He further charged his wife to keep his death secret until she had informed Albrechtsberger of it, for the situation [that of assistant at the Stephan Church] ought to be his before God and the world.† Closset, the doctor, was long sought in vain, and was at length found in the theatre, but he waited till the end of the piece. He then came and ordered *cold* applications on Mozart's burning head, which gave him such

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION LIBRARY LONDON

* So certain did he now feel that he was dying, that while looking once more through the Requiem, with tears in his eyes he said, 'Did I not always say that I was writing it for myself?'

† Compare Mozart's application to the city magistrates in May 1791; also the following hitherto unpublished testimonial given by Mozart to the well-known composer Eybler, the original of which is now in the Vienna Court Library; it proves how highly he valued Albrechtsberger. The copy sent me by Dr. Faust Pachler is as follows:—'I, the undersigned, hereby testify, that I consider the bearer of this, Joseph Eybler, a worthy pupil of his celebrated master, Albrechtsberger; a solid composer, skilled both in chamber and church music, experienced in the art of singing; also a finished organ and pianoforte player; in short, a young musician whose equal we cannot but regret that we so seldom see.—Wolfgang Amade Mozart, Imperial Capellmeister.'

a shock that he died without recovering consciousness.*

'The last movement of his lips was an endeavour to indicate where the kettledrums should be used in his Requiem. I think I still hear the sound.

'Müller came immediately from the Cabinet of Arts, and took a plaster cast of the pale dead face.† No words of mine, my dear brother, can describe to you the boundless despair with which his faithful wife threw herself on her knees, imploring the support of the Almighty. She could not be induced to leave the body, in spite of my fervent entreaties. If her agony of grief could have been aggravated, it would have been so by the crowds who, on the day following this dreadful night, passed the house weeping and lamenting Mozart.'

* His death took place on the 5th December, 1791, about one o'clock in the morning.

† Singularly enough, nothing has ever been heard of this death-mask. Might it not yet be found somewhere in Vienna?

NOTE.*

When the doctor arrived late at night, he told Süssmayr confidentially that all hope was at an end. Towards midnight Mozart started up, his eyes fixed; his head then gently sank back, and he seemed to fall asleep; at one o'clock in the morning he was dead.

His death, after following him step by step through life, causes a shock for the moment; but he had so long been prepared for the event, that it forms only a fitting close for his pure and admirable life, and thus should give rise to no depressing feelings. Mozart had finished his course; whether inflammation of the brain, according to one physician, or fever, or water on the chest, according to others, his illness was only the slight impetus given to the stone precipitated from the summit of some lofty tower, which falls by the force of its own weight. The powers of Mozart's life were exhausted, and if this cause had not proved fatal, some other would soon have done so.

Very little information is to be gathered as to subsequent events. Mozart died on the 5th of November, 1791. His faithful servant early the same morning performed the last offices for his dead master. The corpse was clothed in the black dress of the Masonic Brotherhood, and laid on a bier which was placed in his study beside his piano. He, who had so often brought forth living tones from this small instrument,

* Extract from Nohl's Life of Mozart.

was now still and silent. Constanze, who was very ill and quite broken-hearted, stretched herself on her husband's bed, in the hope of being attacked by the same malady, and dying with him. Baron von Swieten endeavoured to console her, and succeeded at last in prevailing on her to leave the house of mourning to stay with some kind friends. He then took charge of the interment. The circumstances of the widow being so straitened (the whole inheritance consisting of sixty florins in cash, and the collection of books and music, valued at twenty-three florins, forty-one kreuzers), Von Swieten strove to regulate the funeral as economically as possible. It never seemed to occur to the rich man, who had so often profited by Mozart's artistic powers, the aristocratic patron, who had reaped so much pleasure from the charming society of the deceased, that it might well have been his privilege to undertake not only the management, but the cost of a funeral for the great artist.

On the afternoon of the following day, the benediction was pronounced over the corpse in the Church of St. Stephen. This ceremony took place in the Chapel of the Cross, where the pulpit of St. Capistrano now stands (a monument erected to him). It was a rough stormy December day, with alternate showers of snow and rain, when Mozart's body was carried out of the cathedral. The few friends whose warm enthusiasm for the *maestro* overcame their dread of the weather, stood round the coffin sheltered by umbrellas. They then followed it along the 'grosse Schulerstrasse.' But they too, at the Stuben Gasse, forsook the procession, which proceeded to the churchyard of St. Marx. Thus it occurred, that not a single friend among the numbers on whom he had conferred so much enjoyment during his life, now stood beside his grave. His worldly position was neither high nor brilliant, which alone insures worldly honours to the dead. He who had lived so much for

others, was not even permitted to possess a grave of his own. Out of economy, a place had been purchased for him in a spot common to many, in which usually from fifteen to twenty coffins were deposited, and regularly exhumed every ten years to make room for others.

His faithful servant, whose best services attended him to the last, was present at the benediction of his master's remains. Von Swieten and Salieri were also there. Süssmayr, the good and true Abt Stadler, Capellmeister Roser, and the violoncellist Orsler, even followed the bier. Schikaneder, Stadler (the clarionet-player), and many others, who during the master's life had contrived to keep up a close intimacy with him, now held themselves aloof, and it was his attached servant alone who thought of asking Constanze whether a cross should not be erected over the grave. Her reply was, that this was sure to be done, concluding that the parish where the benediction took place would also supply a cross. But subsequently, when she recovered, and, her first burst of grief being over, she visited the churchyard with her friends, there was a new sexton there who could not point out the grave! All research was vain, and no efforts have, even to this day, discovered the spot where Mozart lies.

But let us turn our eyes from this picture, which is not that of Mozart to us. His true image is that of light and life, not gloomy visions. He shared the fate of mortality with the most insignificant of mortals—nay, even less was his; his obsequies were attended by no worldly pomp, not even *one* sympathising friend was there, and his last resting-place is unknown. But few share with him the mighty prerogative, that his renown does not depend on such things—that it has shed its radiance over the wide world, like the light diffused by the blessed sun. Not without just cause do we employ this image—for light is indeed reflected with singular bright-

ness from his life and from his works. The existence of few men has been so luminous as that of Mozart. He passed through the ranks of the earthborn like a god of light from whose head emanate brilliant rays, everywhere disseminating gladness, light, and warmth. Others may have enjoyed a far greater portion of earthly happiness, though his path had its brightness too, but his was a far purer bliss. Even in the first bloom of his youth soaring above all earthly pleasures and pains, he thus early drew near the brighter light.

Constanze did not long suffer from her burden of sorrow and care; for though there were slanderers enough ready to exaggerate the debts of the deceased master into vast proportions, the Emperor himself heard the truth from the widow, and, with a noble sense of justice, granted her at once a small pension. He also interested himself in a concert that Constanze gave at his instigation, and in so generous a manner, that she was enabled at once to pay all her husband's debts, which amounted to 3,000 gulden (about 300*l.*). Soon afterwards concerts were given in various places, in order apparently to compensate the widow for the neglect shown to the deceased *maestro*. But her anxieties were not entirely relieved till the year 1809, when she married the Danish councillor Nissen, who undertook the education of her two sons. From this period, too, the memory of her lamented husband (whom all the world had in the meantime learned to revere as one of the greatest musicians) was renovated more vividly in her heart, inspiring a feeling of pride which hitherto the remembrance of the incapacity of the great man to provide an adequate subsistence for his family had in some degree subdued. She therefore now began to think that it would be well worth while to furnish the particulars of his life for posterity. Nissen industriously collected every reliable information which could contribute to form faithful outlines for a portrait of the *maestro*,

and a glorious likeness emerged from the chaos of false or distorted traditions.

He was a man whose mission in this world seems to have been entirely fulfilled, to whom it was given to link together the godlike with humanity, the mortal with the immortal—a man whose footprints not all the storms of time can ever efface—a man who, amid all his lofty aims, esteemed the loftiest of all to be the elevation of humanity.

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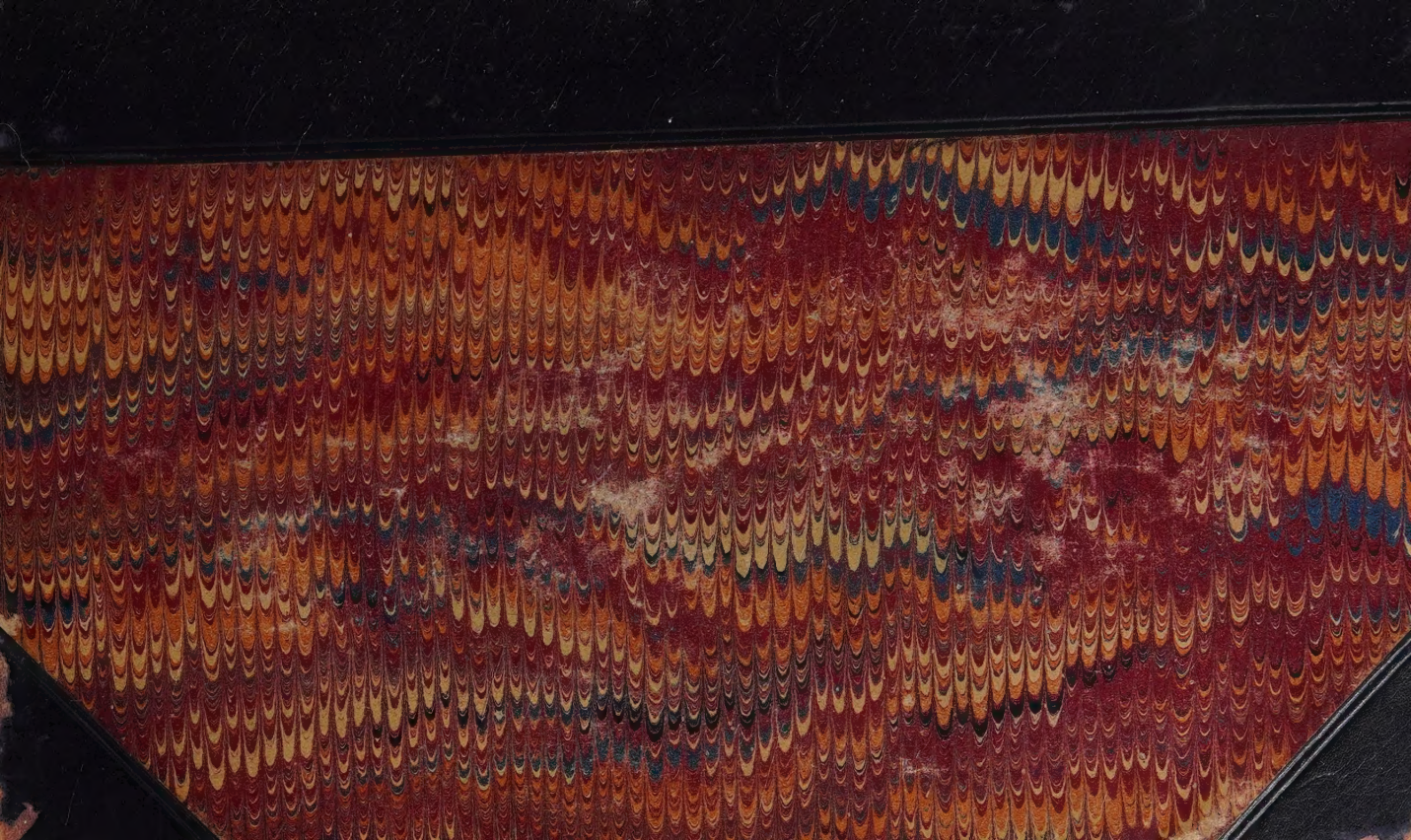
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